R. Cornwall, Tools, Iron, Steel, GENERAL HARDWARE, Madoc, Ont.

# North Hastings Review.

R. Cornwall & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 392. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 6, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—As Mr. Jas. Redmond, deceased, seems to be commented as a noted character in your last paper, and my name brought in connection with it, I claim space for a few lines in reply, as I have been acquainted with him for over thirty-five years and in justice to him would say that I have always found him to be an honorable, straightforward little man. He detested anything that was mean or dishonest. He was also a man well versed, read a great deal, and well posted in Biblical, historical and political knowledge. He was one of our oldest school teachers in this county, in years gone by, he was a man that always kept himself sober and bore a good name wherever he was known. The one and I suppose the only reason he had no means when he died was that he never worked very hard as long as I have known him, and when he did have a little money he would travel and please himself until it was all spent, and always felt very happy. He has been across the ocean eight or nine times in his life, so he has told me and I have every reason to believe him for I have never known him to tell a lie. He has been with me about three years this last time, since he came to Madoc he has had very poor health, and has not been able to work over half time. He was happy and reconciled to leave this world. There is one thing more I must say of him, which I cannot say of a great many others, that he leaves this world and not one cent say to acknowledge that he owes him one dollar.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Madoc, Oct. 29th, 1884.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

SIR.—Now that public sentiment has been aroused and the situation becomes serious it behoves every elector to give the character and working of the Scott Act liberal and impartial consideration, in view of the amount of responsibility as brethern and fellow-citizens to those who have become the helpless victims of the liquor traffic, for to mark the ballot in favor of the traffic is equal to the addition of a signature to the death-warrant of a number of them. The time has come when the public begin to see the evil of the License system, the immorality of the underlying principle of a law which makes merchandise of our followmen, selling them for a few pieces of silver to those arch-foes of home, peace and prosperity, to be plundered, robbed and murdered or left destitute of all that would make this life enjoyable and heaven possible of attainment, and what is worse still is that our consciences are not free from their blood, we are the ones it would seem who are reaping the benefit of this blood-money, for we are told that the revenue raised by the sale of licenses represents so much money not required to be raised by direct taxation, (on the contrary however, it appears, that it and a considerable amount more is required to punish the criminals and provide for the paupers and idiots manufactured by the whiskey process), so that not only do we license this terrible traffic but we are compelled to make merchandise of it; to sell (indirectly) intoxicants as a means of raising money to pay our taxes. Surely such a state of things is an outrage on the conscience, independance and liberty of every ratepayer.

It has been argued that we could not enforce the Scott Act in Hastings, that public sentiment needs a Prohibition Education first. Well we may admit that we might fail in the complete suppression of the traffic, but the Scott Act admits of this, while the License Law permits the Rummie to buy its sympathy and protection. Under the former there is greater encouragement than under the latter and it would be just as easy and as reasonable to fine a man for doing wrong because it was wrong as to fine him because he had not paid for the privilege.

Yours for the removal of the temptation from those who cannot resist,

JOHN BREMNER.

Conroy's Farm, Oct. 28th, 1884.

### Elzevir and Grimesthorpe Council.

Council met pursuant to adjournment.

All the members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

On motion the following amounts were paid:—E. James $1.30 for sundry disbursements; J. Tuttle's account $1.17; W. Gray $3.50; James Simmons $4.00; Samuel Rogers $28.50, for repair of Bogart Road, being part of the County grant; Judith McNamara $5.00 for support; E. James $5.00 for going to Belleville to sign County Treasurer's receipts for non-resident land monies, etc.

On motion the Road Surveyor was instructed to prepare a report on Rearies Hill, ascertaining what a road allowance can be purchased for, and cost of work, and report to the Reeve after adjournment.

The Collector returned his roll for 1883, which on motion was returned to him to continue collection till Council meets on the 15th of December.

On motion $25 was granted for repair of road running through lots 28 and 29 in the 1st. concession of Elzevir, to be let out by Road Surveyor.

Council went into Committee of the whole, on Roads and Bridges, Mr. McIlroy in the chair.

Committee rose and reported.

Moved by Mr. Breeze, seconded by Mr. H. James, that the time for receiving Tenders for building bridge across Black Creek be extended till meeting of Council on the 15th of December. Carried.

Council adjourned till Tenc'clock on Monday, 15th of December.

Town Hall, Bridgewater, Oct. 20th, 1884.

### AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.


## Dominion Express Co'y, Limited.

OPERATING ALL LINES, AND THE Steamers of the Canadian Pacific Railway, The St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railway, and Kingston & Pembroke R'y. General Express forwarded to all parts of the Dominion. Collect Notes, Drafts and Accounts, and make prompt returns. Collect Bills accompanying goods, C.O.D. Make the following low rates, on small remittances of Currency and Gold Coin, between any two offices of this Company:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Sums of $20 or less—15c. | | Sums of $60 to $70—35c. | |
| " " $20 to $40—30c. | " | " $70 to $80—40c. | |
| " " $40 to $50—35c. | " | " $80 to $90—45c. | |
| " " $50 to $60—30c. | " | " $90 to $100—50c. | |

No Bonding fees, and no Invoices required on shipments to Manitoba and the North-West during navigation.

Rates always low, and time as quick as by other Expresses. All information cheerfully furnished on application to any of the Company's Offices.

W. S. STOUT, Supt., Toronto, Ont.

41-389

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and bring your

**Lamb and Sheepskins, Hides, Furs,**

&c., and get top prices, CASH, from your old friend,

M. SCOTT.

Thomas Scott, Agent, and auctioneer.

N. B.—There is not a dealer in the Dominion can give you more—don't forget it.

## Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of lands. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

## C. G. WILSON,

## CHEMIST

—AND—

## DRUGGIST.

## JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC;

MADOC, - ONT.


### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P.O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P.O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O. B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMBEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4. J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge, C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Missoridge.

MADOC LODGE, No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*


GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

## Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR, L'Amable.

Apr. 28, 1884. 356

## L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

**SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.**

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

## LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES, LATH, JOISTING, SCANTLING, PLANK, BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

## MONEY TO LOAN.

**The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,**

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President. HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD, Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 378


### BUSINESS CARDS.


## JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

## Banking House!

—OF—

## E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

## DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

## Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W ½ 16 | in 1st concession | Madoc, | |
| 29 | 5th | " | " |
| 29 | 7th | " | " |
| W ½ 30 | 9th | " | " |
| N E ¼ 13 | 10th | " | Marmora, |
| 27 | 11th | " | " |

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

## DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at lowest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

## Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL.

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

## Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.

A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.

GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD,

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.

CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

## W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

## A. F. WOOD,

**Land, Loan, & Commission Agency**

OFFICE—Second door South from access Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.

Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

## M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, -- Madoc, Ont.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany's Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges moderate.

FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE. FRANCIS MARSKELL

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first-class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS, O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

## E. A. SEYMOUR,

**General House Painter,**

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

## LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N ½ 30 | in 10th | concession | Hungerford. |
| W ½ 3 | in 11th | " | Huntingdon. |
| S ½ 18 | in 13th | " | " |
| W ½ 1 | in 1st | " | Madoc. |
| E ½ 8 | in 1st | " | " |
| E ½ 13 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ 16 | in 1st | " | " |
| 29 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ 15 | in 4th | " | " |
| E ½ 8 | in 6th | " | " |
| E ½ 30 | in 9th | " | " |
| 29 | in 2nd | " | Marmora. |
| W ½ 29 | in 3rd | " | " |
| W ½ 29 | in 4th | " | " |

For particulars apply to

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL, Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

## QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS

Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph in 1883, for

## PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers. Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager, 20 Front St. East, Toronto.

# THE TRUTH OF IT,

Some months after this conversation with my extraordinary clerk, Sir William Jarvis, an old client of mine, died. I was summoned to attend his funeral, and to read the will afterward. The day before I went down to his country-house, I thought it would be as well if I looked through the draft of his will, in order to be familiar with its provisions. His box was brought in, and I soon put my hand upon the document I wanted. It was dated in 1867—the year Wilson came to me—and the draft was in my clerk's handwriting. It was a voluminous document, consisting of a good many sheets of paper, joined together at the corner. To the front page was affixed a slip of white paper, bearing sundry memoranda—also in Wilson's handwriting—suggesting, most likely, a few alterations to be made if I approved of them.

As I bent this piece of paper back, to read the words concealed, I saw writing on the other side of it, and my heart stood still as I knew that the writing was identical with the writing of those words which had been stamped upon my brain since the day of Roland Northwick's death.

With trembling hands I detached the slip of paper, opened my secretaire, and laid it side by side with the note of warning. I had been deceived by no fancied resemblance, the writing was the same, and so peculiar was the penmanship that I felt convinced that no chance could have produced these two specimens from different persons. True, the writing on the newly-found paper was better and firmer than on the other; but I compared letter for letter and found them exactly alike in their formation. The hand that wrote one wrote the other: and as the two slips of paper lay before me I felt that the murderer of Roland Northwick had had his day. Then, with professional instinct, I sat down to think calmly over my discovery. The paper which I had so unexpectedly found contained what appeared to be a portion of Byron's "When we two parted." Probably the writer was an admirer of the poet, and had transcribed it for her own pleasure. The paper had been torn, lengthways, down the centre: so that only the first halves of the lines were left. But this was more than enough—I could have sworn to the identity of the writing had only two letters appeared.

Now came the difficulty. How could I connect the two papers? What theory could I form? Here, through an extraordinary chance, was the clew staring from my very office. Here it had been lying for five years. Now, that it was within my hands, whither would it lead? Could it be possible that Wilson was in any way mixed up in the affair? I shuddered at the thought, and felt inclined to dismiss it as preposterous. At first I even contemplated asking him point-blank whose writing it might be on the back of the slip of paper he had used; but recognizing the necessity for extreme caution, I decided not to do so. I endeavored to throw my memory back to the time when Sir William's will was made. Looking through my old diaries, I found that about that date we had a press of business in hand; but I could recollect nothing more than taking Sir William's instructions, and, afterward, seeing him execute the will. I felt I must endeavor to get some more information before I took any decisive steps; so, pinning the two pieces of paper together I placed them in my pocket-book and sent for Mr. Wilson. I was quite composed when he entered, and running over the sheets of the draft, asked:

"Do you remember the circumstances under which you drew this up? I ask, as there are several little things in it I should have worded differently."

Wilson took the paper in his hand, looked at the date and replied:

"It was one of the first things I did for you, before I had quite caught your style. I remember, as we were very busy, I drafted it at home, and you altered a good deal of it before it was fair copied."

Then this fact was pretty well established; the paper, whatever wrote it, came from Wilson's house. I saw clearly that my first proceeding was to ascertain everything I could respecting his antecedents and private life. I looked up my letters of 1867, and found from them that Wilson had been recommended to me by Forbes and Thwaites, of Bristol, a firm of high standing. Having ascertained this much, I went in search of a private inquiry agent. I hated the idea of having to spy on one of my household, as it were, but the serious nature of the case gave me no option.

"Can you attend to a bit of business for me?" I said. "A few private inquiries I want made."

"Certainly, sir," replied the agent, producing his note-book; "we are rather slack just now."

"I want you to go to Bristol to-night. Inquire there of Messrs. Forbes and Thwaites solicitors, from what part of the world James Wilson came. He was bankrupt in 1866, I believe, and they were concerned."

The heads of my instructions were rapidly jotted down.

"Then you will go to the place at which he originally lived, and find out all you can about him. His connections, private life, etc."

The agent nodded.

"Then you will ascertain his private address in London, and get all particulars you can of his history since he came to town. As soon as you know enough, write me, and I will call for your report."

"Case of defalcation, I suppose?" said the man, closing his note-book.

"Something of the sort," I replied, and wished him good morning.

I did not choose to take anyone into my confidence this time. I would get all the links together before I put the chain into other hands.

In five days' time the agent sent me word that his report was ready. I had been anxiously awaiting it, so hastened to hear what he had discovered.

There was a good deal in it that was of no consequence whatever; but the detective had done his duty in getting the fullest information. Sitting out all extraneous matter, I learned as follows:

James Wilson was of respectable family. He had been well educated, then articled to a firm of solicitors. Afterward he set up in practice as a rising watering-place on the Bristol Channel, where, as I have already stated, he became involved in some unfortunate building transactions, failing in consequence. He had married, whilst in practice, the daughter of a well-to-do retired tradesman; but as several members of his wife's family lost considerable sums of money by his failure, they became completely estranged. Wilson came to London in 1867, taking lodgings at Chelsea. His wife died on February 22nd, 1870. They were apparently a happy and much attached couple. They had no children, and since her death Wilson had continued to occupy the same rooms.

"And," added my informant, with a jerky smile, "I find that since he has been in London he held the post of confidential clerk to Mr. Maitland, solicitor, of Bedford Row."

"Thank you," said Mr. Maitland. "I am much obliged to you. It has been painful to me to institute these inquiries, but I was bound to set my mind at rest about Mr. Wilson."

Although I had gained little direct evidence, my suspicions gathered strength. Impossible as the idea seemed, the testimony of the handwriting proclaimed that James Wilson must in some way be connected with the perpetrator of the foul crime. At least, he would be able to identify the writer of the message. My agent had ascertained that his wife had died on February 22d, 1870—two days after the blow was struck. As I thought the matter over, the fact of Wilson not having mentioned his wife's death at the time, and his misleading words to me on a recent occasion, which had mademe conclude he was unmarried, tended to make it appear possible that the writer of the warning note was Mrs. Wilson herself. Even the tremulous nature of the handwriting would be accounted for as she must have been at that moment lying on her death-bed. How Roland Northwick became entangled with James Wilson's wife was a matter of little consequence now. Detective skill must unravel all that, and no doubt drag a painful scandal to light. For me, at present, it was sufficient to know that could I prove the writer of these two papers lying in my pocket to be James Wilson's wife, I had enough ground to justify his arrest as the murderer.

This identification must be my first task. I determined to make no delay. The thought that for years I had been in daily contact and communication with the cold-blooded murderer of one of my dearest friends was to me horrible. With this dreadful suspicion hanging over him, I felt it almost impossible to breath the same air with Wilson, much less to transact my usual business matters with him. I felt that I might betray myself in his presence, and, with the acute suspicion which such a crime must engender, he would guess what was passing through my mind, and fly from justice. I left the office, stating that I should not return that day, and the next morning sent Wilson a letter, saying that an urgent private matter had called me into the country. The link that joined the two others I must have before proceeding any further. I knew the name of the church in which Wilson had been married; the object of my journey was to visit it. I inspected the register of marriages, and, knowing the date of the ceremony, had but little difficulty in lighting on the signatures of Adelaide Fletcher and James Wilson. The resemblance in the writing here was even closer to the warning message than that of the lines of poetry I had so fortunately found. Perhaps, from the emotion natural to a young girl when signing her maiden name for the last time, the strokes were tremulous, even as from another cause they were tremulous in those fatal words that now lay side by side with the bride's signature—"My husband knows all. I couldn't help it. Beware!"

With all my lingering doubts—with all the hopes I cherished as to Wilson's innocence dispelled, I hastened back to town, nerving myself to perform a harrowing duty the next day—the duty of denouncing as the murderer of Roland Northwick the man who for eight years had been my constant companion and trusted associate in business.

Late as the hour was when I reached Paddington, I drove straight to Inspector Sharpe's house. Accustomed to surprises at all hours, the astute gentleman expressed no astonishment at seeing me, but awaited patiently any communication I had to make for his benefit. Yet for once, at least, in the course of his checkered career I believe he was taken aback.

"If you will be at my office at eleven o'clock precisely to-morrow morning, I will point out to you the man who murdered Roland Northwick."

The inspector stared.

"Tell me where to find him," he said, "and the handcuffs shall be on his wrists to-night."

I hesitated. Something restrained me from telling him to whom my suspicions pointed. It was not mercy; but I wished to give Wilson one chance of explaining the thing which had led me to accuse him of the crime.

"No," I replied. "I cannot even tell you his name at this moment. I must manage matters in my own way. He will come to my office to-morrow, utterly unsuspecting. I will then point him out to you, and you can take the proper course."

Inspector Sharpe promised obedience to my instructions, so I left him to dream, no doubt, of the reward he might claim to-morrow.

Tired as I was with the day's work, I slept but little that night. I was drawing mental pictures of the painful proceeding of to-morrow. Then, between sleeping and waking, a wild thought took possession of me. I fancied that for some reason or other Wilson had divined my suspicions, and that on the morrow he would be absent. So strongly did this idea impress me, that I actually rose, determined to go to the detective at once, reveal all I knew, and let the arrest be made at once, so that justice should not be defeated. Then, as my senses returned to me, I saw how utterly impossible it was that Wilson could suspect anything, and, lying down once more, I resolved to let matters follow in the train I had designed.

Still it was not without relief I saw, upon entering my office in the morning, my confidential clerk at his usual post. He saluted me with his invariably calm politeness. For the life of me I could not return the greeting; but, averting my face, hurried into my room, the entrance to which lay through his. I opened my letters in a mechanical way, in the present excited state of my mind giving little heed to their contents. I could think only of one thing—was I not wrong, after all? Could that quiet, self-possessed, gentle-spoken man, now sitting within a few feet of me, be guilty of one of the foulest and most dastardly crimes ever perpetrated? I began now almost to wish that my fear of the preceeding night had been well founded, and his flight had given me assurance of his guilt.

In a few minutes the door of my office opened and Wilson entered. He had a number of papers in his hand, and running them through, said:

"If you are at liberty now, Mr. Maitland, there are several things about which I should like to consult you."

I shuddered as he spoke; but he stood there with his impassable exterior—his mind, evidently, bent only on business—it seemed absurd to suppose that this was the being who, with hellish vengeance in his heart, crept up the staircase to Roland's bedroom; that those white fingers, holding now a harmless pen, were the same which closed round the handle of the knife that pierced my poor friend's bosom.

But the time for hesitation and uncertainty was gone by. In an hour Sharpe would be here, eager for his prey; and until he came I determined that Mr. James Wilson should not be a moment out of my sight.

I rose and walked to the office door, locked it, and placed the key in my pocket. Then I resumed my seat; and motioned Wilson to one near me. My unusual proceedings, I fancied, troubled him—he turned a shade paler if that were possible, but he said nothing.

Many a time afterward, in cold blood, I have wondered at my folly at thus, of my own free will, cooping myself up with a man whom I suspected to be a murderer; a man who might have made preparations against a surprise of this nature, and to whom my life might be as nothing. But I was the stronger, although the older, man of the two. Wilson, although tall, was slim, almost to thinness, and I was certain that in a hand-to-hand struggle I could overpower him. I felt disgust and horror at my companion, but not fear. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Mr. Wilson," I said, "some time ago you led me to understand you were unmarried. I have since ascertained that your wife died in February, 1870."

Wilson, whose acuteness told him that I did not make this assertion with the primary object of reproaching him for concealing the true state of his domestic affairs from me, made a simple gesture of assent.

"I find," I continued, "that your wife died on the 22d of February—two days after the murder of Roland Northwick."

As I spoke the last words he knew what was coming—I could see it in the man's face.

"And," I concluded, 'from certain facts which have come to my knowledge, I have decided that you, even if you did not strike the blow yourself must know the murderer."

Wilson rose. He was perfectly calm, and speaking in his usual quiet voice, said:

"You must be mad, Mr. Maitland, to make such an accusation—against me, of all men in the world? Without troubling to deny it, I ask you, as a lawyer and a man of business, what possible motive could I have for committing such a crime?"

"The day before he was killed, Roland Northwick received a letter of warning from a woman—a woman whose husband he had doubtless wronged. Till a few days ago her name was unknown. Now, from the similarity of the curious writing to that of another specimen which I have ascertained was written by your wife, I know that the warning was sent by her. James Wilson, you wretched murderer! Your hour has come! I have already denounced you, and in a short time the officers will be here."

Wilson sat silent for some time. I was on the alert, expecting that my accusation would be the signal for an attempt to escape. But nothing seemed further from his thoughts. After a while he raised his eyes to mine, and said quietly,

"Your knowledge of common law cannot be very great, Mr. Maitland, if you think that any English jury will convict a man upon the fancied resemblance between two scraps of writing. But your deductions are better than your law—I did kill Roland Northwick."

The audacity of this full confession, spoken as if he were mentioning an incident in his career of little moment, so surprised me that I could only stare at him and ejaculate:

"Villain! Ruffian!"

"Yes," continued this strange man, "I killed him—I will tell you why I killed him—that is, if you care to listen to the tale, and if there is time before the warrant arrives."

"The information will be sworn at eleven o'clock," I stammered; marveling at his extraordinary composure, and by it compelled to give him an answer to his question. "Till then," I added, "I shall not lose sight of you for an instant."

He smiled faintly, almost contemptuously. He might really have been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He began to speak, and, in a moment, his whole manner changed. He was transfigured, and I knew that at last I was face to face with the true man. His brows contracted, his deep-set eyes burned with fierce light, his cheek flushed, and the veins on his forehead stood out with emotion. His speech was rapid, and his language eloquent. His gesticulation was striking; his thin, lithe fingers clasped each other, or were extended to give due influence to his powerful words; and as I watched his actions and listened to his words, I comprehended that under the cold surface of reserve, under that well-fitting mask of suave politeness, beat a heart shaken by the strongest passions and capable of the deepest feeling. As I stood face to face with him, I could scarcely realize that this was the same man whom I had seen daily for eight years.

"I will be brief, Mr. Maitland," he said. "I killed Roland Northwick because he seduced my wife. I had loved her as a boy—I loved and married her as a man. If I had no wealth to give, I gave her such love as man has never yet given woman. I believed her to be the most pure, as well as the most beautiful, of women. To me she was simply my life. Every hope, every thought of mine was for her happiness. Oh, how I loved that woman! loved her, worshipped her, trusted her, slaved for her! And that night when, stricken with the illness which she knew would be fatal, when I hung over her pillow and tended her with loving hands, she whispered that cursed confession to me, my life was at an end for ever. As, trembling at death, and the judgment she feared after that death, she sobbed out her shame to me, praying for my forgiveness, so that the God whom she dreaded might, perhaps, forgive her, then I laid my lips beside her ear and whispered:

"'When I have killed him, I will forgive you. Not till then.'

"Had you ever loved a woman as I loved her, you would pity even whilst condemning me for what you call the crime. I cared not which was to blame, the man or the woman; but I said, 'That man shall die.' The details of their intrigue were of little interest. They had first met outside this very office, where she would frequently wait to accompany me home. How their acquaintance ripened, or what acts he used, I know not. She was a beautiful woman, and he was a gallant handsome young man. Yet the day has been when I could have shown as gay and gallant a front as Mr. Roland Northwick! He had made an end of my life, and his own should pay forfeit.

"The next morning I was outside his house, but found no means of gaining an entrance, I knew all his habits well, and several times had been to his rooms on business.

"To-morrow," I whispered to my wife, who now lay almost speechless and insensible—and 'to-morrow' it was! You know the rest.

"I reached home in the evening, and leaning over my dying wife whispered:

"He is dead—I forgive you now."

"She spoke no more. The next day she died, and that look of horror which settled on her face when I whispered those words of forgiveness never left it."

He was silent.

"You wretched man!" I cried. "Do you feel no remorse?"

"I feel no remorse. My life became a blank. Love passed out of it with my wife's death. Hate left it when I drove that knife through her seducer's heart. Since then I have cared nothing for life—nothing for death."

"But the hereafter—beyond death!" I cried, appalled by such callousness.

Wilson had again seated himself, and resumed his usual mask. His recent excitement had vanished, and left no trace. His ordinary quiet smile passed over his features.

"Intellectual men with my views," he said, "trouble little about the future, and fear it less."

In spite of my horror and disgust, I could not help feeling a certain amount of curiosity.

"But how could you avoid detection!" I asked.

"Simply by not trying to escape it. I cared little whether I was discovered or not. Some strange instinct induced me to take the watch and chain, which now lies a shape less mass, buried in one corner of the cellar beneath this house. I only wanted access to the room. Having done what I had resolved to do, it mattered little whether I came out again or not. By some strange chance no one saw me; so I walked down the stairs and reached the office as usual. My glove was on my hand when I struck the blow. It was stained with blood, so I burnt it. That was all. Had I been arrested that day—as, indeed, I fully expected to have been—I should have made no defense paying the penalty of my sin as cheerfully as I shall now."

"But how could you meet me? How could you go about your business as usual, with this awful crime on your conscience?"

"I tell you, Mr. Maitland, I neither felt nor feel remorse regret, or even wish to evade justice. My life, as I understand life, ended. I simply waited, never doubting but all would come day be known."

I felt it was too horrible to hear this man discussing his crime and approaching a shameful end as coolly as though he were speaking of some client's ordinary business matters.

"Now you see, Mr. Maitland," he continued, "why I refused your kind offer of a partnership. It will matter very little your clerk being arrested for murder; but had I been your partner it would not have improved the standing of your firm."

I thanked him mentally for his consideration, but said nothing. I was determined to speak no more. It was too painful, and I longed for Sharpe to arrive and terminate the interview.

Wilson, as though reading my thoughts, glanced at his watch.

"I see that my time is short," he said, "I have one letter I wish to write before the handcuffs are on my wrists. Would it be asking too great a favor if I requested you to leave me alone for a few minutes?"

I told him he was at liberty to write what he liked; but I should not quit him. He slightly shrugged his shoulders, and saying, "As you will," took a sheet of paper and commenced writing.

His letter was a very short one. He placed it in an envelope, laying it on the table with the address downward.

The minutes stole on, surely it must now be eleven o'clock. I would have looked at my watch, but a kind of feeling of delicacy restrained me. I waited some time longer and then glanced at Wilson. I was sitting nearest the door, with the idea of cutting off any attempted escape. Wilson was in my usual seat at the table which was littered with letters and legal documents. This table, I should add, was between us. As he finished his letter he took up a brief and commenced perusing it. Even at this awful moment he appeared to be interested only in the work which had done so well for so many years. His left hand held the sheet he was perusing near his eyes; the remainder of the document hung down, hiding his right hand as well as the greater portion of his body. As I sat waiting until the hour sounded from the neighboring church tower and wondering at the self-command displayed by the remorseless murderer, he looked across and met my gaze. There was an expression in his eyes, which I had never before noticed there.

"I have been thinking, Mr. Maitland," he said in his gentle voice, "that, after all, I should like to escape the gallows. As there are only two ways of escaping—one over your body, and another—I choose that other one."

And before I could comprehend the hidden meaning of his words I heard the loud report of a pistol, and James Wilson fell forward across my office-table, deluging it and all it held with his heart's blood.

Before I could call for assistance, Inspector Sharpe, who was waiting outside, burst open the door and rushed to the dying man. He sighed once, and then we knew that all was over with him.

The letter he had just penned was addressed to me. It contained only these words:

"The reason of my rash act is extensive defalcations, which, sooner or later, you must discover."

At the inquest held on my ill-fated clerk I had to appear. I stated truthfully enough, that our conversation that morning had been upon a matter of business which he had conducted much to my dissatisfaction. The letter which I produced apparently explained all. The verdict was—"Suicide whilst in an unsound state of mind."

I never looked for any declarations, well knowing that none would be found. The detective, no doubt, formed his own conclusions as to the identity of the man he came to arrest, for he asked me nothing more about him; but I—and I only—knew the whole truth why Roland Northwick was murdered, and why James Wilson shot himself in my office. And the truth is the narrative above written.

THE END.

## European Cavalry.

Among the military nations of the Continent it is recognized that, so far from the time for the atrocious employment of cavalry either on the battlefield or in enterprises against the flanks or rear of an enemy being past, a glorious future is dawning for that arm, and that opportunities will arise when well disciplined, well-trained, and well-commanded cavalry may, through its power of securing for itself comparative immunity from the dangers to which other arms are in a higher ratio exposed, take a leading part in the conflict and perhaps decide the fate of a campaign. Among other high authorities, Field-Marshall Count Moltke has recorded his opinion that because in future the destructive fire of artillery will necessitate a scattered formation, the role of cavalry will be most important. Greater skill will no doubt be required in handling it so as to bring it into action decisively at the critical moment, *cito parare victoriam*, for only by rapidity in manœuvring can the effect of the breechloader be paralyzed. History proves that without cavalry a victory is rarely brilliant. If cavalry is beaten, according to Montecuculli, the battle is entirely lost; if, on the other hand, it is victorious, the victory is complete. From the day when Hasdrubal destroyed the Roman host at Cannæ, until that on which, 2 000 years afterward, the British squadrons, charging the flanks of the old guard at Waterloo, "prevented all rallying" after the annihilation of the French cavalry, this axiom has been true. In the last great war cavalry on both sides were on several occasions nobly sacrificed in order to gain time for the infantry, or in heroic effort to avert disasters already irreparable, but neither in the "death ride" of Werth or Bajonville, or in the terrible slaughter of Sedan, were the losses so heavy as those incurred by cavalry in the days of muzzle-loaders. That the effect of the fire of modern weapons, requiring as they do in their use considerable skill and a correct judgment of distance, would be very destructive to cavalry moving rapidly outside the zone of 400 yards remains to be proved. In a trial which took place in India between 4 Gardner guns and a detachment of 60 picked shots file-firing at 6 stationary targets at 585 yards, the distance being unknown, the latter made only 24 hits out of 411 rounds, and at 900 yards volley-firing, the distance being known, only 36 hits out of 630 rounds. The Gardner guns were even less successful, a result highly encouraging to cavalry.—[The Fortnightly Review.

## A Little Virginia Girl.

Joaquin Miller, the poet and novelist, has been down in the West Virginia mountains and he writes to the New York *Star*:

"A little Virginian climbed up the steps like a little pet squirrel; she was just as frisky; her hair as black, bushy and abundant; her eyes as bright and many times as large and beautiful. Ah, me! my heart went all to pieces at once. She was only a dozen years old, and yet she was a woman. But she didn't know it at all; she didn't dream of such a thing. And that is what made her so ten-fold formidable. I gave her my seat in the packed car, and she thanked me with such promptness and grace, such precision of silent, good taste, that I wanted to stand there before her and wait all the days of my life for her to speak. But she never spoke. Her hair was all tumbled about, her dress was torn badly, her small, dimpled hands were brown and briar torn. Pretty soon she dived her left hand into her pocket, threw back her black hair with the right hand, and so began to crook a lot of chestnuts with the whitest set of teeth and the reddest lips you ever looked at. Dear, lovely little girl. She was the quaintest bit of nature I have seen this side of Oregon. And although I shall never see her again I venture my life that she is of the best blood in the land, one of the ruined families of the war; a pitiful little waif, whose valiant people went down to battle and never came back to her mother and her mother's mother any more. And when I contrast her wild refinement with the thebig-footed vulgarity in lace and diamonds constantly encountered in New York I again fall to thinking, and thinking of the strange mutations of life in this up and down land of ours."

## Oriental Wood Carvers.

The East Indians are naturally free handed carvers. Long before the Christian era the Hindoos beautified the interiors of their temples and homes with the most intricate work of the kind. The facility of carving has not left them, and a block of teak wood under their chisels soon becomes the bed of the most beautiful traceries and reproduces the flora of the East in all its variety of forms. The Oriental wood carvers in one respect are unequaled—they have originality of conception united with a power of execution which is wonderful. They receive simply the suggestions of the artists on draughting paper with none of the hundred minutiæ of background supports and the like, which are necessary to the workmen here. There they in truth use their chisels as brushes, for their hands are firm. They are acquainted simply with the idea which is conveyed, and with one or two scoops of the chisel a lily or a passion flower or a pomegranate lies imbedded in the wood as though it had been waiting simply to be picked and enjoined. But while they are unsurpassed in what is known as emotional carving they are at a loss at the broad sweeps which are required in the decoration of large apartments or halls.—[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

It seems like the irony of fate when a milkman gets drowned in his own well.

## FOREIGN ECHOES.

**An Underground Railway in Paris—Mormon Missionaries in Calcutta—Wine from Raisins—Public Instruction in Italy, &c., &c.**

After twelve years agitation, a concession has been signed for an underground railway in Paris.

There have recently been two trials of the navigability of the canal from St. Petersburg to the sea, which is to be formally opened by the emperor before long.

The original Eddystone lighthouse—the work of Smeaton—has been erected on the Hoe, at Plymouth, and a formal opening of it by Trinity house officials recently took place.

The fund being raised in England for a memorial to the late Dr. Pusey now amounts to over $151,540. Canon Liddon has recently put his name down for a second donation of $2,500.

A party of Mormon missionaries has lately arrived in Calcutta. The leader is an elderly Englishman, who has spent many years in Utah, and one of his companions is a son of the notorious Orson Pratt. This is not the first occasion on which efforts have been made to obtain converts to the Mormon faith in that city.

Impecunious noblemen and gentry in England find disposing their ancestral libraries the most convenient way of raising money. The example of the dukes of Marlborough and Hamilton is to be followed by Sir John Thorold, who in December proposes to bring to the hammer the valuable library of Syston hall, in Lincolnshire.

An idea of the consumption of ice in Germany may be formed from the fact that in Stettin alone, since the beginning of the year, upwards of fifty thousand tons of ice from Sweden and Norway were imported in 116 steamers and sailing vessels. From eleven marks a ton, the price has latterly risen to twenty-four marks, and is likely to go still higher, in consequence whereof the manufacture of artificial ice is attracting much attention.

The islands of Mauritius and Reunion, in the Indian Ocean, which are 115 miles apart, are to have telegraphic communication with each other by means of signals flashed from the mountain tops. The instrument adopted for the purpose is the heliotrope, a small mirror which is used in trigonometrical surveying. The population of the two islands is 400,000, and, as Mauritius is about being connected by cable with all parts of Europe and Asia, the heliotrope will include Reunion in the system. The sun telegraph, which has already been tested, will be useful in transmitting intelligence from one island to the other of the approach of cyclones, which are common and very destructive there.

The number of works sent in to the Royal academy this spring reached the enormous total of 8 093, an increase of 811 over last year. Of these only 761 were unreservedly accepted by the council 2,116 being classed as doubtful, and 5,216 entirely rejected. In the end as many as 1 856 works were exhibited, and of these 1,656 were sent in by outsiders, the members of the academy being represented by a sum total of only 202 works. This total included 166 paintings, 23 pieces of sculpture, 9 architectural drawings, 4 engravings, as against 906 paintings, 263 water color drawings, 169 pieces of sculpture, 135 architectural drawings, 47 miniatures and enamels, 58 crayon drawings, and 97 engravings, all from the hands of non-members of the Royal academy.

One of the industries of thrifty France is the making of wine from raisins, which is carried on especially at Marseilles, Cette, Bordeaux, and Bercy. About seventy thousand tons of raisins are imported into France from the neighboring high countries and Syria, costing nearly $7,500,000. By softening into water, and the addition of sugar and alcohol, a harmless wine is produced, of which no less than three million hectoliters are made. Another dodge is to treat the settlings, the residuum of the native harvests of Spain, Portugal, Sicily, etc., with sugar, alcohol and water, and make from the compound what is called "second vat" wines. Thus France, in spite of phylloxera, retains her position as the greatest wine-exporting country in the world.

An improved electric railway about 4½ miles long, and 39 inches gauge is now in operation between the cities of Frankfort and Offenbach, the time being about 25 minutes. The four dynamo-electric machines are driven by two steam engines of 125 horse power each. In connection with the cables which conduct the current of electricity, a switch is provided to regulate and direct it. The conductors consist of tubes slitted along their entire length at the bottom and insulated on poles like telegraph wires. A small cylinder slides or runs in the tubes, and from this a conductor connects the car and the dynamo. The use of this conductor prevents interruptions and cut-outs, which are caused by frosts and moisture when the carriage runs on a conductor, as in the Berlin-Lichterfelde Electric Railway.

Great excitement was caused a few days ago on the Thames embankment by the chase of a porpoise up the river by men armed with rifles on board a steam-tug. The porpoise was a large and lively specimen and gave his pursuers some trouble. He was three times fired at near Westminster bridge, the last shot evidently taking effect, as he gave a tremendous leap under one of the arches on the Lambeth side and then disappeared in deep water, the ebb running down very rapidly at the time. Only a day or two previous a porpoise was seen beyond Chelsea bridge, and several have lately been seen within the mouth of the river. A female porpoise, in fine condition, measuring four feet six inches, weight fifty-six pounds, was caught the day before off Sufferance and Providence wharves, Belvedere road, by a lighterman, who succeeded in hooking it with his hitcher.

The Russians are reducing their army expenditure by $4,500,000 per annum. According to the *Moscow Gazette*, this economy is to be brought about by extending the time of service and decreasing the annual number of recruits. Instead of the 260,000 recruits serving respectively three years for infantry and four years for cavalry, it was decided at the last meeting of the commission charged with the consideration of the subject: 1. To reduce the Caucasian regiments and the whole reserve forces in times of peace so as to diminish the standing army by 100,000 men. 2. To fix the period of service at five years for infantry and artillery and six years for cavalry. 3. To settle the annual contingent of recruits at 190,000 men serving a period of from five to six years, and at 44,000 men serving for nine months, which will diminish the annual levy of recruits by 25,000 men. If the annual cost of a recruit, is put at $45, this reduction will save more than $4,500,000 per annum.

The Italian government has recently published some figures on the subject of public instruction in Italy. The budget of public instruction has risen from 16 300,000 francs in 1871 to 130,400,000 francs in 1883; the number of schools from 21,358 in 1811 to 42,510 in 1881; and the number of pupils in the same period from 1,008,674 to 1,928,700. There are, moreover, 701 gymnasiums or secondary schools with 3,674 professors and 41,124 scholars, and having a five years' course of study. Above the gymnasiums, again, are colleges to the number of 298, with 1,601 professors and 11,133 students, and a course of study lasting three years. In addition, there are 383 technical schools, with an attendance of 22,120. Lately, the Royal universities, 18 in number, registered in 1881 10,592 students, the two most important being those of Turin with 1.651 students, and Naples with 2,851 students. There have still to be added 21 high schools independent universities, instructingal and together 1,948 scholars.

This year's vintages in France are likely to be of quite exceptional excellence. A good vintage, however, does not, unfortunately, mean what it once did, the ravages of phylloxera during the past sixteen years having so largely diminished the number of vines. A few figures will show what havoc has been made by this scourage of French vinelands. Fourteen years ago there were 2,400,000 hectares of vineyards, and now there are scarcely 1,000,000 under cultivation. The production has fallen within the same period from 72 000,000 to 30,000,000 of hectolitres. Not only has exportation become immensely reduced, but importation has to be resorted to for the supply of this country. Within only the last four years wines have been brought into the country from Spain, Italy, and Greece to the value of 1,000,000 francs. Of the 1,500,000 hectares devastated, not more than 20,000 hectares have as yet be replanted which is not to be wondered at, considering that it costs as much to replant as the soil itself is worth.

### A Human Skye Terrier.

The passenger who attracted the most attention during the voyage of the City of Chicago from Liverpool to New York was Theodore Jo Jo, a boy of 16, whose face resembles that of a Skye terrier. His face is covered with a long waivy mass of silken hair, which in color is between light red and silver gray. It hangs upon his brow down to his eyes, parting in the centre and waiving off to either side like that of a fancy terrier. It droops from his cheeks in long wavy locks, grows from the nostrils, and hangs from both ears. The length of this luxuriant growth of hair varies from two to four inches, and it is so thick that the skin beneath is visible only in scattered spots. The eyes of this dog-faced boy also resemble very closely those of a terrier. They are slightly bluish in color, almost perfectly round, and the whites are visible entirely around the pupils His mouth is furnished with only the two canine teeth above and two incisors below, and all four are thin and sharp, resembling miniature tusks rather than human teeth. The entire body is covered with a growth of thin, light hair, but the thick heavy locks are found only on the face. He speaks Russian and German tolerably well, and a few words of English and took great pride in showing that he could write his name by signing it to the back of his pictures in large, flowing characters. The dog-faced boy was captured in the forests of Kostroma, in the center of Russia, about eleven years ago, with his father, who is described as a wild man, with the same peculiar face which the boy now possesses. Jo Jo was then little more than a baby, and his face was comparatively hairless. The father was exhibed all over Europe until three years ago, when he died. —New York Times.

### Alaska Devil Fish.

Victor Hugo's description of the devil fish has always had for me a terrible fascination, but here in Alaska, this land of wonders, the Indians recount stories equally startling, and almost all of them substantially corroborated by good testimony. Yesterday an Indian hooked up from one of the wharf posts an octopus five feet from tip to tip, and to the query, "What are you going to do with him?" answered: "Me eat him," and in fact with them the flesh is esteemed a great delicacy, although when alive the animal is an object of terror. The flesh when boiled is perfectly white, and tastes something like cods' tongues, but while eating it the recollection of what the dainty was when alive takes away all enjoyment. It is not such a harmless amusement this fishing for devil-fish, and one which everybody would choose for an afternoon sport. There is only one really skilful fisher in town, a mission boy, who fearlessly wades into the water near their haunts, and, seeing the animal, tears him from the rock. Of course his satanic majesty resents the intrusion upon his rights and retaliates by winding one or more arms around the limbs of the boy, but with a quick and peculiar motion the Indian tears them off with a noise resembling the ripping of heavy cotton cloth, at the same time slitting open the sack of the animal. It is a dangerous proceeding, and one which makes the beholder cringe to see the soft slimy arm of the octopus winding itself around and gradually taking hold with its innumerable suckers, surely and gradually drawing its victim down. Only on one occasion, historically speaking, has one of these creatures been found of sufficient size to attack a canoe and one Indian was the only survivor.

### Increase of Wealth.

An English statistician maintains that the daily increase of wealth in the United States is upward of $25,000,000, or about $838,000,000 a year, which is one-third as much as the increase in wealth as the whole of the rest of the world. England, whose increase of wealth is next to our own, makes only a profit on all her business of $300,000,000 a year, or but a little over a third of our own.

### FALLING A MILE.

**A Startling Adventure in a Balloon—Dropping Like a Shot From the Clouds to the Earth.**

Monday a startling experience of Messrs. Gaston Tissandier and Friederick Gower, husband of Nordica, the American prima donna, showed that the practical dangers of ballooning are still far from being surmounted, however well actual disasters may be avoided by coolness and skill. These two gentlemen ascended from the Tissandier establishment at Auteuil about 1 o'clock, to continue a series of scientific experiments upon certain theories advanced by M. Gower. They sailed slowly past Paris to the southeast at a height of about 1,500 feet, and disappeared in the direction of Vincennes. In answer to the inquiry of a *Morning News* representative M. Gower relates what befell the voyagers afterwards.

"We were at a height of six thousand feet above the village of Fontenay. A fete was going on there, and the faint echo of drums, mingled with the cries of children and the barking of dogs, just reached our ears amid the awful silence of the heavens. We were among the clouds of the lower heavens. We were among the clouds of the lower stratum, and had before our eyes the magnificent spectacle of their formation. The forces of nature moved them to and fro in a kind of sullen majesty, now piling them into a mountain just above our heads, and, then, as the mass toppled to its fall, dispersing it suddenly, as by a blow from the hammer of some invisible Titan, making rifts through which we saw the fair, green lands, and quickly closing them, as the vaporous monster rolled into fresh combinations. It was the inner temple of creative power, perhaps the greatest sight revealed to human eyes, and we stood entranced in silent admiration.

"Suddenly we felt a breath of cold and biting air, as though the world had revolved beneath us and brought us over the pole. At the same moment the needle upon a verticle scale (from which I had been reading indications of level) began to travel with a startling speed. A sound like the roar of surf filled our ears for an instant and then gave place to the noise of the fete, which had now swelled into a cry, as it seemed, from every living thing below. Tissandier threw out sand, and the sand flew up in our faces. Our breath came short and hard, and we felt the rushing air as on a steamer against the wind. We were falling, suddenly, as though the great globe above our heads had given way! Yet nothing visible had happened, save that the undersurface of the envelope had all at once grown hollow and wrinkled, like the face of an aged man. The clouds were gone as by magic, and the earth was rushing at us, with its thousand voices in full cry. Tissandier stood cool and firm, dealing out the ballast with steady hand and counting the bags that remained.

"'Stand by the anchor," he said, quietly, as if at his study table, 'and be ready to cut away when I tell you.'

"Down we went; the drag-rope touched the earth—trailed across the fields, with scarcely perceptible difference in our fall. The ground seemed alive with men hurrying from every side, with here and there a horseman among them. A meadow was just beneath, and a quick glance beyond showed the edge of a forest. The balloon trembled as from a blow, and our speed across the field was suddenly doubled. We had fallen into a squall.

"'Cut away,' said the steady voice of the aeronaut, and the anchor fell. Over went a bag of ballast, too, and, thus suddenly lightening by thirty pounds, the balloon regained its poise at fifty feet above the ground, and our fall of a mile through the air was safely ended.

"Never was sound precept more quickly followed by practical illustration. Less than an hour before Tissandier had been dwelling on the need of reserving ballast as a precaution. 'There are in the air,' said he, 'occasional rarefactions into which a balloon can fall without the slightest warning. When you are near the ground it does not much matter. But no prudent aeronaut at a height of a thousand meters or more will allow his ballast to become even nearly exhausted.' And this was precisely what our own case showed so shortly afterward. We encountered a partial vacuum, a veritable pit in the air, where the lifted power of gas suddenly fell to almost nothing. Air was, of course, on the way from some area of a greater density to restore the normal pressure, and of this we had ample evidence upon reaching the ground. The anchor struck the soft earth in the most favourable position, buried half its flukes in the soil, and was snatched out with scarcely an effort by the flying car. Again and again the heavy iron bounded fifty feet into the air, and it was only when a score of stout laborers had laid hold of the drag-rope (at cost of a few tumbles), that the gambols of our playful monster were brought to an end. And then Tissandier, while obliging hands folded and packed the balloon, produced a notebook and his map, and calmly completed his record of the excursion."—[Paris News.

### A Tale for the Marines.

The sudden change in the weather reminded the young woman of her sealskin sacque packed away up-stairs.

She brought it down and showed it to her father.

"It looks a little worn and shabby, my dear," said the old gentleman; "I will give you the money to get a new one before cold weather sets in."

"Oh, no, you needn't, papa. A little cleaning and brushing and it can be made to look very well for another season at least."

She then went into the kitchen and made some biscuits for tea that reminded the writer of swansdown, only they weren't quite so heavy.

The name and address of this girl will be given to any young man whose references are satisfactory.

### Paying for Value Received.

"How much did Mr. Smith give you at his wedding?" asked a minister's wife of her husband.

"Two dollars."

"Well, that's a very insignificant sum for a rich man like Mr. Smith to pay for such a service."

"It does seem a small amount," he replied, "but you must remember that he has been married before."

A bicycle to run on ice may be called an icicle.


A.P. 2

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, at 362 Yonge st., Toronto.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES—TOWNSHIP ELDON, lot 4, Concession 1st; choice land, good buildings orchard, and fencing. G. S. KING, Cannington.

MEN WANTED.
Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $800 to $2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

H. WILLIAMS,
SLATE AND FELT ROOFER.
Manufacturer and Dealer in
Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Paper, Carpet Felt, &c., at lowest Prices.
4 ADELAIDE ST. EAST, - - - TORONTO.

F. E DIXON & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

W. & F. P. Currie & Co.
100 Grey Nun St., Montreal.
Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair Bed & Springs

SMOKED SAUSAGES.
The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use Sold by grocers through the Dominion Send for price to W. CLARK P. O. Box 342 Montreal.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co, Halifax: Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.: Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Leve & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

Coleman Patent Harness.
Improved, works without whiffletrees. Cool, light and durable, much easier on man and teams. This harness is a specialty in orchards, as no trees can be injured; working qualities guaranteed. Price $18.
Territory for sale in United States and Canada.
Address—
J B Dewey & Co.
COLBORNE, ONT.

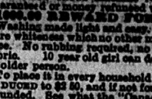
HAND STAMPS METAL & RUBBER
Stamps of every description, Seals, etc. Bronze Medals the last four years at Toronto exhibition. Agents wanted.
KENYON, TINGLEY, & STEWART M'FG. CO.,
72 King St. West, Toronto.

E E KNOTT'S Speculator's Mart.
Adelaide St. East, Toronto.
All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rates of interest. Application for money from farmers a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N. B.—Best of references on application.

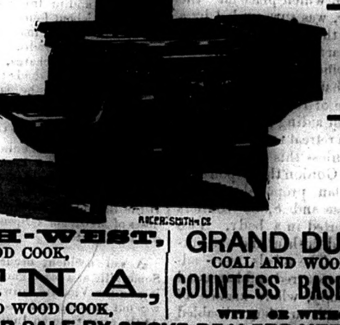
GUNS. RAWSONE & Co. We are again in the Gun business and can supply you with anything in the Sporting line at wholesale prices, same as charged to dealers. We have now the "inside track" of the Gun business and no one else can sell at our figures. The only article we do not cut on is the Winchester, as we don't care to sell it, but instead offer you the beautiful new Colt Repeating Rifle in every way safer and superior, (fully Warranted) at several dollars less. Send 6c. for our new ill. catalogue containing fish and game laws. Note change of address, we having moved from Yonge St. are not in any way connected with the old stand. RAWSONE & Co., Practical Gun Makers Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto. All kinds of Gun repairing done in first-class style in our own workshops.

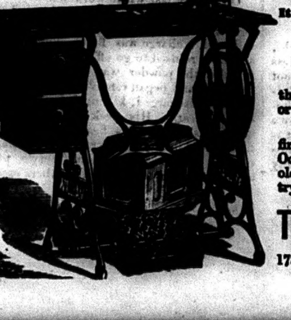
I will supply two year old vines of the
NIAGARA
WHITE GRAPE
without any conditions whatever at
Two Dollars Each.
Agents wanted, apply to
D. W. Beadle,
ST. CATHARINES.

Dominion Line of Steamships.
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from
QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL
*Oregon, Oct. 18 | *Sarnia, Nov. 8
Montreal, Oct. 25 | Brooklyn, Nov. 15
*Vancouver Nov. 1 | Toronto, Nov. 22
Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35, Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.


THE MODEL
Washer
AND
BLEACHER.
Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.
$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2 50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.
AGENTS WANTED.
C. W. DENNIS,
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
213 YONGE STREET. TORONTO, ONT.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.,
:) MANUFACTURERS OF (:
Finest Electro Gold and Silver Plate,
New York, Meriden (Ct.), Chicago, San Francisco, London, (Eng.).
BRANCH FACTORY—Cor. Cannon and Wellington Streets, Hamilton, Ont.
TRADE MERIDEN B. COMPANY MARK.
Many purchasers having through a similarity of names purchased other wares under the impression that they were of our manufacture, we are compelled to ask special attention to the above TRADE MARKS. The fact that our name and Trade Marks are being so closely imitated should be a sufficient guarantee to the public that our wares are the BEST IN THE WORLD.
TRADE
1847 Rogers Bros. A1.
MARK.

G URNEY'S STOVES!
THE

BEST
NORTH-WEST, WOOD COOK,
ÆTNA, COAL AND WOOD COOK,
GRAND DUCHESS, COAL AND WOOD RANGE,
COUNTESS BASE BURNER, WITH OR WITHOUT OVEN.
FOR SALE BY STOVE DEALERS HERE.

THE NEW WILLIAMS

High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
Sewing Machine of the Period.
It is Light and Easy to run.
Silent and Rapid in movement.
Plain and Simple to learn.
It is strong, durable, and well built, the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it,
THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.
1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and King St., West, Toronto.

North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 6, 1884.

## The Scott Act.

### What was done at Stirling.

From the *News-Argus* we take the following particulars regarding the Scott Act convention held at Stirling last Wednesday:—

On Wednesday at 2 o'clock the body of the old C. M. church was filled with a very intelligent and extensive representation from nearly all parts of the country.

Dr. Boulter was appointed chairman.

Wm. Stoddart of Deseronto, moved the following resolution, seconded by Rev. W. J. Young:

"That we, delegates from different sections of the county of Hastings, in convention assembled, regard the present a favorable time for inaugurating a Scott Act campaign, having in view an early submission of the Canada temperance act to the electors of the county, believing, as we do, that the adoption of the act would prove of incalculable advantage, and be conducive to the best interests of all of our people.,,

The motion was then put, and was carried unanimously by a standing vote.

Mr. O'Flynn, secretary of the Madoc meetings, was called upon to read the minutes of the convention of the previous day at Madoc.

A rather lengthy discussion here took place as to the regularity of the calling of the convention, and the advisability of at once forming a county organization, or adjourning to meet at a future time to form as a county. There had been an understanding at Madoc that neither convention should be final, but the large number of delegates at the Stirling convention were anxious to proceed at once to form a county organization, which they considered they were called together to do.

The following conveners were then appointed, following in line of the Madoc convention:

Stirling—Dr. Boulter.
Marmora—Rev. A. Wilson.
Rawdon township—Rev. Mr. Lambly.
Huntingdon—Rev. J. A. McCamus.
Thurlow—Rev. E. E. Howard.
Hungerford—Rev. Mr. Young.
Deseronto—Rev. D. O. Crosby.
Tyendinaga—Mr. Hanley, reeve, with Rev. J. C. Ash as alternate.

Moved by Mr. McClatchie, seconded by Rev. Mr. McCamus, That we now proceed to organize a county association.

Moved by Rev. D. Wishart in amendment, seconded by Rev. Hiram Williams, in substance as follows: That all the conveners be notified to hold meetings in their townships to elect delegates to meet in the townhall, Madoc, on or about the fifteenth of December.

Rev. R. H. Leitch moved, in amendment to the amendment, seconded by (name not secured),

That the delegates now assembled resolve themselves into a county convention, in full sympathy and co-operation with the league organized in Belleville.

Amendment to the amendment carried by 32 to 8.

The following permanent officers were then appointed.

A. F. Wood, M. P. P., Madoc, president.
Rev. F. B. Stratton, Madoc, secretary.
E. D. O'Flynn, Madoc, treasurer.

W. H. Austin, Trenton; S. T. Wilmot, Sidney; W. H. Hudson, M. P. P., Roslin; J. R. Tait, L'Amable; Hon. Billa Flint, senator, Belleville; and one or two others (names missed), were appointed an executive committee, with the chairman of all local committees, when elected, and the county officers.

The general secretary was also instructed to issue a circular to the conveners of local committees, instructing them how to proceed to organization, and to report to the president On reception of such reports, a general meeting to be called by the president at Stirling.

The executive committee was instructed to prepare an estimate of the probable cost of the campaign, and to apportion it to the different municipalities.

## GORDON'S FATE.

### SAID TO HAVE BEEN CAPTURED.

PARIS, Nov. 1.—A Cairo dispatch says that the Mahdi in the beginning of September, hearing of the advance of the British forces, made a supreme effort to reduce Khartoum, which place at the end of September, was surrounded by a hundred and fifty thousand rebels. Supplies failing, the garrison began to waver. A deputation of officers complained bitterly to Gordon that he had been deceived by promise of British assistance, and accused him of aiding in deception. They demanded a retreat to Dongola and threatened that unless this was done to join the Mahdi. Gordon thereupon consented to the plan proposed. Meanwhile a panic arose and 8,000 soldiers and civilians deserted in a body. Two thousand remained faithful and embarked with Gordon. The rebels were advised of what had occurred and harrassed his retreat to Shandy, where masses of rebels provided with artillery disabled the flotilla. Only Colonel Stewart's vessel succeeded in passing Berber, and shortly after it was wrecked. The remainder of the flotilla was obliged to return southward, and on reaching Sheddy the entire force was captured. About October 5, Gordon was sent to the Mahdi's camp, where he is now a close prisoner.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. Y. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

## BRITAIN'S GREATNESS.

### AN AMERICAN DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL'S TESTIMONY.

The Chicago Herald says:—Let us not delude ourselves with fictitious greatness. There is another country at whose greatness we may well pause for contemplation. Its area exceeds eight and a half million square miles. The basis of its power is not land, but water. Its greatness is maritime, and its coast line is twenty-eight thousand five hundred miles long. It lies on both sides of the equator, and its boundaries touch the extremes of heat and cold. Its uncultivated area, which can be made to feed unborn millions without the help of the United States, covers millions of square miles. It contains one hundred thousand square miles of forest, which are being jealously preserved while ours are being ruthlessly sacrificed.

Its population amounts to 315,000,000 souls, including pretty nearly all the races known to man. Its revenue for government amounts to more than a thousand million dollars annually, only one-fourth of which is levied in direct taxation. It has nearly a million men under arms. It has one policeman for every sixteen square miles in its entire area. Its 246 war vessels are all in commission, not rotting in harbors. Its merchant navy consists of 30,000 ships manned by 270,000 sailors. Its seagoing tonnage amounts to eight and a half millions. It surpasses in steamers all other powers on the globe, and nearly equals their combined total in sailing vessels. Forty nine per cent of the carrying power of the world is under its flag. Nearly half of the entire cargo of the world is under that flag. More than half the ship earnings from freights and passengers belong to it. Two-thirds of the tonnage annually built belongs to it.

The banks of that empire transact one-third of the business of the entire world. Its manufactures comprise one-third those of all Europe. It uses 30 per cent of the horse-power of the world. Its enormous debt which it uses as the most profitable investment of its own earnings amounts to only 9 per cent of its wealth. It is the wealthiest state in the world, and its wealth has been made by its exports. Its name is Great Britain; and if abandoned after a full and fair trial, the economic policy to which the United States fatuously clings. It sent its ships to every clime; it offered its wares in every port; it asked no tax on articles offered in exchange, and the cargoes its ships carried back to their wharves enriched it as much as those they had borne away.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

TWENTY-NINE failures were reported in the Dominion, and two hundred and thirty-four in the United States during the past week.

FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered almost intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

On Wednesday afternoon, as Henry, son of Wm. Heagle, 7th con. of Rawdon, was hunting partridge, he fell, and the gun discharged, the contents entering about two inches below and in front of the left nipple, coming out about four inches to the left of the spinal column, making a circuit around outside the ribs, leading to the belief that it was only a blank charge, though the young man supposed he had the gun loaded for partridge. So far he is doing as well as could be expected.—*News Argus.*

WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

A sad accident occurred Wednesday in Somerville at a place known as Bolton's crossing on the Victoria railway. Robert English was out hunting and was looking for a bear. At the same time an Indian named Spaniard was also out hunting dressed in a black coat. He had set some traps, and was stooping over one of them when Mr. English came through the woods. Seeing something black through the brush wood he levelled his rifle and fired. The ball entered Spaniard's side and came out near the shoulder. He gave one cry and fell to the ground and died in about forty minutes.

On Friday last while workmen were blasting a trench on Kingston's farm, beyond Bedford station, on the Kingston & Pembroke Railroad, a charge was fixed, but after two attempts refused to go off. The men, believing that the powder was damp, approached the place and began removing the explosive, when it discharged, killing John McCrinnon, aged 22 years. His neck was broken, his chest crushed, and his head frightfully disfigured. Alphonso Brown, married, had an eye put out, his jaw broken in two places, and his head mangled. The others escaped.

## THE SCOTT ACT.

THE Scott Act was carried on Thursday by sweeping majorities in Bruce, Huron, Dufferin, sustained in York, N. B., by a majority of 300, and defeated in Prince Edward county by a majority of 150. Yarmouth, Oxford, Arthabaska, Simcoe, Stanstead, Dundas, Stormont, and Glengary, have also declared for it, while repeal has been voted down in Prince, Westmoreland, Halton and Charlottetown. This is a year of work over which the friends of prohibition may well rejoice. A tremendous tide is flooding the whiskey trade out of its entrenchments behind the law.

THE New York Central R. R., has reduced rates on the Niagara Falls branch to one cent per mile.

### MADOC MARKETS.

Flour, $4 75 to 0 00
Fall Wheat, $0 80 to 0 00
Spring Wheat, $0 85 to 0 00
Oats, 35 cents to 00 cents
Rye, 50 " to 60 "
Barley, 50 cents to 60 cents
Peas, 60 cents to 60 cents
Potatoes per bag, 40 cents to 50 cents
Butter per pound, 18 cents
Eggs per dozen, to 12 cents.
Tallow, 6 cents
Lard, 10 "
Calfskins, 35 cents to 45 cents
Sheepskins, 25 cents to 45 cents
Wool, 15 to 17cents
Hay, per ton, 9 00 to $12 00
Hides, per cwt., $4 00 to $6 00
Cheese, 10c to 12c

*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

FARM FOR SALE.

NORTH half of lot No. 6, in the 4th Concession of Madoc. For particulars apply to ALEX. CROSS.

VOTERS' LIST, 1884.

Municipality of the Township of WOLLASTON,
County of Hastings.

NOTICE is hereby given that I have transmitted or delivered to the persons mentioned in the Third and Fourth Sections of the Voters' List Act, the copies required by said sections to be so transmitted or delivered, of the list, made pursuant to said Act, of all persons appearing by the last revised Assessment Roll of the said municipality to be entitled to vote at elections for members of the Legislative Assembly, and at Municipal elections, and that the said list was first posted up at my office, at Wollaston, on the 11th day of Oct. 1884, and remains there for inspection.

Electors are called upon to examine the said lists, and, if any omissions or any other errors are found therein, to take immediate proceedings to have the said errors corrected according to law.

H. MILLER,
Clerk of said municipality.
Dated this 11th day of October 1884.

The "Star" Grocery
*Mrs. Wright's Block.*

BARGAINS, BARGAINS.

For the next few days we will sell the balance of Mrs. Wright's stock of Groceries, &c.

AT COST,

To make room for our new goods which are now arriving daily.

BARGAINS For EVERYBODY.

Call and See for Yourselves.

*CHURCH & TODD.*

*FINAL NOTICE,*

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

As the 15th of November is drawing close at hand, and as there are still quite a number of my customers that have not settled their accounts yet, all accounts on my books after the above date will certainly be put in court for collection.

*Pay up and save costs.*

D. W. WRIGHT.

ATTENTION!

UP-TOWN SHIRT FACTORY.

Quotations to satisfy the public that we are selling below the usual prices this fall:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Scarlet Underclothing, all wool | - - | 60 cents. |
| Mixed " | - - - - - | 25 cents. |
| White Laundered Shirts | - - - - | 50 cents. |
| Colored " " | - - - - - | 50 cents. |
| Collars " | - - - - - | 12 1-2 cents. |

Neck wear all prices, but cheaper than ever, in fact I will guarantee to give goods cheaper than any other dealer in the city.

Leave your orders for your Winter Clothing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

S. C. RETALLACK,
Shirt Maker and Gents Furnisher, Belleville, Ont.

EARLY CLOSING.

We the undersigned Merchants of the village of Madoc, do agree and bind ourselves to close our respective places of business at the hour of 7 p.m.,

*From Nov. 10th, 1884, to April 15th, 1885,*

SATURDAY NIGHTS EXCEPTED.

| | |
|---|---|
| SYDMER ROSS & CO. | O'FLYNN & O'HARA. |
| JOHN ROBERTSON. | R. R. CASEMENT & CO. |
| LOTTIE ELLIOTT. | G. A. ROLLINS. |
| THOMAS ROBERTS. | D. C. CLARKE. |
| J. DALE & SON. | CROSS & MOUNCEY. |

Madoc, October 28th, 1884.

New Dress Goods and Mantle Cloths.

Our stock in this department is now complete, and we offer what we consider the

HANDSOMEST, MOST STYLISH, AND CHEAPEST GOODS,

Ever ofiered to the people of Madoc and vicinity.

A look through will convince you we are selling these Goods at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Call Early and get a Good Choice, as they are going off rapidly.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

REMOVED! REMOVED!

John Robertson,

Has removed his Dry Goods Store to

*G. A. ROLLINS' OLD STAND,*

West side of Durham Street, one door north of REVIEW building, where he has opened out a complete stock of new and fresh goods in all departments, which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES, FOR CASH.

Hoping to meet all my old customers, and new ones who will find it to their interest to inspect my stock, in my new premises, and thanking all for their patronage in the past.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

WATCHES! WATCHES! WATCHES!

Call and examine my stock, just arrived, which I am offering for nearly COST PRICE, for cash.

E. L. WEISS.

## DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to meet his patients as usual, at his residence, Hotel Street, Belleville. Consulting hours 9 to 10 a. m., [illegible] p. m., and after 8 p.m., daily.

## FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

## WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD, Solicitors, Madoc.

## MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER, Barrister.

Ashley Block, Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

## TAXES. TAXES.

THE undersigned Collector of taxes for Madoc village, will be in the village for the accommodation of those who wish to pay their taxes, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week, at John Robertson's store. All taxes must be paid in without delay.

E. H. DUNN, Collector.

## NOTICE.

## TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. B. KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884.

## AN OLD HAND AT THE BELLOWS.

HAVING rented Stephen Reed's blacksmith shop, in Madoc village, I am now ready and willing to wait on all customers who may favor me with their patronage.

Horse Shoeing a specialty. All kinds of Locks repaired.

JOHN BROWN, Blacksmith.

Madoc, October 18th, 1884.

## New Harness Shop

BUY YOUR

Harness and Horse Furnishings

FROM

D. A. CALDWELL,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC

☞ Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

BUY YOUR

## Boots and Shoes

FROM

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss Block, Madoc

## RUSSEL PROPERTY.

MADOC.

Village Building Lots, FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all the necessary information as to prices, terms, etc.,

(Signed),

H. & J. RUSSEL,

Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361


# Latest Local News.

**Postponed.**

The tea at Hazard's, which we announced last week to be held on the 10th, has been indefinitely postponed on account of the unfavorable weather.

**Bigger than Ever.**

This week Mr. F. Farrell, Madoc township, left on our table two potatoes weighing six pounds,—three pounds each. We think Mr. Farrell is entitled to the premium for large potatoes, as these are the heaviest we have heard of this season.

**I. O. O. F Jewels.**

A handsome set of officers jewels for Madoc Lodge, of Oddfellows, is on exhibition this week in Mr. E. L. Weiss's window. They are of solid silver, extra heavy, and were made to order by Bro. Allen McFee, jeweler, of Belleville. The set is worth $50.

**Good Eating.**

Mr. John McGregor and party returned a few days ago from a hunting trip in the northern townships, and, as usual, they were loaded with game. THE REVIEW has to thank Mr. M. for a "quarter" of delicious venison, and we assure him it makes splendid eating.

**A Novel Show.**

The Canada Pacific Railway Co. have fitted up a car with agricultural exhibits gathered in the Canadian North West, which is now passing over this line. The car will pass over the Ontario & Quebec division of that line about the end of this month, and all are invited to inspect this exhibition on wheels.

**Looks Bad.**

The *Intelligencer* says:—"It is understood that on the 9th of this month the double daily train service on the Grand Junction will be discontinued, and that after that date there will be a daily train only which will arrive at Belleville at the same time as present and returning leave at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, instead of 6 o'clock as at present.

**New Firm.**

Messrs. Church & Todd, both late residents of Madoc, opened out in Mrs. Wright's old stand on Monday. They will keep their customers supplied with everything in the way of groceries, provisions, wines, liquors, flour, feed, and, in fact, everything usually kept in a first class grocery. Messrs. Church & Todd are a couple of courteous, affable, and obliging gentlemen, and we have no doubt but they will make their business successful in Madoc. See advertisement.

**A Fatal Shot.**

A distressing accident occurred at Coe Hill on Wednesday about dusk. Alexander Booth was returning with others on a hand car and when in the act of lifting his gun by the barrel he tripped the hammer, and the contents of the gun lodged in his body. He lingered only a few hours. He was buried on Friday. This has cast a gloom over the whole neighborhood, and much sympathy is felt for the widow so suddenly plunged into distress and for her fatherless child.

**The Last.**

The ill success of the free fair on Tuesday sealed the doom of that institution in this village. The Superintendent, Mr. R. T. Ferguson, informs us that it will be the last, although on Tuesday the elements seemed to conspire to make it a failure. There were few cattle offered, and still fewer buyers, although the severe storm may have something to do with keeping both away. We noticed a few fine head, however, but did not learn whether or not they changed hands.

**A Good Article.**

Messrs. J. & J. White, of the Madoc Agricultural Works, of this village, exhibited a number of their steel plows and their Model Horse Rake at several of the County exhibitions this fall. In every case they received prizes, the rake being especially highly commended and much praised by the farmers present. In this rake Messrs. White have the most perfect article of this kind in this part of the country, as purchasers last year testify. We predict for them a large sale the coming season.

**Early Closing.**

A notice elsewhere in this issue, conveys the information to the public that the dry goods stores of the village, following an excellent practice of the past two years, will close during the winter months at seven o'clock, p.m., Saturday evenings excepted. The movement takes effect on Monday next, 10th inst. All business can easily be transacted before that hour, if the people make up their minds to it, and as all the dry goods merchants have agreed to close promptly at the above hour, the public will have no other recourse but to bring their minds to that desirable state.

☞ Our stock of Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths is now complete. John Dale & Son.

**On the side of Temperance.**

At the last regular meeting of L. O. L. No. 253 held at the Lodge room Allen Settlement the following resolution was carried unanimously:—

Moved by Bro. Robt. Phillips, seconded by Bro. Hugh M. Blair, and resolved, that we the officers and members of L. O. L. No. 253, in our Hall assembled, in view of the wide-spread evils caused by intemperance in our land do view with hearty approval the intelligent and straight forward course the commitee in favor of submitting the Scott Act to our County has pursued, to endevour to suppress the liquor traffic in Hastings county, and we do pledge ourselves to heartily support the said act, and hope that all the Brethern will unite and stand shoulder to shoulder in defence and maintenance of the Temperance cause.

Also resolved that a copy of this resolution be sent to the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW and *Sentinel* for publication.

JOHN A. McCOY, W. M.
WM. T. ALLEN, Secretary.

☞ We are showing extra value in Dress Goods our 25c. line would be good value at 40c.

John Dale & Son.

# Local Chit-Chat.

—Thanksgiving Day.

—The heaviest rain of the season fell on Tuesday.

—The Cheese factories are about winding up their season's business.

—Yesterday was the anniversary of the "gunpowder plot," November 5th.

—A number of "Bain" wagons have been sold in this neighborhood this season.

—It is now rumored that the Grand Trunk is about to secure the Central Ontario R. R.

—Mr. Hugh Russel of Montreal, was in the village this week on business connected with the estate.

—The "Star" grocery, is the name by which Church & Todd's new establishment will be known.

—A large shipment of Hogs from the Allen Settlement Cheese Factory was made at this station on Tuesday.

—The Bay State cheese factory, lately destroyed by fire, will be rebuilt in time for next season's operations.

—Mr. James Marrin, an old resident of Madoc township, died on Tuesday morning. He had been ailing for some months.

—Mr. Albert Moon returned to the village last week, after several months absence in British Columbia and the Pacific coast.

—The usual Hollow'een pranks were indulged in last Friday night, by the boys, but we have not heard of any damage being done.

—A subscription was taken up for Jimmy McLean last week, in consideration of his loss by fire. A nice sum was collected.

—The "Alerts" say they want water the next time they get the engine out to a fire. Without it their "mashieu" is certainly more ornamental than useful.

—Retallack, the "uptown" shirt manufacturer, of Belleville, advertises in this issue a few quotations which ought to satisfy our gentlemen friends in need of shirts, &c. See list of prices.

—Some people possess more money than sense. The latest example is Wannamaker, the Philadelphia merchant, who threw away $200,000 in advertising last year and only pocketed a profit of a million in the transaction.

—Mr. J. B. Church, before leaving H. Corby's employ to commence business for himself in this village, was presented by that gentleman with a valuable and handsome gold locket, as a mark of his late employer's esteem. Congratulations.

—A. F. Wood, M. P. P., President of the "Scott Act Association" of the County of Hastings, has called a meeting of the Executive and Finance committees, for the 27th inst., at Stirling, to complete arrangements for a vigorous campaign.

## BRIDGEWATER.

(Review Correspondence)

The following was crowded out of last issue:—

We had quite a fall of snow last week, and heavy rain yesterday, rain is very much wanted as the river is very low, so also are the cisterns and wells.

Mr. J. E. Harrison, who had just brought his family back again from Toronto, had scarcely moved into his house before he met with a sad bereavement, his only daughter, three years of age, died after three days illness, from diptheria. Mr. Wm. Kellar lost a child the other day, the second in three weeks, both died from inflammatory croup. Both the families are to be pitied in their sore trouble.

The Hallelujah Band, of Belleville, held three services here last Sunday week, in the Methodist church, which were very largely attended. The work was continued all last week by Mr. Graham, of Trenton, a member of the band, and are still being carried on, nearly eighty seekers have come forward, and good results are being looked for.

E. J.

Bridgewater, October 28th, 1884.

## MARMORA.

(News-Argus Correspondence).

Rev. Mr. Williams, who has assisted in the Methodist church since last conference, has been removed to Cochill. Another minister will be sent to fill his place here.

Great sympathy is felt for Capt. Wallis, of Deloro, who met with a bad accident week before last when down in the mine. Both legs were broken, and it will be a long time before he will be about again, or able to resume his work.

Building operations have not yet ceased for the summer. T. P. Pearce is having a large stone building erected for a woolen factory. Messrs. Carscallen & Gladney have also put up several additional buildings, and there is talk of a new foundry.

In the report of the Brass Band Concert, held on the 15th ult., the following reference is made to Madoc contributors:—"Miss Blanche Frances, of Madoc, is an old favorite with the people of Marmora, though she is so young in years, and was heartily applauded. One of the best solos was an arrangement of Tennyson's "Brake, brake, brake," sung by Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn, who also gave several others and assisted Mr. O'Flynn in a duet, "We are two roving minstrels."

**Send us the News.**

The following, from an exchange, we have said over and over again to our readers, in one shape and another, and many have acted on the hints thrown out. Many more might: "Dozens of interesting events are lost sight of every week for the want of some one to report them to the press. Are there visitors in your neighborhood? Send their names to the press. Farms or houses sold? Tell us about the change. Church socials or meetings? Write an account for the paper. Races, fires, floods, deaths, weddings, accidents and interesting items? Send them to the paper, and the editor will thank you and return the favor some day. Write only what you can vouch for on honor, and above all try to please rather than annoy or injure anybody. It is an honor to be a contributor to the press.

## ROBBING THE BANK.

**Two Belleville Clerks relieve the Merchants Bank of about $12,000.**

Last week it was discovered that a young man named Yarwood, teller of the Merchants Bank, Belleville, and the ledger keeper named Scott, had "skipped out," having obtained a few days leave of absence for fishing and shooting. On examination of their accounts it has been found that at least $12,000 have been taken, and perhaps more may come to light, as the money taken was from sums sent by depositors from distant places, for which wrong entries were made in the Bank books. Both the young men moved in the best circles of Belleville, and their defalcations has caused a great sensation. The Toronto *World* adds the following to the particulars which shows the whys and wherefores of the case:—

The papers are all talking about young Yarwood, the defaulting teller of the Merchants bank, at Belleville. A World reporter has all along been acquainted with one of "Bob's" (as he was called escapades in Toronto and New York, but has not seen fit to publish it until this morning. The story is enough to make the hair of the Merchants' bank directors stand on end. Talk about Coal Oil Johnny. He was not a patch on Yarwood as a spendthrift, during a visit he made to Toronto and New York last August. He began to pour out his apparently unlimited pile in Toronto, and when he reached New York, where he met and joined four young Canadians, he made Gotham fairly howl. The fast houses on 37th and 40th streets were turned into wine palaces. He only remained a week, but was soon known all through the neighborhood as "Bob the Dandy." At the Coleman house and first-class restaurants the dinners he paid for were more than princely. He purchased watermelons and filled them with champagne. Nothing in New York was too rich for him. If his party were only going a block it would be in cabs, and the jehus prizing up their man, did not forget to charge him fancy prices. In fact his week's spree in New York cost over $1200, or $200 per day. The party with him did not know where he got his wealth, but suspected all was not right. One of Yarwood's stories was that his father had just died and left him the money.

**Married.**

BURR.—ROBBINS.—At the Parsonage, Madoc, by the Rev. F. B. Stratton, William M. Burr to Nancy E. Robbins, both of Madoc township.

THE sum of one million and forty thousand pounds sterling is on its way to New York from England.

*Holloway's Pills.*—When inclement weather checks to a considerable extent the action of the skin, an alternative is required to compensate the body by means of other channels. Holloway's Pills can be confidently recommended as the easiest, surest, and safest means of attaining this desirable end without weakthe most delicate or incomoding the most feeble. When from frequently recurring chills or the inhalation of impure air the blood becomes foul and the secretions vitiated these Pills present a ready and efficient means of cleansing the former and correcting the latter. By this salutary proceeding disease is arrested at its outset, its pains and inconveniences averted, and the nervous structures saved from the depressing effects entailed upon them by an illness.


**MERIT PROVEN.**

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

## AUCTION SALE,

—OF—

## VALUABLE FARM,

In the Township of Marmora, in the County of Hastings.

There will be sold, on

**FRIDAY, 7th day of NOVEMBER,**

1884, at one o'clock in the afternoon, at

**McWilliams' Hotel,**

Village of Marmora.

BY virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Mortgage which will be produced at the Sale, the following Properties:

Under Mortgage of Edmund Robson.

North-west ½ Lot No. 3, in the 1st Concession of the Township of Marmora, County of Hastings, containing 50 acres more or less.

The following improvements are said to be on the premises: 40 acres cleared, an Orchard of about 100 Fruit Trees, good Frame House and Barn.

TERMS—One tenth of the Purchase money to be paid down on the day of Sale. For balance, terms will be made known at the sale.

For further particulars apply to

JONES BROS., & MACKENZIE,
Or to Solicitors, Masonic Hall, Toronto.
W. PHILLIPS, ESQ., Malone.

Toronto, Oct. 9th, 1884. 389

## *Millinery,*

## *Fancy Goods,*

## *Dry Goods.*

## Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above department.

Call and Inspect the Stock.

**Miss L. ELLIOTT.**

1862. **WHITE'S** 1884.

## AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

## FARMERS

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

## Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

**J. & J. WHITE.**

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

# GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

## D. C. CLARKE,

# NELLO.

## THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

### CHAPTER V.

To-morrow! I closed my eyes that night in an ecstasy of delight. The calm serenity of the night-skies, the gentle rippling of leaves, the silver light of the stars, and the dark handsome face of my lover—I dared in my own heart use the word—were with me in my dreams. The song of the nightingales and my own happiness blended harmoniously, greeting my wake with added melody as I dreamed on of the morrow. "Felicia—good night, Felicia!" was the burden of the melody; and its ravishing strains fell soothingly on my senses.

"To-morrow" was come. The sun was gilding the earth with its resplendent rays, the birds carolled their songs of delight, the gentle wind, kissing the flowers, wafted their perfume abroad. Nello was coming to tell me "what it all meant." I knew that one word explained it, and that that word was "love." He was coming. Patience—he would be here soon, and then my life would be crowned by the possession of his love!

I was standing under the spreading cedar boughs, anticipating in thought the happiness that was to be mine, when a letter was brought to me. I had gone thither knowing that he must pass by the spot. The golden sunlight that pierced through the drooping boughs was warm and pleasant. He would stand beside me, and he would tell me "what it all meant." Taking the letter from the bearer, a thrill passed through me. I knew by instinct that the note was from him, I opened it hastily. It ran thus—my first love-letter—

"I had hoped to be with you to-day, Felicia, as I have much to say to you. But I have just received a telegram from my agents in Ireland, and, if I want to save my property there from utter destruction, I must go at once. I shall not be long absent. I hope to be back with you before the nightingales have ceased to sing."

Though the sun was shedding its warmth around, a sudden grey chill fell over everything. All the gold seemed to fade from the sunlight, the perfume to depart from the flowers, the light from the skies, the glory from earth and sea. A mist of passionate tears rose before my eyes as I saw my cup of happiness dashed to the ground. It was not "to-morrow" after all; and I remembered how people always said that to-morrow never came. But he would return. I felt grieved, disappointed, but not fearful. Lady Saxon had often spoken to me of their Irish estate, Looofin, and had expressed a wish that Lionel would sell it. The tenants were always in rebellion against the agent, and she was nervous lest harm should come to her son. He laughed at the idea. He was not afraid of disaffection or open rebellion, so he had gone amongst them; and I——

Well, the summer was not over, the roses had not ceased to bloom. All would come right if I had but the patience to wait. I should soon again see the face I loved so well.

But, notwithstanding my self-administered solace, a chill had come over the warm summer day, and I wondered vaguely why I had allowed my own life to be so completely absorbed in his. Why should this terrible dread possess me because he was not with me? And what—oh, the horror of it!—what if he never came back!

An hour afterwards, while I was standing under the cedars a second letter came. It was from Lady Saxon. Brief, but to the point, it ran—

"Come and comfort me, Felicia—I have lost my son again! I want to talk to you about him."

I went at once. Aunt Annette kissed me with a quiet smile. I think she understood more of my affairs than she chose to let me know.

"My son, my son!" That was the burden of Lady Saxon's cry; yet she was not sorry that he had gone to Ireland, for she firmly believed in his ability to allay the anger aroused against his agent. "When the people see him, they will be sure to love him," she argued with motherly pride. "There could be no better cure for disaffection than seeing and conversing with my son."

And when the day was over she walked with me to the end of the drive.

"You have comforted me greatly, Felicia," she said. "What should I do without you? I wish you were my own daughter."

A few moments afterwards she added—

"Oh, Felicia, I should be the happiest woman in the whole wide world if Nello fell in love with you, and you agreed to marry him! I wonder, if he asked you to be his wife, whether you would say 'Yes'? I almost think you would."

I could laugh happily at the words, knowing what he had whispered to me.

"My daughter Felicia," she murmured when I had taken my seat in the pony-carriage—"fair as the sweetest flower that blows."

And with those pleasant words ringing in my ears I hastened home.

The last rays of the setting sun were falling over Jesmond Dene as I drew near; a golden light lingered on the distant sea, on the pine-wood, on the rushing river, on the green pastures and the picturesque pile of buildings which I had learned to love so well. No warning of coming sorrow came to me; no shadow lay on the lovely Dene; no presentiment of coming evil possessed me, but there at the great entrance door, looking pale and anxious, stood my aunt Annette.

She held out her hands to me as I ascended the flight of marble steps.

"Welcome home, my dear!" she said; but there was a strange ring in her voice, and a troubled look was on her face. "You look tired, Felicia," she continued; "you must have a glass of wine. Come in here with me."

Somewhat to my surprise, she led the way into one of the small drawing-rooms that we seldom used, and stood by in silence while I drank the wine.

"There is a little surprise for you, Felicia," she began in a trembling voice. "Mr. Benson is here."

Mr. Benson was the family solicitor, and had for many years been intrusted with the management of the Jesmond affairs. Sir William had the most implicit faith in him. "Benson says so!" was affirmation strong enough for anything. Benson had advised him with all his investments; Benson had drawn up the will which made me, in consequence of Paul's death, heiress of Jesmond Dene; Benson had brought us down to the Dene, and had remained with us a whole week, instructing me in my new duties, and teaching me much of which I had previously been quite ignorant. It was he who had approved all my plans for building, and who had told me that I could not spend Sir William's hoarded thousands in a better fashion.

I felt no alarm at hearing that he had come, even though it was suddenly and without notice. I was much troubled about aunt Annette, for she seemed so unlike herself.

"He came soon after you had gone to Dunroon," she went on nervously. "He wanted me to send for you, but I thought you should have one more happy day."

"Mr. Benson would never make me unhappy," I laughed. "He is always the bearer of good news to me."

She looked at me wistfully.

"Mr. Benson desires a long talk with you on business matters," she explained. "You had better defer it until after dinner."

"I will do that with pleasure," I answered lightly, imagining the nature of the business.

Had I been less engrossed in my own love story, I should have known from Mr Benson's nervous hesitating manner that something of more than usual importance was amiss. While I was talking to the grave old lawyer, while I was dining with him, I was in fancy looking into my absent lover's face and listening to the notes of the nightingales.

"Can you spare an hour this evening," inquired Mr. Benson; "or shall I defer my business until the morning?"

It appeared to me that he was not unwilling to defer it. I had never seen him so unlike himself—confused, hesitating, glancing at me strangely, beginning a speech, then ending it abruptly.

I said to him at last—

"You are not well, Mr. Benson."

"No, I am in great distress," he answered.

"In distress!" It was such a strange confession for him to make. "In distress!" I repeated. "You are not ill, I hope? You have not met with any misfortune?"

"I am not ill, and the misfortune that depresses me is not mine," he said.

"Not yours!" I exclaimed; and his grave manner gave an additional significance to his words.

"The fact is," he continued, looking at me, "I have, for the first time in my professional life, made a terrible mistake."

I could only repeat the words, "A terrible mistake!"

"It is not often that lawyers do that," he said. "They are generally very cautious. I fear that in this particular business I have been neither. A lawyer," he continued, "above all men, should well consider every step he takes. In this one case I did not."

He was talking to a girl whose whole soul vibrated to the music of the nightingales and the sound of her lover's voice; and even those words, portentous as they were, did not startle her.

"Yet," he continued, "I cannot see how I could have helped it, or how I am to blame, though blame must lie somewhere."

"It does not lie with you, I feel sure," I said, with a faint attempt at consolation, and as a proof of my confidence in his legal acuteness.

"The worst of it," he continued, "is that the mistake I have made affects you."

"Then," I said, "it can be easily remedied." For, in my ignorance, I did not think there could be any mistake made which would seriously affect me.

"I am afraid," he went on disregarding my interposition, "it will be a terrible blow to you. You seem so happy here."

"I am very happy here—indeed it would be impossible for any one to be happier," I replied.

"You remember the terms of Sir William's will, Miss Gordon?" he continued.

I answered that I remembered them well.

"The whole estate descended to his son Paul. The title is hereditary; the estate is not. If Paul married and had children, it went to them. If he died unmarried, it became yours."

"Yes; and it is mine, thank Heaven!" I said.

"So I thought. Heaven knows I thought so," he answered; "but, Miss Gordon, it appears that Paul was married. He has left a widow and an only son."

### CHAPTER VI.

The lawyer's words fell like poisoned arrows on my heart. Paul had left a widow and an only son! That meant that I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene—that the splendid inheritance I had planned to do so much good with had slipped from my grasp.

There was silence between us for some time—a silence fraught with unutterable horror to me. Mr. Benson broke it at last.

"I blame myself," he said. "I ought to have made enquiries, and have been satisfied beyond the possibility of a doubt that Paul Jesmond had not married; I ought to have ascertained that before helping to place you in possession. I am afraid it is a terrible blow to you," he added.

"Yes, it is," I replied—so great a blow that I cannot at present realize it. It has stunned me."

"It stunned me," said Mr. Benson, "I was for many hours quite unable to comprehend the result of this deplorable blunder. Now I see plainly enough what I ought to have done. I should have written to India for further information before you were formally installed as mistress of Jesmond Dene."

"It would have been better," I said mechanically. "You are quite sure that there is no mistake now?" I added.

"No, everything is too well authenticated for that. There is no mistake this time. I—I cannot tell you how grieved I am—how I blame myself; but there had never been any word of Paul's marriage. He had not mentioned it, and it seems to have been but little known, even among his friends in the Army. You bear the blow well, Miss Gordon."

Nevertheless, bravely as I bore this crushing reverse of fortune, it was a terrible blow to me. For a time it had banished the cherished memory of my lover's face. But slowly it began to return, and I took heart once more. The first thought that presented itself clearly to my mind was this—that, if he loved me, change of fortune would not affect him; and whilst I possessed his love nothing on earth could affect me. By degrees hope seemed to come back to my heart, the color to my face, clear thought to my brain. Then I realized that I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene, and that I must give way to my cousin's little son, I confess, between smiles and tears, that the very words "My cousin's little son," softened and warmed my heart to the child as nothing else could have done, and robbed the blow of half its bitter sting. My cousin's little son—the son of the bright-faced handsome lad who had been so kind to me in my girlhood, who had kissed me, and had promised to marry me when he had seen the world! He had married some one else, and I must give way to his child, the rightful heir to Jesmond Dene. Still my heart warmed to him for my dead cousin's sake.

"As you will remember," continued Mr. Benson, "there was no cordiality between father and son. Sir William liked to save money; Paul enjoyed spending it. The father's miserly ways made home hateful to the son. They quarrelled fiercely before they parted, and I should imagine from the tone of the letters that passed between them that they were never on friendly terms again. Sir William refused him an allowance for some time, so deeply rooted was his anger. He afterwards relented; but by that time the young man's heart was hardened. I know that Sir William wrote to him several times on the subject of marriage, urging him to take great care not to be so foolish as to fall in love—that he must not marry until he returned to England, and then he was to marry a wealthy woman. Money was to be his first consideration. Sir William told me all about these letters. He added also that he had never received an answer to them. "That accounts," remarked Mr. Benson, "for the young fellow's silence about his marriage. There is no doubt he believed implicitly that, if his father knew of it, he would disinherit him and leave him penniless, for he married much beneath him, his wife having no dowry except a beautiful face."

"Who was she?" I asked.

"Her name was Gabrielle Fairfax," he replied, "and she was living in the family of Major Esmond as governess to his children—a very unusual thing in India; but the Esmond children were strong and healthy, and their parents did not care to part with them. She was a most beautiful and a very good girl, so Colonel Brownlow tells me, clever and accomplished, belonging to a respectable English family. She had, of course, no fortune, and no prospect of ever possessing any. Paul Jesmond fell in love with and married her. No one knew of the marriage, except Major Esmond and his wife. Paul dared not let it be known, lest his father should hear of it. He never spoke of it, even to his most intimate friends; but he told Major Esmond that when he returned to England he should take his wife straight to Jesmond Dene, and trust to her lovely face to win him his father's forgiveness. Miss Gordon, I can hear in fancy his cheery young voice saying, 'When my father sees her, he will relent.' He was always sanguine, poor Paul!"

I knew that—my bright-faced handsome cousin! Mr. Benson went on—

"He rented a pretty little house on the Neilgherry Hills for his wife, and they lived happily for two years no one guessing his secret. A son was born there; and Paul Jesmond who knew the importance of that son's birth, took the precaution of having it properly registered, and of keeping a copy of the registration. The child was christened by the resident chaplain, who, in his turn, faithfully kept the promise of secrecy that he had given. Paul took yet another precaution, which, for one so habitually careless as himself, seems to me somewhat remarkable. He gathered together the needful papers—his certificate of marriage, and the certificate of his son's birth—and placed them together, with a long letter to his father, telling him all the story of his marriage, and begging, if anything happened to him, that he would be kind to his wife and child."

"'Let little Guy succeed me,' he wrote. 'Do not visit the offences of the father on the son. However faulty I may have been, do not disinherit my boy. My marriage may displease you, but you will forgive me when you see my wife's face. And she is as good as she is beautiful. I loved her with all my heart. There comes to me, father, at times a presentiment that I shall die young. If I do, be kind to my wife and child. Let my wife have the honor that falls to the widowed ladies of Jesmond Dene, and let my son succeed to the estate. I am your only son, you will not refuse my prayer. I am writing this, so that, should anything happen to me, my wife may bring it in her hands to you, and you, in your turn, will do justice to her."

"So runs the letter, Miss Gordon."

By that time my eyes were full of tears, and I had begun to forget my own troubles, and to think only of the handsome bright-eyed lad who had loved me when I was a child, and of his little son.

"It appears," continued Mr. Benson, that Paul fell ill very suddenly with one of those terrible malignant fevers so common in the East. He had been appointed to some slight military command where he would be detained three months. The name of the place to which he was sent, and where he died, was Fairabad. As a matter of course, he bade farewell to his wife, she knowing that the separation would be for three months; and during that time, not having expected to hear from him, she was not anxious about him. His comrade in the fatal expedition was Captain Archie Hartigan, who was by his side when he died. It seems that on the day before his death, while some little consciousness still remained, Paul placed a small package in Captain Hartigan's hands, with these words, "find out my wife, and give her this to take to my father." Captain Hartigan intended to fulfil the commission at the earliest moment; but, even before his friend was laid at rest, he himself was stricken down with the same fever, and lay for some time hovering between life and death. Other officers were Fairabad, and for many weeks the package left by Captain Jesmond was not delivered. The first thing that Captain Hartigan did, when restored to health, was to go to Colonel Brownlow and gave him Paul's message—'Find out my wife, and give her this to take home to my father.' The Colonel declared that Captain Jesmond had never married. He made the fullest possible inquiries, but could obtain no confirmation of any such marriage. None of Paul's brother officers knew anything of it. Major Esmond did not belong to the same regiment; and unfortunately just at that time he was away on military business, so that there was no one to throw any light upon the matter. But, when Major Esmond returned, and heard what had happened, he went at once to Colonel Brownlow, and told him the whole story. The Colonel was not very well pleased, and blamed Major Esmond for having connived at a secret marriage of a young officer. Then Captain Hartigan was sent to find the young wife, so soon widowed, and to communicate to her the intelligence of her husband's death. He found her with her infant son. She was beautiful as a dream, and good as she was fair. Her distress was terrible when she learnt the bad news, for it appears that she had dearly loved her husband. At first she refused to believe that he was dead; and then she declined to go home to England. She wanted to be left alone to die in peace where he had left her. It was represented to her how greatly such a course would injure the prospects of the boy, who on his grandfather's death would in all probility become Sir Guy Jesmond and master of Jesmond Dene. For the child's sake she consented to do what she would never have done for her own—return to England, to see her husband's father. She would not however, accept any escort, though Colonel Brownlow would have placed her under the protection of an officer and his wife who were shortly returning to England. Mrs. Esmond implored her to take a maid; but she would not; she would travel alone, her only companion being her fatherless boy. Colonel Brownlow gave her the precious package, and she sailed from Calcutta in the *Caspian Queen*, and reached London safely."

"Reached London!" I exclaimed. "Then she is near—quite near!"

"Yes," replied the lawyer gravely. "The news of Sir William's death was not known in the regiment when she left, and Colonel Brownlow, understanding that I was the family solicitor, advised her to come straight to me. She did not do so, but allowed a fortnight to elapse, and then she came."

"Then you have seen her?" I cried.

"Yes," he answered, "I have seen her;" and the old lawyer was strangely silent after that.

"What about her?" I asked eagerly. "What do you think of her?"

"She is simply the most beautiful woman I ever beheld," he replied.

"And good as beautiful?" I asked again.

"I could not judge; she was not with me very long—though long enough to convince me that her claims are valid and legal. She is Lady Jesmond, and her son is Sir Guy."

"Heaven bless my cousin's little son, Sir Guy!" I managed to say, although my eyes were blinded with tears.

"I am glad, I am thankful that you bear it so well," said Mr. Benson. "I have never felt so anxious or so unhappy in my life as I have felt over this unfortunate business. But who would have thought that Paul would marry entirely for beauty, and then hide his wife in the Neilgherry Hills?" I do not know what would have been the result of this match if Sir William had lived."

"You say Paul married her entirely for her beauty; surely he must have loved her?"

"Yes, there is no doubt he did," he replied. Still there was a significant hesitation in his manner.

"You do not like her?" I said, divining, as I believed, his true thoughts. I put the question so suddenly that he had no time to think before he answered.

"No—indeed I do not," with an air of great relief. "But she will be here to-morrow, Miss Gordon. She would not come with me, but it was arranged that she should follow me."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## THE EDUCATION OF "PUSSY."

### The Playful Companion of Two Unfortunates.

Prince Kropotkin's experiment with "Pussy," the companion of his captivity, has been repeated by M. Emile Gautier, his fellow prisoner, who during his detention at Clairvaux has studied very closely the intelligence of the cat. The result of his experiments are published in the *Revue, Scientifique*. M. Gautier says: "It is literally true what Kropotkin says, that 'Pussy'—whose education, it should be mentioned, has been particularly careful—recognizes her image in a glass, distinguishes the different signs of the prison clock, plays hide-and-seek with the same seriousness and the same interest as little children, etc. It is also correct that she understands (at least she behaves as if she understood) the significance of a few words. I am even disposed to believe that she is not indifferent to Gounod's music. But these are not the most surprising features. Among those which Kropotkin has omitted to one there is one which has always struck me more than all others, and which I now submit to you. I ought to tell you that nature has ornamented my head with a luxurious mane of hair. Kropotkin, on the other hand, is extremely bald. This difference was used by our little companion for a singular intrigue. It has often happened when both played with her that she softly passed her paw over our respective heads as if to ascertain that her eyes did not deceive her. This inspection concluded and the visual notions confirmed by touch, her physiognomy took the air of comic surprise. The variety of sensations perplexed her, and she did not dissimulate the feeling. Nearly every evening the scene was gone through, to our great edification, as you may imagine. Another strange thing was her unaccountable fear of the warders. She had been born within the walls of the prison, and belonged to an old family of prison cats. Heredity and the influence of the same surroundings ought to have overcome this antipathy. This, however, was not the case. No sooner did she espy the abhorred uniform at the end of the dormitory or cell than she fled with every sign of terror. Even if one held her at the moment it was prudent to let her go at once, otherwise she knew how to scratch. Nothing was of any use, neither smiles nor frowns. With us, on the contrary, she allowed herself all kinds of familiarities.

### A Sermon Spoiled.

"What seems to be the matter?" he asked, mildly, as they were returning from church: "didn't you enjoy the sermon?"

"Enjoy the sermon?" she repeated, shortly, "and that odious Mrs. Smith sitting directly in front of me with a new fall wrap on that never cost a cent less than $125. You must think I have a very warm religious temperament."


### Loss of Flesh and Strength.

with poor appetite, and perhaps slight cough in morning, or cough lying down at night, should be attended to in time. Persons afflicted with consumption are proverbially unconscious of their real state. Most cases commence with disordered liver, leading to bad digestion and imperfect assimilation of food—hence the emaciation, or wasting of the flesh. It is a form of scrofulous disease, and is curable by the use of that greatest of all blood cleansing, anti-bilious and invigorating compounds, known as Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

"This is the fast line," remarked a tired passenger on a train which had waited on a switch about half an hour. "Yes," replied another, "it doesn't do to be fast here."

Many imitators, but no equal, has Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Love is blind, very blind—when the girl is rich.

### How to Save Money

and we might also say—time and pain as well, in our advice to housekeepers and ladies generally. The great necessity existing always to have a perfectly safe remedy convenient for the relief and prompt cure of the ailments peculiar to woman—functional irregularity, constant pains, and all the symptoms attendant upon uterine disorders—induces us to recommend strongly and unqualifiedly Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription"—woman's best friend. It will save money.

The Jiji Shampo is a Japanese newspaper. Not a bad publication for perusal when in a barber's chair.

### Then Tell It.

To the victim of pains and aches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills the bill. Nerviline cures rheumatism. Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains. Trial bottles costing only 10c. may be had at any drug store. Buy the small size first. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25c., at all druggists. Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

The lad who was pounded by another lad to whom he owed a cent, now declares the other fellow was "penny wise and pound foolish."

### What! Limping Yet!

Why should you go limping around when PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR will remove your corns in a few days. It will give almost instant relief and a guaranteed cure in the end. Be sure you get the genuine Putnam's Corn Extractor made by Polson & Co., Kingston, for many substitutes are being offered, and it is always better to get the best. Safe, sure, and painless. 22WL

"Confidence is a plant of slow growth." If this were true, the bunko steerer would not be so successful as he appears to be.

### Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The Venetian gondolier has a peculiar way of "pining up his craft;" in fact, it is the moor of Venice.

### Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary cures that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the DIXON Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fifty ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that catarrh is a parasitic disease, due to the presence of [illegible] in the nose, throat, or on the [illegible] Mr. DIXON attempted and succeeded in effecting its extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No cure so has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

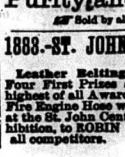
Economy may be wealth, but it is not always a good thing to draw sight drafts on.

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of $1,000,000, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

FREE By return mail. Full description, Woody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto, Ont.

A BLACKSMITH SHOP AND GARDEN FOR sale; good water and stable; store with or without goods; good will of business; also store and dwelling in village of Victoria Harbour. Apply E. F. HAYES, Ogilvy & Co., Toronto.



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1883.-ST. JOHN EXHIBITION.-1883

Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting, and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by th Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADLER, Montreal, over all competitors.

# AGRICULTURAL.

## SWINE BREEDING AND FEEDING.

[illegible] BRETON,

Swine breeding and feeding in the central and western portions of the United States have become a business of almost gigantic proportions. It is a common thing to meet with farmers who keep from 25 to 100 head on farms of 160 acres, where ten years ago only three or four were kept for family use. Of the different breeds, the most common are the Berkshires and Poland Chinas, with an occasional herd of Ewex, Chester-White, or the latest novelty, Duroc Jersey. There seems to be considerable rivalry between the breeders of Berkshires and Polands; in some localities the majority favor one breed, and in others, the other.

The principal aim of the breeder should be to get healthy, vigorous pigs, that will come to maturity quickly, and furnish the most pounds from a given amount of food. The days of breeding sows to scrub males are past; what we now want, is carsful selection of both male and female. Choose the best natives, or the common stock of the country, and cross them with pure bred males, and the results will be very satisfactory. The pigs seem to take all of the good qualities of the male, while the excess of bone and offal, common to the natives, is greatly toned down.

A little personal experience in breeding may not inappropriately be mentioned. In September 1879. I purchased a pure-bred Berkshire boar, and crossed him on common stock; the results were very gratifying—so much so that many of the neighbors patronized the animal, some even coming the distance of ten miles, and all obtained equally satisfactory results. The idea that I most wish to impress is, that money judiciously expended in the purchase of pure-bred males is money invested at a good rate of interest. What investment will pay a man better? I had 40 pigs that made an average of 339 pounds when 11 months old as the results of a first cross between my Berkshire and the common stock. For breeding, select long, rangy sows that are from good mothers; cross these with a fine-boned, compact, heavy-hammed and shouldered male; care should be taken to select males that have short legs and small heads and ears. It is always best to breed from old sows; there is less risk to be run; they are better mothers and produce more milk than the young ones.

I prefer to have my pigs to come in March or even as early as January, and then keep them thriving till I am ready to sell. Pigs reared in this way should be kept in a warm stable or pen, with the sow, till two or three months old. Great care should be used not to feed the sow much for two or three days after farrowing, for fear of creating fever. After that time, she must have all of the bran, cornmeal and barley-meal with milk that she will eat up clean. The pigs will soon learn to eat. When warm weather comes and clover begins to start, they may be turned into a small range after "ringing," and there is no danger but that they will thrive. The days of feeding swine in a mudhole of a pen are past; now, plenty of range in the pasture with pure water, is the most preferred of all conditions of profitable hog raising.

In many localities, where from 40 to 100 or more acres of corn are raised, the swine do their own feeding; they are turned into a portion of the field and allowed to hus for themselves. While this method is in favor with many, I still adhere to the good old way of saving the stalks for fodder, and feeding the corn by the basketful. Pretty good pork may be made by feeding pumpkins in the fall. Hogs of this kind, which were very numerous last season, are called "skips." I have grown pork on nothing but clover and water in the summer, and finished with slops, soft corn, pumpkins and boiled potatoes, with good results. The main item in feeding is to keep the animal healthy, and then it will eat well.

A few years ago it was a very common practice to keep June to September pigs over Winter, and with much crowding get them fat by the next October; such a practice now seems a little too long and expensive. Competition and the market demand quickly-made pork, which shall be healthy and eatable. Who wants to eat pork that has been stunted and half starved through the first half of its existence? Quickly-grown pig pork, tender and juicy, will always be in demand at the highest prices.

Keep your herd of swine respectable and clean; feed them clean and proper food and drink—breed well, feed well, and then sell well, and your efforts will be crowned with success and a good profit.

## Cutting Corn for Fodder.

Corn will ripen and mature even if the stalk is cut while the grain is still in the milk so as to be practically as good for feeding purposes on the farm as that suffered to ripen in the ordinary way, although it might not be quite so acceptable in the markets. And the difference in feeding value between corn-fodder cut up before frost and before the stalks have become too hard and woody, and cornstalks left standing in the open field or not cut and shocked until after frost has struck it, can scarcely be compared, either as regards its sustaining or fattening qualities or the relish with which cattle will eat it. It is generally calculated by the farmer that the grain alone pays for the raising of the corn crop, and the feed realised from the fodder may be considered as so much clear gain. There is a great deal of it upon an acre, and it will certainly pay to save it in as good shape as possible and when possessing its highest feeding value, which can only be done by cutting it up early before it is fully matured, and before the frosts have had an effect upon it. Even when other feed is abundant, we believe it will not pay to neglect the corn-fodder, because other kinds of feed will keep, and in many localities can be disposed of to some advantage. At any rate, the cattle like a change now and then, and a turn to good, sweet, well-cured corn-fodder will be in every way beneficial.

BURN THE HASSOCKS.—At this season of the year time is well spent that is employed in cutting the hassocks on meadow land with a carpenter's adze. They can be thrown into the hog pen, although it takes them some time to decompose, but the best way of getting rid of them is to pile them up, and when they get dry cart them to some gravelly knoll and burn them. The ashes are the very best fertilizer that can be applied, as they contain no weed seeds, and are, as it were, the essence of muck. It will not do to burn them in the meadow where they are cut, as the entire soil may take fire, and be burned down to the clay-pan. In England upland pastures are often pared and burned, the entire surface sward being cut off with spades, dried and burned. It is especially beneficial to clayey soils, and to those impregnated with iron, the fire converting the iron into what is known as a peroxide, in which state it is harmless to vegetation.

## HARRY ENGLISH'S CAREER.

### A Once Noted Outlaw Again Arrested as He Stepped Out of the Penitentiary.

When Harry English stepped out of the penitentiary at Allesheny recently he was accosted by two tall men dressed in dark clothes, writes a correspondent from Bradford, Pa. They were detectives, and they wanted Harry English for forgery. The ex convict, a short and finely proportioned man, who had just served three years and six months for a similar crime, held out his hands for the manacles. On Wednesday the detectives brought English to Bradford, and on Thursday he was placed in a cell at Smithport, where he will await trial.

English has a remarkable story. Prior to 1880 he lived with his wife and three children on Washington street, in Bradford. He was for a time in the employ of Mayor Broder. In the spring of 1880 he removed his family to Caledonia, Elk county. In the meantime he had quitted the lumber business, and took lessons in penmanship. He was so successful that at the February term of the McKean county court, several indictments were found against him for forgery.

Detectives Morrill and Wilmoth, of Bradford, called at his home in the forest at Caledonia, but he was gone. After remaining in the vicinity several days, and finding no traces of their man, the detectives returned home. Postmaster Dixon kept them posted as to the whereabouts of English. Early in April Dixon wrote that English was at home, and that he had threatened to take his (Dixon's) life. He brought the officers to come and take the young man at once. A posse consisting of Constables Frank Warnith, Philip Vollmer, and Thomas J. Burke, a justice of the peace, after firing up with liquor, started for the home of the outlaw. English was in front of the house. To Constable Warnith's demand to surrender he replied: "Never alive." Then he ran into the house, with Warnith and Burke close at his heels. As he bounded in the stairway the pistol of Warnith was discharged, the bullet striking English in the leg. English dashed into his sleeping-room and pulling down a Winchester rifle, fired through the door, killing Warnith. Burke dragged the body out into the yard. Later on Constable Vollmer was fatally wounded by a bullet from English's Winchester. Soon afterward English sent out word that he would surrender if he was permitted to shoot Jack Burke. This request was refused.

Although badly wounded in the leg, English left the house and made a dash for liberty. The posse and a number of armed citizens fired at the fleeing man, who was wounded in seven different places, but escaped to the woods. For three days he lay hidden under a bunch of willows within three miles of his house. He then made his way to the house of a relative in a remote neighborhood, where his wounds were dressed. Afterward he went to Canada, and thence worked his way into the wilds of Michigan, where he engaged himself to a half breed Indian as a fisherman. Here he was discovered by one of his old Bradford friends, who, spurred on by the reward of $2,200 offered by Elk and McKean counties for the outlaw's apprehension, gave his companion away. In July, 1880, a Pinkerton detective surprised English as he was returning from a day's fishing. Loaded down with irons, he was a few days later placed in the jail at Ridgway. In September of the same year he was tried on the charge of murdering Constable Warnith. It was shown by the testimony that the constables who attempted his arrest were under the influence of liquor, and that they fired shots into the house when within easy gunshot range. Then, too, the constable had fired the shot. On September 27 the jury decided that English was not guilty. At the January term of court, in 1881, English was tried for feloniously shooting Constable Vollmer. Again he was acquitted, but he was not allowed to go free. At the same term of court he was found guilty of forgery, and on March 29 he was sentenced to serve four years in the penitentiary. By his exemplary conduct he received a commutation of six months.

He was brought to McKean county to answer to a charge of forgery preferred by O. D. Coleman, of Kane. The forged check, which was for $112, was drawn on the First National bank of Olean, N. Y. Prison fare evidently agreed with English, who weighs 215 pounds. He is a blacksmith, and, by working over time, saved up considerable money. At the time of the murder public feeling was strong against him, but the general impression now is that he has been punished severely enough.

## On London Bridge.

The sun fairly up, who shall describe the scene which immediately ensues upon a London bridge. The rattling and rumbling and thundering of teams, light and heavy, grows in volume and ear-splitting din with every moment that passes. Two currents of streaming humanity, equally divided by the roadway, and occupying the two sides of the bridge, pour unceasingly over its surface and empty constantly into the great sea, which is never full, beyond. As the hour for opening business and working operations approaches, faster and more noisily flows the stream, until the torrents rush on remorselessly, unheeding, overwhelmingly. Counter currents are like special trains upon a railroad—they have no right of way, and must present no obstacles to the regular, customary movements. Loiterers and intruders and interlopers are of small account, and have few respected rights. A block here and now, from any cause, over six feet of space, would instantly influence the conduct of thousands of people in the vicinity. Long continued, it would result in something like a panic; but it seldom occurs or is allowed to take place. Henceforth, until long after the sun's setting, there will be no cessation of the surging of the human tide.—[Correspondence Boston Herald.

## NEWSPAPER FABLES.

While an Editor of an Afternoon Paper was Shearing four columns of Matter from a Morning Daily to be used as "Strictly Original News" in his Own Issue a Cockroach Climbed into the Paste-pot and Proceeded to Satisfy his Hunger. He had not Eaten above three Mouthfuls when the Editor seized him by the Neck and Flung him to the floor with such Violence as to Break Three Legs and Fracture a Rib or two.

"On what Theory do you Defend Such Outrageous Conduct?" demanded the poor Cockroach as he lay Helpless on his back.

"Why, you were Stealing my Paste"

"Exactly, but you were Stealing Copy."

MORAL:

Two Steals don't make a Right, but you can't Blame the Cockroach for Feeling that this Conduct was Excusable under the circumstances.

THE INDIGNANT CITIZEN.

A Citizen who "had had his attention Called" to an Item in a Newspaper which seemed to Reflect on his Integrity of Character, made a Bee-Line for the office to Thrash the Editor. At the head of the second flight of Stairs he Paused to Wonder if it would not be Wiser to Demand Retraction. At the third landing he had almost Decided that the Item Contained no Insinuations. At the fourth he Decided to send the Thrashing by Letter. At the fifth he met the Editor whom he Started Out to find and handed him the Cash for the Year's Subscription in Advance.

MORAL:

First Impulses are more apt to be Wrong than Right.

THE DISAPPOINTED REPORTER.

A Reporter who had Walked two miles on a Rumor of a Murder discovered the Supposed Victim alive and in the Best of Spirits, and in his great Disappointment he cried out:

"Alas! but I had hoped to find you with your Throat Cut, and I have had my tramp for Nothing!"

"While it is true I am Alive!" replied the Citizen after due Reflection, "it Hurts my Feelings to see you so Cast Down, and I will therefore Kill my Mother-in-law and give you the Scoop on all the Other Papers."

MORAL.

Disappointment is sometimes the Forerunner of Luck.

THE PROOF READER AND THE ORATOR.

An Orator who had Delivered a "little Offhand Address" at a Public Meeting carried the Manuscript down to his Favorite Newspaper to be published, Next morning when he came to read the Matter over he Discovered that the sentence, "The Bulwarks of Liberty," had been changed to "The Bulrushes of Livonian." In great Pain and Consternation he Rushed down to the office and sought out the Proof-Reader and exclaimed:

"Alas! that you should have made me the Victim of Ridicule and Contempt! I feel as if I could Paralyze you!"

"Gently, my Friend," was the calm reply "Had you halted at the door below you would have found the Editor writing a Second Page Article in Praise of this very Sentence, which he Declares to be Original and bound to have a Run. My Inadvertence will make you Famous."

MORAL:

There's none in it. The Proof-Reader always manages to Wriggle Out, no matter how Small the Knot-Hole.

## The French Hair Trade Affected by War with China.

The troubles in China are unfavorably affecting one of the most important minor industries of Marseilles, and may interfere with female heads all over Europe in a way their owners little expect. China has ceased to send hair to France, whether because its export has been interdicted by authority or because Chinese dealers in the article are too patriotic to deal with their enemies, has not yet been ascertained. The Iraonady, which arrived in August from Hong Kong, brought only three bales of this interesting merchandise, and the Sindh, which arrived last month, brought but a single case.

Marseilles is the principal human hair market in Europe. The imports average 80,000 kilogrammes (about 80 tons), of which fully one half come from China. For the rest Italy supplies 22,000, Cochin China 1 347, the English East Indies 2,000, Japan 538 Algeria 431, Turkey 98, Austria 57, and Spain 13 kilogrammes. Thus China, Cochin China, and Japan furnish a greater quantity than Italy, which was formerly the sole source of supply.

As education extends it becomes increasingly difficult to persuade young women in Europe to part with their tresses. The only parts of France where any can still be procured are Brittany and France. The trade has grown enormously. In 1865 the imports into Marseilles were no more than 17,000 kilogrammes, but since "plaits" came into vogue the demand for hair has created not alone a large commerce, but an important industry. There is something almost appalling in the idea of eighty tons of perukes, plrits, and false fronts, France, however, profits by it, and wigs all the world—certainly all the women in central Europe. This is proved by a curious and suggestive calculation. Marseilles reserves for his own consumption 3,000 kilogrammes, of which 300 are made into pesukes for men and 2,700 into postiches for women. Now as one kilogramme of hair makes on the average ten coiffors, it is evident that the sale of postiches must be at the rate of 27,000 a year, and as a postiche lasts three years, it follows further that 84,000 women in Marseilles—pretty nearly the whole of the female adult population—must be wearers of false hair in one shape or another.

Applying she like rule to the balance of the hair imported into Marseilles we find that after deducting the same proportion for the wigs of men, there remains for the use of the fair sex in France and elsewhere 70,000 kilogrammes—equal to an annual sale of 600,000 postiches. Hence the number of women who procure their false hair directly or indirectly from Marseilles must be upward of two millions. But as Marseilles, though the great mart, is not the only place to which human hair is consigned, there are probably many more bewigged women in Europe than these figures denote.

## THE PANGS OF STARVATION.

### Horrible Sufferings Caused by a Lack of Food and Water.

"When I look back to my own brief experience and think of the poor fellows of the Greely expedition, and the long and weary months they suffered in the Arctic regions, I think the mantle of charity and forgetfulness should be thrown over their action," says George W. Brower, an ex-coxswain of the navy, who had been attached to the ill-fated steamer Tallapoosa. Continuing, he said: "I was coxswain of one of the boats of the Tallapoosa when she was attached to the gulf squadron. One evening when returning from a boat expedition we were caught in a terrific squall and our boat was capsized near a small island. My crew managed to reach the shore, but our boat drifted away in the darkness. We lay down in the bushes and slept that night, and when morning broke we realized that we were on a desolate island. We explored the island, and found on it only underbrush and trees, nothing in the shape of food and water. We had only to hope that we would soon be rescued. The gale continued with violence, and we spent another night in our bed of bushes.

"On the following morning we began to feel the pangs of hunger and thirst, and finding an old barrel on the beach we broke it up and used the staves to dig for water, which we found so brackish that we could not drink it. Then we set up a pole on a cliff, with a shirt of one of the men fastened on it as a signal of distress. Our sufferings from thirst were indescribable. We passed the third night and day on the island without any change, excepting one incident. With a companion I started on a tour round the island, it being our practice to take turns to search for a passing vessel that we might signal, and going through a clump of woods saw a cormorant, a bird of carrion considered unfit to eat. I killed it with a club and we ravenously tore it in pieces and sucked its blood, which, in our condition, we found refreshing. But we did not mention the fact to our comrades upon our return to camp. The morning of the fourth day broke with excessive heat, and one of our party was so delirious that it required two of us to subdue him. Our tongues had so swollen that we could scarcely speak above a whisper. Our lips were also cracked and split with the intense heat.

"In the afternoon one of the men who had been on his tour was observed running toward the camp, and we could just distinguish as he came nearer that he was crying a boat, a boat. Those who were able started toward the end of the island where our distress signal was flying, and we distinguished a boat approaching us from the distance. As it approached the shore we recognized it as the launch of the Tallapoosa. As the officer came on shore we begged him to give us water. He gave us a couple of swallows each which made us crave for more, but it was denied to us. Then a fire was made on the beach, and in a few moments a pot of hot coffee was ready. Of this we received only a few swallows each, and then we were given a few pieces of pilot bread soaked in the coffee. Then we were assisted into the boat and taken to the ship, which we reached late at night. A few days of careful feeding and tender nursing restored us to our former strength. I have often thought how thankful I was to God for that rescue. Persons who have never had like experience can form no idea of the terrible sufferings of men in that condition; and those persons who so harshly criticise the survivors of the Greely expedition, if placed amid similar surroundings, would no doubt adopt the same course."—[New York Tribune.

## MAN-EATING TIGERS.

### Forty People Killed by them in One Month in [an Indian Province.

Mr. H. G. Tanner, acting agent to the governor of Vizagapatam, writes to the chief secretary to the Madras government, from Lothugedda, as follows: "I have the honor to report that the neighborhood of this village, together with the adjoining villages belonging to Gangaras Madgole, are infested with man-eating tigers to such an extent as to render some special measures being taken for their destruction a matter of urgent importance. During the last four months upward of forty people have been killed in the vicinity of the police stations of Paderu, Nandapoor, Padawa and Sujankota. In the neighborhood where I am now encamped, which is within the circle of the Lanseinghi police station, upward of thirty-five people have been killed in the last twelve months, and in both places there is a weekly recurrence of deaths from the same cause. The panic that exists here is terrible. People will not go out of their houses after dark. They are obliged to gather in large parties to go to market; villages are deserted; cultivation is pursued under the greatest difficulty and in constant trepidation. This morning I was shown a deserted village, abandoned on account of the tiger terror. Recently a man and his wife were ploughing a field near this abandoned village, when a tiger attacked the man in the middle of the day. He hit him with a bill hook, and the tiger turned on the woman and carried her off before his eyes. On the same road I was shown two spots where the tiger carried off two men in one day. Yesterday I was shown a place where a tiger sprang upon a constable, knocked him down, and mauled him so severely that he died the next day. This constable was one of a guard who were escorting about one hundred people home from market. Three days ago a village munsif came to see me, with the story that a tiger got into his yard in the middle of a village, seized his wife, and although he beat it off, the poor woman died next day. I came up here with Mr. Lushington and Messrs. Egan and Stuart from Jaypore, joined our camp with the hope of getting a chance at this brute, and the maharajah of Vizianagram, with his usual public spirit, has lent me some shikar elephants; but the hopes of finding a tiger in such an immense area of forest are very dim indeed, and I am afraid no good will come of our efforts. There is some chance that this particular tiger of this neighborhood was killed by one of the constables, who got a shot at him when he was carrying off his comrade, as I have mentioned above. But north and west of us stories of ravages continue to come in; and a tiger killed a man at Gangarru Madole within the last four days. We have been in consultation as to what is to be done in this dreadful position of affairs, and we are unanimously of opinion that the only thing to do is to supply certain villages with police carbines and ammunition, and endeavor to persuade the villagers to endeavor to kill these beasts themselves, giving the usual reward of 100 rupees for an ordinary tiger, and a special reward of 200 rupees for the well-established death of a man-eater. I have inquired of many villagers, who tell me that their guns are no good, being matchlocks, that they have no guns, that their guns were lost in the flouri. I therefore think it likely that this unprecedented human slaughter may arise from an almost dearth of firearms in the country. It is clear to me that if something is not done to stop these ravages the country-side will be gradually depopulated. I should say that at least six villages have been abandoned quite recently from this cause, and this means that lands have fallen out of cultivation, that the people are to live on jungle produce, and failing in that, go off to the plains as laborers. It is not only the absolute danger to life that we have to think about, but likewise this disastrous stopping of all agricultural operations. It is horrible to contemplate the feelings of a poor laborer going out for his day's work to a field a few hundred yards from his house, with the knowledge about him that there is an even chance of his being carried away from the side of his plow, or that his wife may be seized when she is bringing him his mid-day meal. Yet this is, and must be, the attitude of mind of every man in this country who pursues the usually peaceful vocation of the husbandman."—London Globe.

## PERSONAL NEWS.

### About a Few of the Prominent People of the Day.

Mr. Gladstone amused himself a few days ago by ascending and descending one of the highest mountains in Scotland. The route was circuitous, and the distance about twenty miles.

Felix Moschelles, the English portrait painter is about to return so New York. He left suddenly in the spring on account of the illness of his mother. She is entirely well again, and he has since then covered a good many canvases in London, and is soon to be back in New York with some blank ones.

Prince Edward, son of the Prince of Wales, will travel in Canada and the United States next year.

The heirs of the late James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia, have refused an offer of $120,000 for his collection of engravings and paintings, which are three hundred Rembrandts.

Hans Makart, the distinguished Austrian painter, who recently became violently insane, died on the 3d inst. at Vienna, from inflammation of the brain. His chief hallucination was that his head was a box full of pigments, which he wanted, but could not get at. His malady suddenly took a fatal turn and he died in great agony.

The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, who five years ago was filling Music Hall, Boston, with his eloquence in the presence of vast audiences, is now the proprietor of the "Snowshoe Cafe" in Montreal. Last year he was in the lumber business in Texas.

Says the Baltimore *American*: "Mr. John W. Garrett was a citizen of Baltimore, one who loved his city, and who with wonderful success devoted all his best energies for the furtherance of her interests, dying while completing the self-imposed task. A movement inaugurated by prominent members of the commercial bodies for the erection by private subscription of a memorial would, we do not question, meet with ready response, and be crowned by deserved success.

A foreign correspondent writes that Thiers handshake was brusque and dry, but not unpleasant; that Gambetta's contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not express character; that Clemenceau's is nervous and rapid, and with a friend very friendly; that Grevy scans your face in a good-humored way while holding your hand; and that Victor Hugo shakes hands after the manner of a grandiose statue into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed.

Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt: "I am living a private life, and I am enjoying myself. My health is splendid and I enjoy the society of my family. I go for a walk in the morning and a ride in the afternoon, when circumstances will admit, and I find a quiet life all that I expected it to be. I think I have good reason to congratulate myself that I know when to retire. There are few who are satisfied to stop, and they keep on until the end stops them. I have retired from business, and if my name is mentioned in connection with railroad stocks, don't ask me. My sons Cornelius and William K. attend to all my affairs now."

## An Honest Beggar.

A benevolent lady investigated the wants of some professional beggars the other day.

"Where is the blind man?" she asked of a little girl she met at the door of the tenement-house.

"He's readin' der paper, mum."

"Ah! And where is the deaf man?"

"He's talkin' politics wid de butcher."

"And what has become of the paralytic?"

"He's abed, mum."

"Well, that's strange. He ought to be running a race," replied the lady, sarcastically. "He's the only honest beggar in the building. Why is he in bed?"

"Because he's dead mum."

## Prince Bismarck's Fish Preserves.

Prince Bismarck has been going in strongly for artificial pisciculture during the last three years at Friedrichsruhe, and every stream and lake on or near his estate is now well stocked with fish. The Prince has an extensive breeding establishment at Grande, near Friedrichsruhe, from which 10,000 young trout have lately been sent out to neighboring waters. He obtained a large stock of trout from the celebrated ponds at Wolfsbrunnen, near Heidelberg, which are, or at least which ought to be, well known to many of my readers.

## A Facetious Father.

"Pa, can money talk?"

"Toat's what betting men say, sometimes my son.'

"What can it talk, pa?"

"I suppose it can talk good cents.'

# MADOC BAKERY

*Fresh baked Cakes & Buns every day.*

ALL KINDS OF FRUIT IN SEASON.

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

## Oysters, Oysters.

*Give me a call.*

T. REYNOLDS.

# G. A. Rollins

DALE'S BLOCK,

MADOC, - ONT.

Stoves and Tinware,
Hardware,
Lamps and Lanterns,
Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty.

*PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.*

# FURNITURE.

A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

## MAYBEE'S.

## PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

## UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

N. M. MAYBEE.
Weiss' Block, Madoc.

# AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

## M. McLEAN,

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED HARVEST MACHINES

Manufactured by the

**Watson Manufacturing Company, of Ayr, Ontario.**

WATSON'S LION REAPER,
THE GEM MOWER,
THE HUMMING BIRD MOWER,
WATSON'S SELF DUMPING RAKE.

Also Agent for

**Forsyth's Patent Cone-Pump, and the Honey Comb Fanning Mill,**

MANUFACTURED AT PETERBORO.

All the above machines are fully warranted, and will be tested against any others in the market. A fair trial is all that is required to ensure their sale.

*Show room next to O'Flynn & O'Hara's store.*

# FARMERS!

## LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

**FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,**
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.


## DISTRICT [illegible]

Compiled and [illegible]

Belleville has at last an efficient fire [illegible]

Campbellford will have a [illegible] institute.

Mrs. D. C. Smith, of Odessa, has recently passed her one-hundreth birth day.

A great deal of tree planting is going on all over the country this season.

There are 275 ladies entitled to a vote in municipal elections in Belleville.

The institution for the deaf and dumb in Belleville is in a most flourishing condition.

The residence and store of Merritt Barker, Bloomfield, was destroyed by fire last week.

There are ten male and five female prisoners in goal at the commencement of the present month.

We notice by our exchanges that potatoes are selling in several places as low as 15 cents per bushel.

The residence of John White, Wolfe Island, was destroyed by fire last Saturday morning. Loss $1,000.

General Aspinwall, of New York, is building a summer residence in one of the islands in Sharbot Lake.

Three thousand bushels of grain were taken in at Campbellford on Saturday last and on Wednesday also.

Six carloads of doors and mouldings were exported to Great Britain from Deseronto during October.

Mr. James Greenbanks ploughed up an ancient Indian hatchet of stone, on his farm near Norwood recently.

During the past month there have been registered with the city clerk 13 births, 10 marriges and 16 deaths.

The consul has selected samples of barley at Picton for exhibition at the World's Exposition, New Orleans.

Kingston expects to become the seat of the workshops of the Montreal and Toronto division of the Grand Trunk.

A correspondent of the Belleville *Intelligencer* refers to Deseronto as a model town and future rival of Belleville.

The inspector of weights and measures have secured a number of convictions against different parties in Prince Edward.

Huddlestone has been setenced to four and Henderson to two years in the penitentiary for assaulting Hoggard, the Belleville hotelkeeper.

C. W. Huffin, of Sidney, has grown some fine samples of pea-nuts on his farm and considers that they can be grown in Canada just as well as elsewhere.

Mrs. Samuel Graham, an aged woman living at Wellman's Corners, was found dead in her bed on Sunday morning last. The cause of death was supposed to be heart disease.

The Iron Ore trade is looking up. A contract has been made at Newboro (Chaffey's mines) for 35,000 tons of ore. It will be landed here and transhipped to Cleveland.

The Grand Jury at the recent Assizes at Belleville reported the gaol to be in excellent condition. We presume they were blind to the presence of the insane who are imprisoned there.

Ninety seizures of deficient weights and measures have been made in the Belleville division during the past two months. Nine convictions were obtained by the Inspector at Picton on Monday.

The prisoners Zufelt and Frall were sentenced to seven years each in the penitentiary for their recent burglarious actions. The woman Harrigan was sent for six months to the Mercer Reformatory.

A pack of wolves entered the sheep pasture of Mr. Patrick O'Brine, of the township of Grattan, a few nights ago, and killed fourteen sheep. They must have devoured ten of them, as the carcasses of only four could be found.

Letters, threatening death, were received by the Scott Act canvassers in Brighton from of course annoymous parties. The wives of the canvassers also received similar messages. The letters are as harmless as stupid, and utterly unworthy of serious notice.

A boy of thirteen, son of Wm. McCuskey, fell through a defective pier at the ferry slip at Belleville, and was drowned. The child was going with his father across the bay for a load to return home when he fell through the pier unobserved. The body was found.

Dairymen will shortly begin to compute the extent of their labors and their earnings during the past season, and estimate what proportion of the profits of the factory goes to each shareholder. It has been an excellent season for cheesemen, and without doubt will be found unusually profitable.

The bill of particulars in the Lennox Dominion election case against Mr. W. D. Allison, M.P., has been served on his solicitors The particulars in the cross petition against Mr. Pruyn have also been served. The charges against the former are about 20 while those against Pruyn are 18.

Messrs Hampton and Hawley have struck a splendid phosphate mine upon a property adjacent to Tryon road, K. & P. R. R. The vein is rich and broad, and the prospect is that very large quanities of the fertilizer will be secured. The miners purchased the property at a low figure but since their discovery have been offered and refused $6,000 for it. —*Whig.*

The St. Mary's "Journal" and "Argus" say: "The St. Mary's Carriage Manufacturing Company not having sold the whole 100,000 shares or had full returns from agents have deemed it advisable to postpone the division of profits, amounting to $106,000 to Wednesday, December 31st, 1884, when the same will positively take place. Shares at $2,00 each, and can be secured from H. A. L. White, Secretary, St. Mary's Ont.

☞ Marlin Repeating Rifles, Kennedy Repeating Rifles, and Ballard Rifles and Carbines at J. Dale and Son.


# Hardware

WE HAVE

## REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

**Hardware stock INTO OUR Dry Goods Store**

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

**N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes. $4.15 per Keg.**

## JOHN DALE & SON.

## NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

## HEALTH FOR ALL.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

### THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

### THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment,

**78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.**

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

# CITY Art Gallery,

## FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past; and of soliciting your custom in the future.

I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

## FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

**TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,**

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

**Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City**

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

**Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,**

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

## J. H. FORD,

DEALER IN

**Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets, Mirrors, &c.**

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILLE.

E. B. Cossmitt & Co. Nails, Iron, Steel AND GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc Ont.

# North Hastings Review.

E. B. Cossmitt & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN B ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in adva

VOL. VII., No 393. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 13, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## The Scott Act.

The following sentences will be found interesting, as embracing many of the principal objections put forward by the opponents of the Scott Act. The article is from the pen of Prof. Goldwin Smith, of Toronto, and published in the *Week;*

Waves, however, even tidal waves, in time recede; and, when the swell of enthusiasm which carries everything before it at the polls has spent itself, will come the daily struggle to enforce the Scott Act against multitudes whose tastes and habits are not to be changed in a day by the vote of a majority any more than by the fiat of a paternal despot. Experience seems to tell us plainly what the result will be. Coercion will fail in the only places where it is required; that is to say, where there is a prevailing taste for drink. No ordinary police will suffice, nor will any ordinary man turn informer against his neighbors for an act which, though he may think it very unwholesome, he cannot think a crime. The licensed and regulated trade will perish, and the revenue from license fees with it; but its place will be taken by an unlicensed trade which will deal wholly in whisky and that probably of the worst quality since the risk of contrabandism must always be balanced by inordinate gains. Beer, especially if the soundness is secured (as it may be) by government inspection, will be admitted by most people to be at any rate preferable to whisky; but beer is not easily smuggled, and therefore it will be banished from use. Cider and light wine which share its comparative wholesomeness, will be banished with it while the industries connected with it will be ruined. Whisky, well charged with fusel-oil, will be the sole beverage of all who are not content with cold water. To close the distilleries of ardent spirits, after paying proper compensation to their owners, would be the first measure of a reformer, as the writer of these papers has constantly maintained, and still maintains. But the distillers are left untouched by the Scott Act. They will continue to produce liquor; and, so long as the liquor is produced it will find its way, openly or clandestinely, to the consumer. To constrain the people to drink bad whisky in low dens is not the result which the authors of a moral crusade desire, but would be one more added to many instances of the unexpected effects of coercive legislation, which often makes two holes in mending one. In the meantime some of the constituencies rejected the Act; and the country is becoming the chequer-board of free and prohibited districts, while on the skirts of each prohibited district there will soon arise a frontier line of taverns. It is surely time that the Dominion Legislature should take upon itself the responsibility of settling this question for the whole country.

## THE CROWN OF ENGLAND.

The crown of England is believed to be the finest piece of regalia in the world. The lower part of the band is a row of 129 pearls, the upper part of 122; between them, in front, is a large sapphire; behind is a smaller sapphire, with six others and eight emeralds. Between the two great sapphires are ornaments containing 286 diamonds. Above the band are eight sapphires, surmounted by eight diamonds and eight festoons, containing 160 diamonds. In the front of the crown is the ruby given to the Black Prince by Pedro king of Castile. This is set in a Maltese cross, and forming the cross are seventy-five large diamonds. Three other crosses are around the upper part of the crown containing altogether 386 diamonds. Between the four crosses are four ornaments with four rubies in their centres, and containing respectively eighty-four eighty-six, eighty-five, and eighty-seven diamonds. From the Maltese crosses rise four arches composed of oak leaves and acorns, the leaves containing 728 diamonds. The thirty-two acorns are each of a single pearl, and are set in cups made of fifty-four diamonds. Above the arches stands the mound, containing 548 diamonds, and above the mound is the cross, containing a very large sapphire, four very large and 168 smaller diamonds. The value of the whole is variously estimated, but is commonly believed to be about $1,500,000.

AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.

LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST

and bring your

Lamb and Sheepskins, Hides, Furs,

&c., and get top prices, CASH, from your old friend,

M. SCOTT.

Thomas Scott, Agent, and auctioneer.

N. B.—There is not a dealer in the Dominion can give you more—don't forget it.

Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

C. G. WILSON,

CHEMIST

—AND—

DRUGGIST.

JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.

Millinery,

Fancy Goods,

Dry Goods.

—o—

Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above department.

—o—

Call and Inspect the Stock.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

## SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517,
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Barnockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUNESS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P.O.

QUEENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P.O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P.O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O.

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Miltonridge.

MADOC LODGE,

No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month, Rooms in the "Madoc House."

Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,

Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.

Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

MONEY TO LOAN.

The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.

Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

## BUSINESS CARDS.

JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

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Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc, August 6th, 1879.

Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

| | | | | |
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| W ½ | 13 | in 1st | concession | Madoc, |
| | 29 | 5th | " | " |
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| N E ½ | 13 | 10th | " | Marmora, |
| | 27 | 11th | " | " |

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,

CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

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ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

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I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no comission.

J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.

Private money to loan at lowest rates.

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Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

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(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered ember of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

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WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL.

(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges Moderate.

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THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrower. Loans granted from $100 up to $4,000. Apply to

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O'Flynn Block, Madoc.

Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

E. A. SEYMOUR,

General House Painter,

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

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|---|---|---|---|---|
| N ½ | 30 | in 10th | concession | Hungerford. |
| W ½ | 3 | in 11th | " | Huntingdon. |
| S ½ | 18 | in 13th | " | " |
| W ½ | 1 | in 1st | " | Madoc |
| E ½ | 8 | in 1st | " | " |
| E ½ | 13 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ | 16 | in 1st | " | " |
| | 29 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ | 15 | in 4th | " | " |
| E ½ | 8 | in 6th | " | " |
| E ½ | 30 | in 9th | " | " |
| | 29 | in 2nd | " | Marmora. |
| W ½ | 29 | in 3rd | " | " |
| W ½ | 29 | in 4th | " | " |

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For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.

Every Barrel Guaranteed.

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[illegible] Front St. East, Toronto.

# NELLO.

## THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

### CHAPTER VII.

Until long after midnight aunt Annette, Mr. Benson, and I sat discussing this—to me—momentous matter. One thing was certain—there was no deception, no flaw in the evidence no informality in the marriage; everything was perfectly straightforward and strictly legal. Aunt Annette wanted me to dispute the claim—possession was nine points of the law, she contended. But Mr. Benson declared that it would be absolutely useless—nay, he added gravely that it would be wrong to contest a claim so fully established. There was not the least doubt about any of the facts, and the case as strong as it well could be. Indeed Mr. Benson, who was an upright man as well as a clever lawyer, pointed out that, even if there should be a slight flaw in any of the evidence, that would not alter the fact that Paul's son was entitled to succeed him. Womanlike I was most curious to know why he did not like Lady Jesmond; but to this question he would give me no satisfactory answer. She was beautiful, graceful, well-bred.

"She gives me the idea of one who has been brought up in France," he said. "And, *entre nous*, Miss Gordon, I do not like French training."

Then came the question, what was to be done with me? What course ought I to pursue with regard to my future? Aunt Annette, who was vexed and angry at this untoward appearance of a claimant for my throne, declared that I should go back with her to the little house we had left but a few months before. But that had been let just as it stood, therefore we could not return to it for a time at least. Mr. Benson counselled us to wait.

"Wait until you see her, Miss Gordon, until you know what she intends to do. You have many understakings on hand; she may desire to go on with some of them, and ask your co-operation. Be patient and wait."

When I retired to rest that night, sleep came not to my weary eyes, for my mind was full of the romance of this beautiful young widow who was coming to Jesmond Dene to reign in my stead. As a matter of course, I felt most bitterly and keenly the loss of this my princely inheritance. It was as much lost to me on that first evening when I heard the news as afterwards when others reigned there supreme. Crushing and keen was the ever-recurring thought that I was no longer "queen and mother" of my people; they were no longer my loyal and affectionate subjects. I thought of the half built almshouses, of the hospitals and schools, of the thousand and one plans I had conceived for the benefit of those living around me, and my heart ached at the thought that my dreams would not be realised. Still, if the goodness of her heart were in accord with her personal charms, the probabilities were that Lady Jesmond would be pleased with the work I had begun, and carry it on. What a dream of wealth and luxury, benevolence and happiness it had been to me! And now I must go back to the dreary seclusion that had been mine before.

But no! Now that love had dawned in my soul, the dreariness of my past life could never recur. I knew by instinct that Lady Saxon would love me none the less for my loss of fortune—that she would be superior to such sordid meanness as to allow her feelings towards me to change because I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene. And I was equally certain that Lord Saxon, than whom a more generous hearted man never lived, would love me as hitherto. My heart found perfect rest in these pleasant thoughts.

Early on the following morning my aunt Annette fell ill, and Lady Saxon came over to see me. I looked full and straight into my old friend's kindly face while I told my story. If I had detected the slightest coldness towards me, the slightest shade of disappointment, I should have shrank from her. But there was nothing but the most loving sympathy and motherly affection depicted on her countenance. She listened for some time in silent amazement; and then she spoke.

"Felicia," she said, "you shall share my home and my purse; you shall be my dear adopted daughter, and I will make you so happy that you shall not miss Jesmond Dene. I love you the better now that I see how bravely and how well you can bear such a disastrous stroke of ill fortune. I wonder what this Lady Jesmond is like!"

"Beautiful as a dream, I am told," I answered.

"A worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams." The words returned to me with vivid force. They were Lady Saxon's description of her son.

How kind and good she was to me at this trying period of my life! I ought even to have been grateful for the misfortune which brought to me such disinterested love. She would have been pleased and proud to carry me off there and then, but I was destined to remain for many a long day at Jesmond Dene. I knew little of the world, my experience being limited to the few acquaintances of my aunt and Lady Saxon's; but I knew enough to be sure that it was a marvellous thing to find one perfectly disinterested friend.

"I think," said Mr. Benson, "that it would be as well to send a carriage to Houton station to meet Lady Jesmond. I do not know the hour at which she will arrive, but she said she should come to day."

"She will doubtless feel nervous," I remarked, "and slightly uncomfortable. It is not a very pleasant position for her."

Mr. Benson looked at me with his eyes opened to their widest extent.

"I saw no sign of nervousness in her," he observed. "She seemed perfectly self possessed and mistress of the situation."

The words jarred upon me.

"You must feel the position a painful one," he added kindly.

"But she is said to be as good as she is beautiful," I cried; "and good women are sensitive.

"Not all," he rejoined. "Many women have the most matter of fact natures; they are sensitive neither for themselves nor for others; yet they are good women."

"I think sensitiveness a noble virtue," I remarked.

"It is hardly that," he replied. "It is rather a quality that directs many others. Lady Jesmond is not sensitive, I am sure," Mr. Benson went on. "She did not seem to think how this change would affect any one but herself. You will send the carriage for her, by the-by?"

I did send it, with orders that it was to remain at the railway station and await all the London trains. I sent also for the doctor from Houton to see my aunt Annette. On his arrival he spoke rather gravely of her condition. I told him that she desired to go away from Jesmond Dene at once; but he said she would imperil her life if she were so rash. So therefore, whether we liked it or not, we must remain as guests within the walls of what had for a brief period been our own home."

"Forgive me, Miss Gordon," the doctor said before leaving; "but as I came along I heard a rumor which I venture most earnestly to hope is not true?"

I knew at once that the story in some way or other had leaked out.

"You mean," I said slowly, "that we have had news from India, and that my cousin Paul has left both a widow and a son?"

"That is what I heard. Is it true, Miss Gordon?" asked Doctor Bland.

"It is perfectly true," I replied. We expect the young widow, Lady Jesmond, and her son here to day."

"True? I did not believe it. There will be a revolution among the people, for you are greatly beloved here, Miss Gordon."

"Right is right," I answered; "and my cousin's little son is the heir to Jesmond Dene."

He said no more, but when he was gone I sought Mr. Benson and told him what had occurred, and that I thought it would be preferable to call all the servants together and tell them what had happened rather than that they should be left to hear it piecemeal from strangers. He quite agreed with me, and the whole household was gathered together in the servants' hall, where Mr. Benson told them the story of Paul's marriage and death, and announced that the widowed Lady Jesmond, with her little son Sir Guy, was coming that day to take possession, Mr. Benson told me, with tears in his eyes that when he had finished his narration there was but one cry among the servants, and that was for Miss Gordon. They all loved Miss Gordon; they did not want to lose Miss Gordon.

"They are devotedly attached to you," he said; and my heart was comforted by the knowledge that I retained the affection of those about me.

Noon came, but still there was no sound of carriage wheels. Then followed a long sultry afternoon, during which Mr. Benson, who was miserably anxious and nervous, dropped off to sleep.

That afternoon many callers came, for the news had spread throughout the district. I ought to have been, and I was, consoled by the many expressions of kindness and sympathy. No one seemed to think it strange that Paul had married, or that his widow should come home to claim his heritage. The general impression seemed to be that it was a thousand pities Sir William and his son had not been on better terms, when Captain Jesmond would have had no reason to conceal his marriage, and the unfortunate mistake would never have been made.

The long afternoon had passed, my visitors had all departed, and Mr. Benson had awaked from his slumbers; still there was no sound of carriage wheels to herald the approach of Lady Jesmond.

"I cannot stand much more of this kind of thing," said the lawyer. "I do not think I ever knew what suspense meant before."

"I have ordered dinner for seven," I said. And just as I uttered the words we heard the sound, so long and anxiously awaited, of carriage wheels. "They are here!" I cried.

But no warning came to me of what was to follow in the wake of the home coming of Lady Jesmond.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Shall you go to meet Lady Jesmond?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Yes," I replied; "she shall have a kindly welcome home."

I went out into the entrance hall, and there I saw three figures. One was that of a tiny child crying with fatigue; the second was a tall elderly woman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be a nurse; and the third a tall graceful lady dressed in deep black crape. This was the young widow, Lady Jesmond. I went to her with outstretched hands—for was she not Paul's widow?—but she did not or would not see them; for she merely gave me a cool little nod, and said—

"Are you Felicia Gordon?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Mr. Benson told me about you," she said. "Is he here? I am Lady Jesmond."

"Mr. Benson is here," I replied, "and has been anxiously expecting you."

"I hope," she said, "that we will be in time for dinner; I am very hungry. It has been a tiresome journey."

I had had some faint idea of falling on her neck and bidding her welcome to the home that I was about to relinquish to her—some faint idea of telling her how I bade her welcome for Paul's sake; but the manner in which she met my advances checked my ardor. It was evident the lady felt no emotion on reaching the home of her husband's boyhood. She was hungry!

"Dinner is at seven," I answered; and she must have noticed the change in my voice, for she looked at me.

"Seven!" she repeated. "Why, it is only just six now!"

Then I turned from her, and Heaven knows, although he had deprived me of my inheritance, tears of honest affection filled my eyes when I saw Paul's little son. I should have known the child was Paul's, no matter where I had seen him, his face was so like his father's. He had the same dark laughing eyes, with a golden light in their depths, the same brows, the same dark curls.

"Why," I cried, "this child is the living image of dear Paul!"

Lady Jesmond turned to me quickly, and there was a strange inflection in her voice.

"Did you know Paul?" she asked.

"I knew him well when he was a boy," I answered. "I knew him here at Jesmond Dene. I was his cousin."

"Yes, I know that—Mr. Benson told me; but I was not aware that you knew him," she remarked. Then her voice softened a little as she said, "I shall like to talk to you about him."

When she utteren these words, the bright handsome face of my dead cousin rose before me, and seemed to ask pleadingly for kindness to his wife. She should receive it from me for the sake of the olden days.

I took the bonny little fellow into my arms and caressed him fondly. He ceased crying, and looked with piteous eyes into my face.

"Mamma," he cried, "mamma!"

"I am here, Guy," replied Lady Jesmond quickly. "Be a good boy, dear."

"He is tired," I said. Shall I take him to the nursery we have prepared for him? It is the same his father had."

I saw her make a quick gesture to the woman who stood near. She came forward instantly.

"I am the child's nurse," she said, and prepared to take him from me; but the little fellow resisted all her efforts and clasped his baby arms tightly round my neck.

"Never mind, nurse," interposed Lady Jesmond. "If Miss Gordon likes to trouble herself with a tiresome child; let her; I am sure it is very kind of her. Guy must be good," she added, turning to the little fellow who still clung eagerly to me.

The sound of her voice sweet and musical as it was, did not seem to appease the child. Again in a piteous voice he cried—

"Mamma!"

"I am here," Lady Jesmond repeated. "You had better take him, nurse; he seems inclined to be cross. I have but little patience with crying children," she continued. Then, turning to me, she asked. "Have you?"

"Unfortunately for me, I have been but little with children," I said; "but I do not think my patience would fail."

"Shall I take Sir Guy now, and give him his bath, my lady?" asked the nurse. "Then I can come and help your ladyship to dress."

"See that you have all you want yourself: nurse. Ring for wine or tea, and see that you have every comfort," said Lady Jesmond, much to my astonishment.

I thought that speech showed decided consideration for others, and it pleased me.

The child continued to cry as he was carried off to the nursery, and the sound was strange in that old house, where children had not lived for so many years.

"He is very cross to-night," said Lady Jesmond. "I wish I could break him of that absurd habit he has of always crying for me."

"It is natural enough," I answered. "Children generally cry for their mothers."

"Tairs that are most natural are not always most pleasant," said Lady Jesmond decidedly.

And then I wondered whether she had any heart, whether she felt any emotion on coming to this her husband's home—the place where his boyish days had been spent.

"It must have been a trial," I said to her, "for you to come home without Paul."

"Yes—a great trial," she replied; but there was no note of regret or pain in the calm sweet voice. "I think, Miss Gordon, I will go to my room now. I have brought no maid with me; perhaps I can have a little assistance from yours?"

"With pleasure," I replied.

During all this time she had stood with her travelling cloak, which was slightly edged with fur, even though it was summer-drawn tightly around her and her face closely veiled.

"I am afraid," I said, "that you feel cold."

"Cold!" she repeated in a voice of wonder.

"Most people suffer much from cold when they first come from India," I remarked.

"Yes; I suffered greatly the first few days after my arrival in England. I did not attempt to leave the house for a fortnight, but postponed my visit to Mr. Benson until I felt a little seasoned. Now I will go to my room."

I did not ask her where she had been staying, or with whom. She was not the kind of person with whom I felt I could take such a liberty, however kind the intention might be.

My maid was summoned, and showed her ladyship to her room. I was left with conflicting sensations, and I seemed quite unable to form any idea of the character of my newly found cousin. If any one had asked me whether I liked her, I could not have answered the question.

I hastened to give aunt Annette, who was anxiously awaiting me, an account of the interview. I could not tell her what I thought of Lady Jesmond, for I had no definitely-formed opinion upon the point. I told her all about the pretty child with his father's face, and the elderly nurse, and of Lady Jesmond's solicitude for her.

"That speaks well for her," said aunt Annette. 'Good women are always thoughtful for their servants."

Why did those words haunt me—"good as she is beautiful"?

I did not go down stairs until the dinner bell rang; when I did so, I found Mr. Benson alone in the dining room. Her ladyship had not yet come down.

"Well?" he cried eagerly, and waited for me to speak.

The next moment the rustling of silk and crape told us that Lady Jesmond was near.

I cannot describe what I felt when I beheld her ladyship's marvellous loveliness. I have never seen anything like it; it was perfect, surpassing loveliness; and with it was that subtle irresistible charm which men call fascination. As I gazed at her, Lady Saxon's words came back to me—"a worshipper of beauty, a dreamer of dreams."

Tall and slender, her figure was the very perfection of grace. She had such shapely shoulders as are rarely seen; and, lightly veiled by thin black crape, they shone white as alabaster through their gauzy covering. Her hands were delicate and white, and were adorned with many valuable rings; her arms were as though they had been sculptured. She was a blonde of the purest type; even the hot sun of India had not marred the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her eyes were blue, large, bright, and clear, full of fire, with a gleam of passion—eyes that could smile and flash, that could woo with all sweetness "and scorn with all fire"—eyes that startled by their unusual brightness and their depth of expression. The brows were dark and straight. Her mouth was perfect, with the most alluring of dimples; yet there was in the short upper lip something that told of pride and scorn. From her crown of golden hair to her dainty little feet, she was simply a masterpiece of nature's handiwork, without one blemish in her fair loveliness.

Even Mr. Benson's calm face flushed as he hastened to greet her with a low bow and extended hand.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Lady Jesmond," he said.

She looked at him with a world of mischief in her eyes.

"You do not say 'Welcome to Jesmond!'" she remarked playfully. "That is because Miss Gordon is here, and you think it would hardly be in good taste. You are right, but Miss Gordon and I are already very good friends."

Mr. Benson was quite at a loss how to reply to these candid utterances. It seemed to me that her beauty had robbed him of all power of speech. She then turned to me with an assured smile, and I could see that she was gratified by my look of admiration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MISERS AND THEIR HOARDS.

### Famous Grubbers of Gold and the Wealth they Hid.

There is every reason to believe that the hoards of money and valuables one often reads of as having been discovered by workmen while engaged in pulling down old houses have been secreted by misers; the result is that, in many cases, property thus found is taken possession of by persons whom the misers never intended to benefit namely—their heirs-at-law and next of kin.

It is pretty certain that misers of both sexes existed years ago, as they do in our own day, and the following notes concerning some notable examples of this class of monomaniacs may not be uninteresting. Of those who made it a rule of their lives to "gather gear by every wile," the case of M. Osterwald, who died at Paris in 1791, is remarkable, as shewing that the richest man in a city may also be the most miserable one. He was the son of a poor minister, and began life as a clerk in a banking-house at Hamburg, where he acquired a small sum, which he augmented by his speculations in business and his economical mode of living; he afterwards came to Paris, where he accumulated his enormous fortune. He was a bachelor—the expenses of a wife and children being incompatible with his frugal mode of living. He had for a servant a poor wretch, whom he never permitted to enter his apartments; he had always promised that at his death he should be handsomely recompensed, and accordingly he left him a pittance of six months' wages and a suit of clothes, but, as he expressly stated, "not the most new." A few days before his death some of his acquaintances, who saw that he was reduced to the last extremity by want of nourishment, proposed to him to have some soup. "Yes, yes," he replied, "it is easy to talk of soup—but what is to become of the meat?" Tans died one who was reported to be the richest man in Paris, more from want of care and proper nourishment than disease. He is stated to have left to his relations, whom he had probably never seen, the sum of £3 000,000 Under his bolster was found 800 000 in paper money.

The neighborhood where Mary Luchorne died seems to be still famous for its misers. In 1877 there died at Woolwich, England, a Mr. John Clarke, aged 86. He is described as being a man of education, but a very singular character; although reputed as immensely wealthy, he was very miserly in his habits, and lived to the last in a squalid hovel in the poorest part of Woolwich; the greater portion of his life was spent in the accumulation of books, of which he left a large store. It was reported that the front shutters of his house had not been open for over thirty years; he never took a regular meal, nor did he know the tastes of wines or spirits. Yet, notwithstanding that he lived in such a den and suffered such privations, he reached an octogenarian age, and died worth $200,000 or thereabouts.

An instance of miserly habits in the great and noble is to be found in the case of that renowned captain, the Duke of Marlborough of whom it is chronicled that, when in the last stage of life and very infirm, he would walk from the public room in Bath, to his lodgings on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. He died worth $7,500,000.

It is recorded of Sir James Lowther that, after changing a piece of silver in George's coffee house, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, he was helped into his chariot (he was then very lame and infirm) and went home. Some time after he returned to the same coffee house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James is stated to have then had about $200,000 per annum coming in, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Sir Thomas Colby, an official high in office, shortened his existence by his passion for this world's goods, as appears by the following anecdote: "He arose in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse perspiration and walked down stairs to look for the key of the cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in the parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine, instead of which he himself was seized with a chill and died intestate, leaving over $1 000,000 in the funds, which was shared by five or six day labourers, who were his next of kin." Marvelous good luck for his poor relations!

At Northfield, England, there died in 1772 a Mr. Page, dealer in limestones and gunflints, by which occupation, and by a most penurious way of living, he had accumulated a fortune of some $60,000. He lived alone in a large house for several years, no one coming near him but an old woman in the village who once a day went to make his bed. His death was occasioned by his running a knife into the palm of his hand while opening an oyster.

Some years since a chiffonnier (or rag and refuse gatherer) died intestate in France, having literally "scraped" together 400,000 francs, the whole of which went to the heir-at-law.

## A New Jersey Peroxine.

A most remarkable conquest was made by four hunters at Millbrook, N. J., recently. James and Frank Kimble, Amos Van Gorden, and Abe Warner went on the mountain hunting raccoons. Their dogs, late in the evening, barked up a tree. Hastening to the tree they saw on a limb about 40 feet from the ground, what they supposed to be a "coon." Mr. Warner climbed the tree and shook the animal out. When it fell to the ground the dogs attacked it, but it succeeded in running into the rocks and was followed by the dogs. Here they managed, after a sharpe and severe struggle, to kill it. The men then took sticks and succeeded in getting it out, when to their great surprise it proved to be a large porcupine, which would have weighed at least 25 pounds.


### How People Enter a Car.

Have you ever noticed how different people enter a car? Nearly all. The experienced traveller goes to the first vacant seat; if there are more than one, he takes the one on the aisle side. Here are two ladies; they pass two or three seats; they are all alike, but neither seems just the thing. They pass down the aisle, pass many seats, walk back again to where they came in, then carry their luggage back to the seats they first looked at, and drop down exhausted. Now comes a party just from the farm. They don't ride much; the old man leads the party, and carries the baby; the madam drags two small boys, and the four take the side seat just by the door, look around with a satisfied air, seem to think they are in luck to get inside. But it was a well western passenger who's entrance was peculiar. He had been accustomed to riding in stage coaches; the door of a stage is on the side, and is about the size of a car window. The passenger knew of no reason why a car should have a door in the end, so when his first train rolled up to the platform he saw the window, it was open, and it was big enough, so he got in—fact.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,
The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dislike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated, and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

"Lucifer" is the name of a Kansas paper. Who dares make light of it?

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Smart-Weed Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhœa, dysentery or bloody-flux; also to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

The "palmy" days evidently refer to childhood.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistulas and all diseases of lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and enclose two (5ct.) stamp for book.

The "sere and yellow leaf" is not the hay-day of life.

### Corn Raising.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the Corn Crop has been immensely increased in Canada. No doubt the N. P. people will claim this as a product of protection, but PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone is entitled to all the credit. It raises more corn to the acre, than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guaranteed. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Sewer pipes are sometimes laid, but we never heard of any being hatched.

### Don't do it. Do not Wait

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nerveline is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nervilina. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

A milkman is justified in making the assertion that he is "pump-kin."

### Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich. offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The song of the mill is always hopper-tune.

### Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of applejack twisted his legs in a bow knot.

### Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestionable, as those cured by him four years ago are cures still. No one who has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

A.P 201.

ONE HUNDRED ACRES—TOWNSHIP RALDON lot 4, concession 1st; choice land, good bush, orchard, and fencing. G. S. KING, Cannington.

THOS. GALLOWAY & Co., Osteon, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont

MEN WANTED

Active, pushing men wanted to wholesale nurseries to canvass. Salaries from $600 to $1,200 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

# AGRICULTURAL.

### Breeders [illegible]

The [illegible] try profitable [illegible] in our poultry-yards. The little, spare, rosy fowls, we often called poultry, are now almost forgotten; for one or other of the imported breeds has left the impress on our poultry from Maine to California; but the greatest improvement for general use lies in the new breeds produced by crossing the Asiatics with our small, non-setting birds to produce a permanent breed that will furnish their own young mothers, and lay large eggs early and be fair layers. This has been tried in the Plymouth Rocks with a fair degree of success; I may add, degree, as I now see as well pleased as some people are with fowls of this breed (as now bred), and here are my reasons: too much importance has been attached to size; this brings out the Asiatic feature, and the production of heavy, clumsy birds is encouraged at the expense of laying qualities, as I am certain the smallest Plymouth Rocks lay the best; they partake more of the Dominique character-istics in being prolific layers.

Another new breed from Asiatic crossing, which promises much if the "American Standard of excellence" does not insist too much on size, is the Wyandotte. This is an Asiatic cross on the Hamburg, which is to small a fowl to be very useful in itself; but in this new form, we have a comely, clean-looking, closely-feathered, small and flat-combed, yellow legged, early-feathering and maturing, strong breed, which do their own hatching, and are quite peaceable birds, but we should keep them down to a fair size, or we may as well breed pure Asiatics, and lose the fine laying characteristics of the Hamburg, which is a great feature with fowls of this breed, though their eggs are small. The Wyandotte eggs are not large, but they are of a fair marketable size, much the Hamburg's are not. What we gain in this breed is a hardier and larger bird than the Hamburg, combining the laying and other qualities enumerated above.

Another cross which attracted much attention at the New York Fanciers' Exhibition last winter, was one between the Dorking and Langshan. The offspring were immense birds. Both parents belong to large breeds; but the Langshan is hardier than the Dorking, and the offspring of the two matures very much earlier for Spring chickens than birds of either ancestral breed.—*Henry Hales, in Rural New Yorker.*

### A Good Potato.

When cut into, the colour of a good potato, says the *Irish Farmers' Gazette*, should be yellowish white; if it be a deep yellow, it will not cook well. There must be a considerable amount of moisture, though not enough to collect in drops and fall off, even with moderate pressure. Rub the pieces together, and if the potato is good, a froth will appear around the edges and also upon the two surfaces after they are separated. This signifies the presence of a proper quantity of starch—the more froth the more starch, and consequently the better the potato; while the less there is, the poorer it will cook. The quantity of the starchy element may also be judged by the more or less ready adherance of the two parts. If the adherance be sufficient for one piece to hold the other up, that fact is evidence of a good article. These are the experiments usually made by experts when buying potatoes, and are the best tests that can be given short of boiling; but even they are by no means infallible.

### Wheat Sowing.

The practice of sowing wheat after the corn is, for the Northern farmer, a striking feature in Southern farm management, and might in some instances, be adopted also in Northern sections to good advantage. Early in September, when the corn has come to maturity, three or four rows, in intervals at about sixty feet, are cut down. The open spaces are then thoroughly harrowed and sown to wheat with the drill. Afterwards the corn is all cut and placed in shocks on these seeded strips, when the rest of the field is ready for harrow and drill. If the soil is hard or baked, the harrow is often weighed down with a short piece of timber or a small log, for the purpose of making a smooth and mellow seed bed.

For ages wheat and all small grain had been sown broadcast, thus precluding the possibility of cultivation, and this practice still prevails. For many years, however, drill-wheat has been practised on the better managed farms of America and Europe, and an implement made specially for planting the grain in drills, a few inches apart, is now considered as an essential article for the grain planter to own.

Experience has shown that the use of the drill is advantageous. It distributes the seed with great regularity, thick or thin, as may be preferred; the growth of the crop is made more uniform; more sunlight and heat goes to the roots of the wheat, and the yield is generally more and of better quality, than in the case with wheat sown broadcast. In some instances the advantages were very striking; in others, not so manifest; but altogether it is found to be a great improvement on the old custom of seeding broadcast. There is every reason therefore to practise it.

### Ensilage Without a Silo.

Ensiling without a silo—that is, stacking green stuff in the open air—has been practised by M. Cormoule-Houles in France. The open air silo was constructed in May in a shed by building a stack of 30 cwt. each of rye, trefoil, lucerne, and other grasses. No difference was visible, whether the stacking occured in wet or dry weather. As to the stock which consumed the products, 60 cattle were fed indifferently on ensilage from the shed and from the pits, and were turned into the fields for exercise alone. M. Cormoule Houles insists upon the necessity of the grasses and the other products being stacked while freshly cut. His workmen, during his absence, placed in the middle of the stack four or five cartloads of hay cut four days previously, and the result was a horizontal section of mould right across the stack exactly where the partially dried matter had been placed. He is trying maize, subjecting it to the same treatment.

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It will pay to spend a little leisure time, before cold weather, in re-nailing every loose board, and in battening up the cracks about the stables to shut out the cold and make them comfortable. It is simply barbarous to confine the stock in cold, bleak stables, and compel them to shiver out the cold Winter on dry food alone; and any man who will be so cruel and inhuman, pottering around, should be scolded to live on corn-bread, and sleep in a corn garret with simply a sheet for covering. It may be a bench treatment would remind him of the proverb "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

### Taking A Chinaman Home.

Yesterday morning a solemn-looking Chinaman went west on the Union Pacific train. He was escorted to the depot by half a dozen of his almond-eyed countrymen, who parted with him with envy in their hearts, for he was bound to his old home in the Flowery Kingdom, while they are doomed for a while longer to mangle the Mellican man's linen. In the pocket of the traveller was a check for a leather gripsack, which he was careful to see loaded on the baggage car before he boarded the train. There would be nothing peculiar about this were it not that the leather grip contained the bones of a good Chinaman being transported back to the Celestial paradise free of expense.

Nine years ago Ching Lee, then a newly-arrival from Chinaland, strolled into Beinhorn's bakery, and tackled his first dish of pie cream. Ching found it "belly good," and ordered a whole quart, which he ate on the spot. The day was oppressively hot, and not having a chill-proof lining like the average Omaha girl, Ching found his load very uncomfortable. While passing from the table to the street there was a Greco-Roman struggle between the iceberg within and the furnace without, and Ching was thrown. He fell on the sidewalk, and in five minutes he was a dead Chinaman.

After Ching had been buried two years a party of Chinese officials who were en route home stopped in Omaha to get his body and take it with them. The grave was opened and the remains taken out, but they were not in shape for shipment, and were reburied. Sexton Medlock, at the request of the mandarins, took from the casket at that time a hand mirror, an empty wallet, and about 80 cents in money, which had been buried with the corpse. The three suits of clothes in which Ching was dressed were also taken off and planted under a tree in another part of the cemetery.

Sunday morning Ching's grave was opened the second time. Five or six of the deceased's countrymen were present with a "joss" man, and a number of Americans watched the ceremony from a respectable distance. After considerable blowing and scraping, a basket of eatables was produced, and a goodly dinner spread about the head of the grave. A chicken roasted with the head on occupied the post of honor, flanked on either side by large pieces of boiling pork and liver. Tea was made in a couple of little Chinese caddy, and a number of cups poured out and placed on the ground. Then, after more bowing and scraping, several packages of cigarettes were strewed over the grave, and innumerable sticks of incense lighted. More incantations by the "joss" man followed, and when the mourners had bowed themselves tired the casket was opened and the remains shovelled out. The bones which were free from flesh, and perfectly dry, were rolled up in a piece of coarse sheeting and sewed up, after which they were placed in the valis. While Medlock was busy packing Ching's remains for shipment two of the Chinamen jumped into the grave and peered over the earth at the bottom with their fingers in order to make sure that nothing belonged to the deceased's anatomy was left behind.

Satisfied that they had secured all of Ching's bones, the Celestials drank the tea that had been standing about the grave, gathered up the eatables and came back to town, chattering like magpies, and smoking the cigarettes they had offered up to their dead countryman. The valise was taken by the journeying Celestial to his lodging and put under his bed, where it remained until the custodian started with it for China Monday noon.

## DREADFUL MURDER IN RUSSIA.

### Six People Cruelly Butchered—The Murderers Escape.

The *Novoe Vremya* publishes some details of a frightful tragedy recently committed in the parish of Balakovo, on the left bank of the Volga, and in the government of Saratoff. The victims are six in number—viz., a merchant's widow named Krasilnikoff, her two children, a seamstress, a man-servant, and a coachman. The murderous band was apparently acting upon a full knowledge of the house and personnel of the family. The third youngest child, which usually slept with the seamstress, was given by the latter on the evening of the murder to the cook, who slept in the kitchen. The cook and this child, an infant at the breast, were the only two of the household who escaped the premeditated general butchery. All the members of the household were asleep when the robbers and assassins scaled the courtyard wall. With an evident foreknowledge of the place, they proceeded to the coach-house, where the coachman was sleeping. The latter appears to have made a desperate resistance, but was ultimately dispatched. The murderers then ascended to the roof of the house and entered by a skylight. Mme. Krasilnikoff, the two older children, and the seamstress slept in separate rooms on the upper story, and were murdered simultaneously. In the case of the seamstress a bill-hook or chopper appears to have been the weapon used. The man servant, who slept on the ground floor, and the cook with the child in the kitchen, were awakened by the cries above. The cook, with the infant in her arms, rushed out to arouse the coachman, but only to find his mangled corpse, and, being too terrified either to return to the house or to fly to the village, she concealed herself, and managed to still the cries of the infant. The man-servant, immediately following the cook's flight from the house, was cut down on the threshold. The murderers then made a search for the missing cook and child, but failed to discover the place of their concealment. After pillaging the house the murderers locked the door and left. The terrified cook raised an alarm, and messengers were dispatched to the police, who only arrived late the following forenoon, when, of course, the murderers had made good their escape.

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Motto of the housekeeper who buys at market—"Measures, not men."

## TRANSVAAL GOLD.

### Another Addition to the Wealth of South Africa—Rich Quartz Discoveries.

For months past the late discoveries of gold in the Transvaal republic have been the principal topic of conversation throughout South Africa, and a large number of people have thrown up employment in the colony and Natal to proceed to the new El Dorado at Moodie's. As a great many Americans are now coming out for these fields, it may be interesting to your readers to know where they are situated, and what the surrounding country is like. Moodie's holding, upon which the reef called after him is situated, is estimated to be 170 miles west by south from the Portuguese town of Delagoa Bay, and about the same distance Southeast of Pretoria, a town of some importance, containing about a couple of thousand inhabitants. But the actual distances are not known, for there are so many roads that few parties travel by the same route, and for the last twenty miles or so there are no roads at all, and from the nature of the country but little possibility of making any. There are two main overland routes to Moodie's and the fields farther north from Natal and the Cape Colony—one, the post-cart route through Potchefstroom, Pretoria, and Middleburg, the other through Utrecht and New Scotland. The latter is the short-route, but it is unsafe at present owing to the unsettled condition of the natives. There is also a route by sea from Durban (Natal) to Delagoa bay, and thence overland. This is the quickest way of getting to Moodie's, but the chances are that you carry your death-warrant with you in the shape of the deadly coast fever.

The road from Delagoa bay is only safe during the months of June, July and August, when the weather is cool and but little rain falls. The country near the coasts is a succession of huge swamps, where the wagons sink up to their axles, and two, sometimes three, teams, of sixteen oxen each, have to be inspanned to get the blundering, unwieldy vehicles through. Several large rivers have to be forded, and here accidents are more the rule than the exception. One river, the Crocodile, is aptly named. A few weeks ago the sub-editor of one of the Durban papers, when crossing it, suddenly disappeared. It was subsequently discovered that he—or at least a considerable portion of him—had taken an involuntary berth inside a crocodile, which officiated as a rifle target shortly afterward. When the lower country is passed the traveller has to make his way as best he can over a range of lofty hills. The track here is incumbered with immense boulders, many of which are as big as an ordinary three-story house. Wagons generally break down on this section of the journey if they have not come to grief previously, and many parties have to abandon their wagons here and go to camp on foot, taking what goods and baggage they can carry on their mules and oxen. Horses and oxen will not live any length of time in this part of the country, and the only hope to get them through is to push forward as fast as possible. Mules fare somewhat better, but the donkey is the beast of burden for work in the Crocodile and Koop river country. He is sure-footed, will live on scrub-brush if he can get it, and thrive on rooks when he can get nothing else, and the bite of the dreaded tsetse fly scarcely appears to incommode him at all, while to oxen and horses it is certain death.

Many travelers have asserted that this unpleasant little insect does not extend its dental proclivities to the human species. Those travelers either wilfully lied—and being personally acquainted with the majority of them I may safely say that their capabilities for the consumption of truth rank little, if at all, below those of the average Cretan—or they must have been physically prohydermatous. I do not pretend to be a great African traveller, though I have meandered over a considerable extent of the country. I have shot at an elephant, but I missed him, which, considering that my only weapon was a Winchester rifle of the old rim-fire, pop-gun make, was probably quite as well for me as it was for the elephant; and I once wounded a buffalo, which turned out to be a black bullock, and which I did not go after for prudential reasons that may easily be comprehended by the class of sportsmen to which, I fear, I belong. But I have been bitten by tsetse fly, and I remembered that bite for some considerable time subsequently. It is only, however, during the eight or nine hot months of the year that these pests are really troublesome to man or dangerous to cattle, and, once the high bush belt between the swamps and the very high country is passed, one need be under no apprehensions of loss or inconvenience from this pest.

This fly, however is not the only objectionable specimen of the animal kingdom with which the gold miner is likely to make acquaintance on his road to the Transvaal fields. Snakes are plentiful, and most of them are exceedingly venomous, and there are enough tarantula, centipedes, and scorpions to furnish an unpleasantly liberal allowance to countries where these horrors are not included in the census. The climate, however, in the high country about Moodie's is probably one of the grandest in creation. In the winter months it is bright, bracing, but always dry, and sometimes exceedingly cold. In the summer the heat during the daytime is enough to melt a salamander, but it is a dry heat, and therefore nothing like so trying as the continual summer vapor bath on the coast. There is water in abundance, but it has to be led some distance for mining operations. Wood is not over plentiful, but there is coal in the neighborhood of the mines, and this will be the fuel of the future. At present most of the diggers have to be content to use cow-dung—and excellent fuel it makes, too—though the aroma it produces in burning is not exactly the sort of thing that Eugene Rimmel makes his dollars out of. Life is necessarily of the roughest; but the life of the pioneer miners generally belong to this category. Most things can be had by paying for them, but the prices are, in some cases, such as no sensible man would think of giving. However, any man who is not diseased—or cursed—with a gigantic appetite, can manage to exist tolerably well on £10 a month, and if he cannot afford this modest outlay, he is not likely to succeed as a miner.

With regard to the quartz, I may say that I have seen and handled a great deal of it. Some was fabulously rich. There was actually more gold than quartz in the specimens. But this was picked stuff, and went to England for the purpose of enticing cap talists to invest. Much of it would yield one hundred ounces to the ton. Of course this must not be taken as the average. The majority of the quartz however, is certainly very rich, and the general opinion of old Australian and Californian miners is that from two to seven ounces may be expected as a general average. There are at present about 1,200 men on Moodie's reef. Many of them are almost starving. The latter are mostly clerks who have thrown up situations in stores and gone up to the fields without either money or mining experience. The same class of men starved in the early days of the diamond fields simply because they did not possess the physique for hard manual labor and wasted to make fortunes by working at their claims. Men who understand mining are doing well. The country at present is entirely unsettled. The Transvaal legislature is powerless to protect the concessionaires, and the only law at the gold fields is that of Mr. Justice Lynch. Native labor is not over plentiful, but so soon as the Swazie chiefs find out that the fields are being worked—as they eventually will be—by an exclusively English speaking population, they will be only too willing to send down their men in parties to contract for six or twelve months' work.—[Port Elizabeth Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

## ALL SORTS.

A flat-head—The janitor.

A sigh for nothing—a cipher.

A last resort—The cobbler's shop.

A sound reason—a fog-horn conclusion

An open question—who will shut the door?

Young men don't often go wild over blonde hair, novels to the contrary notwithstanding. But the black locks they go raven over.

The cold winds of autumn remind the farmer that it will soon be time to put their cattle under cover. Ye who have steers to shed prepare to shed them now.

A new brand of cigar is advertised called "The Kicker." We should think that a cigar would be more apt to be a butter than a kicker. The one who smokes it is probably the kicker.

When a man's clothes come home from the laundry only half done up in bu an other illustration of the irony of fate; and generally he gets so mad that it takes all the starch out of him.

Westward the star liar takes his way. The Montana *Sun* says a gentleman in that vicinity recently killed twenty-four fish in a small pond with a buggy whip, the shortest measuring thirteen inches.

At a recent Sunday school meeting, a long-winded clergyman consumed too much time with a wordy address. When he sat down the leader of the meeting unwittingly announced the hymn beginning "Hallelujah! 'tis Done."

The truth is often spoken inadvertently. A French Bishop, in the course of a talk with a smart young man, mechanically opened his snuff-box and offered it to his questioner. "Much obliged, no, monseigneur," was the answer; "thanks to God I have not this defect." "Oh," returned the prelate, laughing, "if it were a defect you would have it."

Mrs. Seeley, of Sardinia, N.Y., is a needle manufactory. The doctors in one week took forty-six needles from her arm. She doesn't know how they got there. They keep a coming. Her husband wants the doctors to keep probing until they find a sewing machine or a Bessemere furnace, he isn't particular which.

"Doesn't that man remind you of the sea?" said a pretty girl on Fourth street to her companion, as a very fashionable masher went by. "I don't know. How do you mean?" "Oh, because he is such a heavy swell." "Yes, dear," was the quiet response, "but you know the sea swell is salt."

### Excavations in Greece.

Excavations are being carried on with great activity and more or less success in various parts of Greece. Upon the site of the temple of Asklepios, at Epidauros, and upon that of the Amphiaraeon, at Oropos, in Attica, the diggings, which have been going on simultaneously for some time past, have resulted in the discovery of numerous pieces of sculpture and inscriptions of value. The excavations begun several years ago on the site of the Temple of Eleusis have been resumed after a considerable pause. In all these cases the work is conducted by the Archæological Society of Athens. The Greek Government on the other hand, has taken up a very extensive and important task in Athens itself, where it is engaged in thoroughly examining the Acropolis. Two years ago a portion of the ancient citadel, lying to the southeast of the Parthenon, was cleared by order of the Ephor, M. Kavvadias, and resulted in the discovery of numerous very beautiful and remarkable monuments and remains of ancient Attic art. It was accordingly determined thoroughly to explore the entire site of the Acropolis. The work has been begun by the new Ephor, M. Stamatakis, on a large scale, and already a considerable portion of the mediæval and Turkish fortifications surrounding and disfiguring the hill have been demolished and removed. The appointment of M. Stamatakis as Ephor-General of the antiquities of the Kingdom of Greece is the best guarantee that this important work will be carefully and thoroughly executed. For many years past the new Superintendent has distinguished himself by his labors in bringing to light and preserving antiquities in all parts of Greece. The practical direction of the work of demolition and excavation has been intrusted to Dorpfeld, a German architect, who is well known for his labors in connection with Dr. Schliemann.

### A Maine Farmer's Fish Story.

A farmer who was in town from Wells, Wednesday morning, related a remarkable circumstance which happened in his town one day recently. For some time past the herring have remained away from shore, and the fishermen were unable to obtain them in very large numbers. All at once they began to come in shore, even into the breakers, in immense numbers, probably being frightened by dogfish or bluefish. The number kept increasing, and when the tide went out it left a place of about an acre completely covered with the fish. In some spots, where there was a depression in the sand, the fish were piled in to the depth of about five feet. The farmers in the vicinity soon learned of the fact, and they flocked to the shore and secured cartloads of the fish to be used on their farms as fertilizers. One farmer obtained 60 cartloads.

## SCIENTIFIC GOSSIP.

Very lately, and following up recent researches, Dr. Heimann, of Frankfort, has detected the existence of bacteria upon half-mark pieces which had been long in circulation.

An optical telegraph was established on Leerois Peak, in Reunion, and Port Louis, in Mauritius, on the night of July 12-13, when messages were freely exchanged between the two islands.

The eucalyptus, or Australian blue-gum tree, is now grown in every civilized country almost where frosts do not occur, but, being by nature adapted to use as an evaporating machine, it will not destroy malaria or keep off mosquitoes if planted in a dry and not in a marshy soil.

A chestnut at the foot of Mount Etna is believed to be the largest and oldest tree in Europe. It is hollow, and large enough to admit two carriages driving abreast to pass through it. The main trunk has a circumference of 212 feet. This grizzly giant is said to measure 92 feet in height.

Until lately most of the supply of sugar in Denmark was imported. Now the material for sugar is provided within the boundaries of the kingdom. Six years ago the Danes made 2 600 000 pounds of beet-root sugar, and four years later the figures rose to 8 600 000 pounds. The production of 1882 exceeded that of 1881 by fully 2 000 000 pounds.

It is stated that the Tahi Yuen, a powerful "protected" cruiser of 2 355 tons and 2 800 horse-power, carrying two 6¼ inch and 5·7-inch Krupp guns (mounted *en barbette*), built for the Chinese Government at Stettin, made several trial trips, without making the full contract speed of 15 knots an hour. But the result has been that the causes of the slow rate clearly revealed themselves, and proved to be easily remedied.

It is said that the French railroad companies are about to adopt an electric gate opener. A catch connected with an electro-magnet keeps the gates closed. When a train approaches it closes the circuit, releases the catch, and the gates fly open. The last train as it passes through opens the circuit, and the gates are again closed. The same apparatus rings a bell violently on the approach of a train.

Lead tanks which withstood sulphuric acid perfectly, Mr. S. P. Sharples reports, were soon destroyed by hydrochloric acid. In some recent experiments undertaken to destroy cotton there by means of heat hydrochloric acid it was found that lead-lined vessels were soon rendered useless by it. Even the cold acid could not be kept in wooden tanks lined with lead. Most authors say that lead is only slightly affected by hydrochloric acid.

One brass, a technical journal says, a steel color is developed by using a boiling solution of arsenic chloride, while a careful application of a concentrated solution of sodium sulphide causes a blue coloration. Black being generally used for optical instruments is obtained from a solution of platinum chloride to which tin nitrate has been added. In Japan the brass is bronzed by using a solution of copper sulphate, alum, and verdigris.

Work on the Antwerp International Exhibition, 1885 is advancing rapidly. The buildings are convenient for foreign exhibitors and visitors, as the grounds can easily be reached from the docks quays, and railway station. Space has already been taken by Belgium France, Holland, Great Britain, Germany, Denmark, Austria, Spain, Italy, America, Norway and Sweden, Russia, and Hayti. The buildings will be finished by the end of March next.

Some remarks were recently made by M. F. Tisserand on the subject of the theory of the figure of the planets. His calculations and estimates of their present form were founded upon the assumption that the celestial bodies were originally in the fluid state, subject only to the mutual attraction of their constituent elements, and endowed with a rotary movement with very slight angular velocity. Their outer surface would thus be somewhat of a revolving ellipsoid.

### Origin of a Few Oaths.

The courtiers of Louis IX. were wont to indulge in swearing to an extent that was both painful and distressing to the good king, their master, although the penalty prescribed in the statute book for the offence was no less than branding the tongue with a red hot iron for every commission of it. The oaths most offensive to the saintly monarch were the "sotedieu," the "sotedieux," the "paradieux," etc., which still survive in Molière and Rabelais. At this time there was at the palace, belonging to one of the ladies of the court, a little pet dog named "Bleu." To elude the harsh sentence of the law, which might deprive them forever of the power of indulging in their favorite pastime, the courtiers determined to substitute for "dieu" the name of the dog. So "cordieu" became "cordleu," "sotedieu" "sotebleu," etc., and the apparently meaningless words are preserved to the present day. "Sacredieu" became "sacrebleu," and was finally contracted by "sacre." This last is the most common of French oaths nowadays, except "mon Dieu." The tragedies of ancient Rome used to swear by all the gods indiscriminately, although it was customary for each one to have his favorite oath. Castor and Pollux were the favorites among the demi gods to swear by. Gemini, they meant to swear by Castor and Pollux, the twins. This oath has come down to us, even to the present day, when the expression "By Jiminy!" is frequently heard. "The deuce!" is a very ancient oath, indeed, as will appear from the derivation to which it is referred—the Latin Deus—God. Nowadays it is considered a mild oath to say "the deuce!" It is a curious thing that deuce is generally supposed to mean the "devil." So people say, "go to the deuce!" The origin of the phrase "by jingo" is traced to the word Jinoos—the baser name for God.

### Too Imitative by Far.

Mrs. Renthler of Madison Wis., killed a chicken in the presence of her little boys, cutting its head off with a hatchet. The boys became interested in the proceeding and while the mother was in the house the older boy prevailed upon the younger to play the part of chicken and actually had his head on the block and was in the act of chopping off his head when the older brother accidentally noticed the game and stopped the operation before any serious damages had been inflicted.

# North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 13, 1884.


——It is announced that the Ontario Legislature will meet on the 17th of January.

——An American paper says "one result of the carrying of Prohibition in Canada will be the disappearance of the sea serpents that infest the lakes and rivers of that country." This means, we presume, that sober men never see sea serpents.

——We think so too. Toronto *World*: "A most foolish postal regulation is that which sends you a circular saying that an unpaid letter posted to you at Hamilton is now lying in the dead letter office at Ottawa, and that it will be forwarded on the receipt of the postage. Let a fine of double or treble postage be charged when the letter is not stamped, but send it to its destination at once, not via the dead letter office, a journey of six or eight days. A man may be ruined by such a letter not reaching him in time."

——It is announced that Sir John Macdonald, having been greatly improved in health by his trip to the old country, and having settled satisfactorily both his public and private business, will leave England for Canada on the 22nd inst. His return will be awaited with interest, and speculation will be rife as to the nature of the public affairs which took him to Britain at this particular time. His political friends have in contemplation a "grand demonstration" for the Chieftain on his return. They cannot afford to be out-done in showing affection by Mowat's followers.

——The condition of the British navy, the bulwark of England's greatness, has been a source of uneasiness for some time past, some English papers affirming that it had degenerated below that of many of the other powers, in general effectiveness. Whether this is true or not, we notice that the Britishers are determined to place the matter beyond all doubt, and they have just placed the sum of £60,000,000 at the disposal of the Admiralty, in addition to a recommendation for a hundred first class and a hundred and fifty second class torpedo boats. Britannia will rule the waves or Britons will know the reason why.

——Some of our anti-Scott Act friends complain that the Review is one-sided in the agitation that has commenced in the County. They are a little too previous: The Review has not said one word for or against either side. We have our opinions, however, and will express them in these columns before the contest is over, but in the meantime our columns are open for a fair and healthful discussion by both parties. We want it understood, however, that no abuse of individuals will be allowed, and all communications on this matter must be signed by the real name of the writer, or they will not be published, no matter from what source they originate.

——We need not be surprised that Gov. Cleveland won the Presidential election in the United States, when we consider the lavish manner in which his canvass was conducted. At one of his receptions, at Brooklyn, the principal feature was a grand barbicue. Three Kentucky steers, weighing in the aggregate 5,500 pounds, were roasted early in the day. The beef was taken into a shed near by, where forty men were kept busy making sandwiches. Over 4,000 loaves of bread were used, and it is estimated that 60,000 sandwiches were made. At noon the immense crowds passed in line in front of the building, each person being presented with a good-sized sandwich on a wooden plate. The Democratic appetite apparently did not suffer during the election excitement.


WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.


## Blaine or Cleveland?

### The United States Presidency still in doubt.

Although the election for the presidency of the United States took place one week ago to-day, the result is still undecided, both sides claiming the victory. The contest was, of course, between Blaine and Cleveland, the other candidates, Butler and St. John, being "nowheres." The result has been narrowed down to a very fine majority for whichever side it wins, but the latest intelligence gives it as almost certain for the Democratic candidate, Gov. Cleveland. Should he be seated in the President's chair for the next four years, it will be the first time for that party to hold office for over 25 years. The whole dispute is over the vote in New York state, and an official count has been ordered, which will soon take place and doubtless decide the matter. The usual cries of "fraud," "fraud," are being thrown at both parties, and troublesome times are feared if the matter is not soon and firmly settled.

### HOW HE COMMENCED.

(Toronto Mail.)

The American papers will have it that Sir John Macdonald began life as a boot-black. A moment's reflection will convince them that Sir John must have commenced as an infant. By perseverance and tenacity he acquired his present age.

### Coe Hill.

The Deseronto *Tribune* has the following in reference to the above place:—"Mr. Burgess and his men are getting along very well with the building at Coe Hill and have made themselves favorites with the people of that locality. That redoubtable woodsman, Mr. Thos. Callaghan, informs them that he had a shanty there eighteen years ago, and that he could have got all the land he wanted at one dollar per acre. Mr. Ritchie paid $100,000 for the land he holds in that vicinity, and different parties have made large sums by selling mining claims and retaining royalties. Our old friend, Mr. John Reid, who is one of the party, lost himself while out shooting one wet day and was preparing a soft spot under a tree on which to pass the night when the noise of a passing train gave him the direction of the track which after some effort he reached just in time to meet his anxious friends, who with dogs, lanterns, guns, etc., were searching for him.


### Sleeping Love.

A fine steel engraving of Perault's charming picture, "Sleeping Love," has been offered by the publishers of Godey's Lady's Book to every new subscriber to the magazine for the year 1885. The plate is a very artistic one beautifully printed on thick paper of a size suitable for handsome framing. The subject, a little dimpled Love, adorned with nothing but his baby charms, is lying on a soft grassy couch, fast asleep among the wild flowers, his round, white limbs approaching the cool umbrage of a pond of water lillies. Overhead are drooping, shadowy boughs covered with rich foilage, and the background reveals a perspective of cool forest shade. The picture is one of simplicity, yet admirable composition and the figure of the "Sleeping Love" himself, with drooping eyelids and softly parted lips that offset the rounded beauty of babyhood, is one of the prettiest you could well conceive of. Messrs. J. H. Haulenbeck & Co., proprietors of *Godey's Lady's Book*, have produced this charming picture most successfully. It is much admired by some of the most fastidious connoisseurs.


Bankers in New York believe that the importation of gold now being made will reach $40,000,000.


FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered almost intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.


It is stated that the gales of the past two weeks on the upper lakes have been most disastrous to shipping. Already 14 vessels are reported wrecked or badly damaged.


BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

NOTICE.

THE undersigned having retired from business, parties indebted to her are requested to call and settle their accounts without further notice.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, November 11th, 1884.

TRIMMED BEEF HIDES, $7.50,
Untrimmed, $6.50,
—AT—
MULLETT'S TANNERY.
3 mos.-393 MADOC.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

THE undersigned offers for sale in Madoc village her property, consisting of a good frame house and half an acre of good land. Good well and several fruit trees on the place. For particulars apply on the premises to

MRS. CATHARINE NIXON.

Madoc, Nov. 12th, 1884. 3-393

THIS PAPER IN CLUB WITH GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

will be sent for one year to any address on receipt of $2.75, which should be sent to the publisher of the NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

Is the oldest family magazine in America, and is conceded by the press and public to be the leading Fashion Magazine, especially so—its circulation probably covers the largest area of any American publication, its patrons being found in every civilized country under the sun. 1885 will mark the fifty-fifth year of this Magazine, and it is proposed that it shall not only exceed its excellence in every department anything in its previous history, but surpass in attractiveness, quality and quantity of any other magazine published for the same price. The Magazine during 1885, will contain:—

1000 pages of reading, consisting of Stories, Novels, Romances, Sketches, Poetry, History, Biographies, by the best magazine writers; also, Art and Current Notes, Charades, Dialogues, Lessons on Dressmaking and Cooking.

200 Practical Recipes; besides descriptions of Fashions, domestic and foreign.

150 pages illustrating Fashions in colors, and black and white.

50 pages illustrating Fancy-Work in colors, and black and white.

24 pages of Sunset Music.

12 Beautiful Engravings.

12 Illustrations of Architectural Designs; besides illustrations of Household Interiors and Stories.

Each subscriber will be allowed to make a selection each month of a "Full Size Cut Paper Pattern" of any design illustrated in the Magazine, without extra cost; these patterns are worth more than the price of the Magazine. We will also present to every subscriber a Steel Engraving (for framing) of Perault's celebrated picture "Sleeping Love," prepared expressly for this Magazine.

As Godey's Lady's Book has faithfully observed its promises with the public for fifty-four years, there need be no doubt about the above offer being fulfilled to the letter. Subscription price $2.00 a year. Sample copies, 15 cents.

Address,
GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK,
P. O. Lock Box H H,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FARM FOR SALE.

NORTH half of lot No. 6, in the 4th Concession of Madoc. For particulars apply to

ALEX. CROSS.

The "Star" Grocery
Mrs. Wright's Block.

BARGAINS,
BARGAINS.

For the next few days we will sell the balance of Mrs. Wright's stock of Groceries, &c.

AT COST,

To make room for our new goods which are now arriving daily.

BARGAINS For EVERYBODY.

Call and See for Yourselves.

CHURCH & TODD.

FINAL NOTICE,

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

As the 15th of November is drawing close at hand, and as there are still quite a number of my customers that have not settled their accounts yet, all accounts on my books after the above date will certainly be put in court for collection.

Pay up and save costs.

D. W. WRIGHT.

E. L. WEISS,
Watchmaker & Jeweler,
MADOC.

A NEW STOCK OF GOODS JUST ARRIVED.

WATCHES,

in gold and silver, Waltham, Elgin, Hampden, and Swiss Movements.

Screw, Bezel, dust and moisture proof cases,—the best case in the market.

CLOCKS.

A splendid line of fancy Clocks, from $2.00 to $100, suitable for Holiday Gifts.

Large Assortm't of Spectacles & Eye Glasses.

BRACELETS,

Necklets, Crosses, Seals, Broaches, Ear Rings, Bar Pins, Cuff Buttons, Shirt Studs, Collar Buttons, of the latest designs in Gold, Silver, and Rolled Plate.

GOLD CHAINS AND GUARDS

in English and American patterns, Gents chains two and three strand in Silver, also in Rolled Plate.

Black Jewelry in great Variety.

A fine line in Napkin Rings, Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., the finest silver plate.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repairs done well and promptly.

A fine line in Gold Rings, 9, 12, 14, and 18 karats fine, Plain, Chased, and Gems, also a fine selection of Rings set with real diamonds.

WE ARE

"HEADQUARTERS"

FOR

CROSS CUT SAWS, BUCK SAWS, HAND SAWS.
CHOPPING AXES, BROAD AXES, HAND AXES.
COOKING STOVES, COAL STOVES, BOX STOVES.
Stove Pipes and Elbows, hand-made second-growth Hickory AXE HANDLES.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

EARLY CLOSING.

We the undersigned Merchants, of the village of Madoc, do agree and bind ourselves to close our respective places of business at the hour of 7 p.m.,

From Nov. 10th, 1884, to April 15th, 1885,

SATURDAY NIGHTS EXCEPTED.

SYDMER ROSS & CO.
JOHN ROBERTSON.
LOTTIE ELLIOTT.
THOMAS ROBERTS.
J. DALE & SON.
O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
R. R. CASEMENT & CO,
G. A. ROLLINS.
D. C. CLARKE.
CROSS & MOUNCEY.

Madoc, October 28th, 1884.

## DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to [illegible] as usual, at his residence, [illegible] Belleville. Consulting hours, [illegible] a. m., and after 6 p. m., [illegible]

## FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

## WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

## MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Barrister.
Ashley Block, Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

## TAXES. TAXES.

THE undersigned Collector of taxes for Madoc village, will be in the village for the accommodation of those who wish to pay their taxes, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week, at John Robertson's store. All taxes must be paid in without delay.

J. H. DUNN,
Collector.

## NOTICE.

## TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R. KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884.

## AN OLD HAND AT THE BELLOWS.

HAVING rented Stephen Reed's blacksmith shop, in Madoc village, I am now ready and willing to wait on all customers who may favor me with their patronage.

Horse Shoeing a specialty. All kinds of Locks repaired.

JOHN BROWN,
Blacksmith.

Madoc, October 18th, 1884.

## New Harness Shop

BUY YOUR

Harness and Horse Furnishings

FROM

D. A. CALDWELL,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC

☞ Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

BUY YOUR

## Boots and Shoes

FROM

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss Block, Madoc

## RUSSEL PROPERTY.

MADOC.

Village Building Lots,

FOR SALE.

## MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all the necessary information as to prices, terms, etc.,

(Signed),

H. & J. RUSSEL,
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361


## Our Clubbing List.

We are now making up our clubbing list for 1885, and will be able to supply any of the leading publications of the country, in connection with the REVIEW, at greatly reduced prices. We can now supply the REVIEW and any of the following papers at the prices named. Others will be added as arrangements are made.

| | Regular price | Both for |
|---|---|---|
| The Century Magazine | $4.00 | $4.75 |
| St. Nicholas " | 2.00 | 2.75 |
| Grip " | 2.00 | 2.50 |
| Godey's Lady's Book " | 2.00 | 2.75 |
| Daily Witness " | 3.00 | 3.50 |
| Weekly Witness " | 1.00 | 1.95 |
| Toronto Daily World " | 3.00 | 3.25 |
| " Daily News " | 4.00 | 4.00 |
| " Evening News " | 3.00 | 3.25 |
| " Weekly News " | 1.00 | 1.00 |

## Latest Local News.

**County Council.**

The County Council is called to meet in Belleville on Thursday, November 27th inst., to complete the business of the year.

**Early Sleighing.**

We are informed that last week snow fell to the depth of 7 or 8 inches on the Hastings Road, north of Thanet. In consequence there was good sleighing, and the residents back there took full benefit of it.

**New Post Office.**

A new post office has been opened in the Township of Wollaston, at the mines, to be known as "Coe Hill Mines P. O." It will prove a great convenience to the growing population at that place. The postmaster is Mr. Robert Waddington.

**Campbellford High School.**

The headmaster of the above School, A. G. Knight, B. A., has sent us a report of the result of the recent Departmental Examinations. He had 36 pass, eleven A's and four B's, Second Class; ten Thirds, and eleven Intermediates. This is good showing.

**Good Shooting.**

Sergt. Robert Phillips, of No. 4 Company, attended the Rifle Matches at Belleville on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week, and, we are pleased to see, captured a prize in every match, standing well up against such old shots as Hilton, Kimmerly, Johnson, Tammadge, &c. In one match Sergt. Phillips stood fourth, making a higher score than either Hilton or Kimmerly, who are both on the Wimbleton team for next year. With a little practice Sergt. Phillips will get that honor himself.

**Thanksgiving Day.**

Thursday last, Thanksgiving Day, was generally observed as a holiday in Madoc, and appropriate services held in the various Churches in the village. As usual, however, on occasions like this, a number of people came to town and appeared to think it altogether too bad that they could not get into any of the stores that they choose. We should think that by this time most people would know that on these legal holidays all regular stores are closed. We must acknowledge it does not speak much for the enlightening influence of the newspapers that always take the trouble to duly announce these occasions, or else the average reader is uncommonly forgetful.

**Village Council.**

Council met in the Town Hall, on the 3rd inst. All the members present.

A communication from the Ontario Board of Health was received, and Mr. Gream was authorized to ask the medical men of the village to make out a report as to our sanitary condition.

The following communication from Alert Fire Co'y was read:—

*To the Municipal Council of Madoc Village.*

GENTLEMEN.—Nearly two years ago appliances for fighting the fiery element were purchased by you, and in order that these might be the more efficiently worked, a fire company was formed, known as Alert Fire Company, No. 1. On the 4th of last February both engine and Company were taxed to their utmost capacity, and—after a hard struggle—came off victorious, thereby saving valuable property on either side the burnt district. But, we are sorry to say, our efforts in the second battle were not so effectual as in the first. It has been said that the building was of little value, and there was no use in trying to save it, but if it had been a more valuable structure, in the same locality, we would have been equally as powerless as we were.

Now, gentlemen, this—that is the fire of the 29th ult.,—teaches us all a lesson, and more especially you in whom the power lies to prevent the same occurrence again. You have an Engine and Hose, also a band of willing men (as the name implies) to work the same when required, but, gentlemen, these are of no use without the fourth and most essential of all, in combatting against the fiery element, viz;—water. It was plainly seen, by those present, on the night of the 29th ult., that some means should be resorted to in order that a proper and permanent supply of water might be accessible along St. Lawrence street, east, in case of fire. Now, this Company would suggest and ask that you, as a Council proceed at once to supply this want, so that we may be the better able to cope with the fire fiend, should such a misfortune occur along that street again.

Hoping you will act wisely, and for the best interests of all concerned.

We remain,
Your obedient servants.
THE ALERTS.
Per M. W. SINE, Secretary.

Moved by Mr. Aylesworth, seconded by Mr. Maybee, that the Reeve and Messrs. Kerr, Kirk, and Joseph Caverly, be a committee to confer with the officers of the Fire Company, as to the best means of procuring water in case of fire. Carried.

On motion of Messrs. Kerr and Maybee, the communication from W. H. Hastings, solicitor for M. G. Easton, asking for costs, was not entertained.

Mrs. Asseltine was paid $10.00 for care of child and clothing, on motion of Messrs. Kerr and Kirk.

The following accounts were ordered to be paid:—

M. Maybee, coffin for the late James Redmond, $5.00.

James Burns, digging grave for same, $2.00.

Council adjourned.

## Local Chit-Chat.

—Six weeks from to-day is Christmas.

—The small boys had their first skate last week.

—Yesterday was Division Court day in this village.

—Our merchants are getting their holiday goods to the front.

—Mr. Chas. W. Wellington returned from Port Arthur yesterday.

—Some of our business men are complaining that they are not kept busy enough.

—Mrs. Wright gives the last notice to her debtors, in our advertising columns this week.

—Mrs. Wm. Wooley, of Toronto, has been visiting her friends in the village during the past week.

—Mr. W. H. Hastings, Solicitor, of this village, is about to open a branch law office in Tweed.

—Girls your leap year privileges will soon be at an end. Make the best use of the time that remains.

—Mr. R. J. McNeill this week disposed of his interest in the Windsor House to his partner, Mr. Geo. Conley.

—The children of the Methodist Sabbath School have commenced practice for their anniversary during the holidays.

—The annual slaughter of turkeys, chickens and geese has commenced, and this massacre will not end until after Christmas.

—A large quantity of white veils, gloves, and solid happiness generally was in the village yesterday. It was a wedding party.

—W. T. Hodge, the king ventriloquist of the world, is announced to give an entertainment in the Masonic Hall this evening.

—"Headquarters" for anything in the line of saws, axes, stoves, &c. is at R. R. Casements & Co's. See the new advertisement in this issue.

—Mr. E. L. Weiss's window has been the centre of attraction for some days past, a novel and ingenious little clock being on exhibition. See it.

—Considerable interest has been evinced by many of our villagers during the past week, as to the result of the election for the Presidency of the United States.

—Advertise in the REVIEW and let people know that you are alive and up to the times. There are hundreds waiting for an invitation to your establishments in this modern business way.

—A public meeting will be held in the Lecture room of the Methodist Church tomorrow, (Friday,) evening, at 8 o'clock, to organize a local committee for the village in connection with the Scott Act.

—Some friend has kindly sent the REVIEW a copy of the Minneapolis-Chicago, *Canadian-American*, a journal apparently devoted to the interests of Canadians in that part of Uncle Sam's dominions. Thanks.

—The stores commenced closing sharp at 7 o'clock on Monday evening. We noticed a number of parties wandering around after that hour trying to get in, but they were unsuccessful. If they read THE REVIEW they would have known better. Moral!

—The scarcity of money in this village is unprecedented. Everyone owing is endeavoring to "stand off" his accounts as long as possible. Unless this state of affairs can be remedied soon there will be an increase of work for the ensuing division courts.

—Any person dropping into M. Maybee's furniture show rooms, in this village, will be surprised at the elegant variety of his stock of furniture, picture frames, fancy goods, etc., on exhibition. It is equal to many city establishment and "the boss" assured our reporter that he could and would sell just as cheap as any one.

—We received a call this week from Mrs. James Thompson, of Teeswater, who with her husband and family removed from Madoc about two years ago to the above place. Mrs Thompson came down to attend the funeral of the late James Marrin last week. They are much pleased with the part of the country in which they now reside.

**Large Funeral.**

The funeral of the late James Marrin, which took place on Thursday last, was the largest that has passed through this village for some time, upwards of fifty rigs being in procession. It will be remembered that the wife of the deceased died only a year or so ago, and a large family are now left orphans, but well provided for.

**Sale of Land.**

Mr. S. Wiggins has lately purchased from his brother, Thos. Wiggins, lot 15, 7th concession of Elzivir, for the sum of $3 000.

Mr. Sylvester Fox has sold lot 21, 5th concession, of Madoc to his brother Mr. William Fox, and has removed to the township of Murray, in the adjoining county, where he has bought another farm.

**A fine Stock.**

It is hardly necessary to call the attention of our readers to Mr. E. L. Weiss's new advertisement in this issue, as the enlarged space occupied this week cannot fail to attract the notice of all. Mr. Weiss has now on exhibition the finest stock of clocks and watches we or any body else have ever seen in Madoc. Those who wish to see the latest novelties and most handsome designs in the market should give him a call.

**Legal.**

The following case was tried at the recent Assizes at Belleville:—Pound vs. C. O. R.—This was an action to recover value of 25,000 railway ties cut by plff. for defts. under a contract. Timber was furnished by Coe. plff. had to cut and deliver. Defence—Plff did not fulfil his contract, and was over paid for what he did. Dickson Q.C. for Plff., Delany solicitor, Burdett and Allison counsel for deft. Verdict—for plff. for $206.73.


☞ Our stock of Carpets and Floor Oil Cloths is now complete. John Dale & Son.

*Holloway's Pills.*—Liver Complaints and Disorders of the Bowels.—It is impossible to exaggerate the extraordinary virtue of this medicine in the treatment of all affections of the liver or irregularities of the bowels. In cases of depraved or superabundant bile these Pills, taken freely, have never been known to fail. In bowel complaints they are equally efficacious, though they should be taken rather more sparingly, for every medicine in the form of an aperient requires caution when the bowels are disordered, although at the same time a gentler or more genial aperient than these Pills in moderate doses has never yet been discovered. If taken according to the printed instructions, they not only cure the complaint, but improve the whole system.


**MADOC MARKETS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Flour, $4 50 | to 5 00 |
| Fall Wheat, $0 70 | to 0 75 |
| Spring Wheat, $0 00 | to 0 00 |
| Oats, 30 cents | to 35 cents |
| Rye, 50 " | to 00 " |
| Barley, 40 cents | to 45 cents |
| Peas, 55 cents | to 60 cents |
| Potatoes per bag, 40 cents | to 50 cents |
| Butter per pound, 18 cents | |
| Eggs per dozen, 12 cents | |
| Turkeys, 8 cents | |
| Lard, 10 " | |
| Calfskins, 35 cents | to 45 cents |
| Sheepskins, 35 cents | to 45 cents |
| Wool, 16 to 17 cents | |
| Hay, per ton, $ 00 | to $12 00 |
| Hides, per cwt., $5 00 | to $7 00 |
| Cheese, 10c | to 12c |


## New Dress Goods and Mantle Cloths.

Our stock in this department is now complete, and we offer what we consider the

HANDSOMEST,
MOST STYLISH, AND
CHEAPEST GOODS,

Ever ofiered to the people of Madoc and vicinity.

A look through will convince you we are selling these Goods at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Call Early and get a Good Choice, as they are going off rapidly.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

## REMOVED! REMOVED!

## John Robertson,

Has removed his Dry Goods Store to

*G. A. ROLLINS' OLD STAND,*

West side of Durham Street, one door north of REVIEW building, where he has opened out a complete stock of new and fresh goods in all departments, which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES, FOR CASH.

Hoping to meet all my old customers, and new ones who will find it to their interest to inspect my stock, in my new premises, and thanking all for their patronage in the past.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

1862. **WHITE'S** 1884.

## AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

## Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.

We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE.

Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

# GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

## D. C. CLARKE,

# A NAMELESS ROMANCE.

I have a leisure hour to spend now and then, and I spend it in rambling round the the city where I dwell. Perhaps some of you may think this a poor enjoyment, but it does not seem so to me. True, were I young and rich, I might seek my pleasures farther afield—on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, or in the gay gardens of France. I might hark more in the smile of gentle dames, forgetting my loneliness, as one forgets in the sunshine that only a moment before the sky hung black with clouds. But I am neither young nor rich; and even if I were, it seems to me that no place in the world could ever be so dear as those lanes and meadows I love so well.

Nay, I do call dear, and chilly sometimes, at night when the fog gets low, wreathing in great coils even on the summer days, and shivering often when the zephyrs fan my face. But I am kept young by my love for nature; I woo her as amorously as ever maid was wooed by swain, and she is not afraid to press her rosy lips to mine, yellow and withered as they are, and to twine her lovely arms round my neck. I love her for her hopefulness, for her inexhaustible store of youth. Everywhere with love she rebukes poor mortals for sitting down sad with folded hands, and with a glad voice bids them be up and doing. She is irrepressible. You may crush her down with stern hand and plaster over every vestige of her beauty, and then say to yourself, in pride of heart, 'I have made a city, a place for commerce and traffic, and pleasure and sorrow;' and, yet, turn your back for an instant, lo! a little blade of grass comes up between the stones of the causeway and laughs in your very face. We may build our houses up story upon story, with the dingy attic at the top, for women's hearts to break in, and the squalid court beneath in which little children may get their first taint of sin; but a gleam of sunshine will day after day work its way down to the very centre of the filth and squalidness, and by-and-by will bud and bloom in some poor man's window, blushing back with pleasure into the face of its kindly keeper.

Then think how charitable she is, how slow to return an insult, how cheerfully she bears an affront. I often think—though, of course, it is but the vagary of an old dream—that those who build up masses of brick and mortar would be well regaled if nature left a sterile belt round their work, a belt gray and cold as their own walls. But no! she takes no such revenge as this. Long before the city smoke has mingled with the clouds, or the hum of city life died away, we come on patches of green, smiling us a welcome; on trees, too, sprouting forth in beauty, or draped with leaves and flowers nodding to us in a grave and stately way, as if to show that they at least bear no grudge, and are prepared to be friendly in spite of all rebuffs. Ruminating thus, many a lesson have I learned on charity and forgiveness.

Nor are my rambles unromantic, though the scenes are no longer strange. Every house and farm has become familiar to me. I have seen a generation or two of cowboys develop into ploughmen, wed themselves to rosy dairymaids, and go their ways. I have beguiled idle hours in weaving webs of fancy round their married lives, listening for the merry laughter of children in their cottages, and watching for the glad light of love on many a mother's face. And as with men and women so with things. The old castle with its turreted walls and secret passages has furnished me much food for thought. I have recalled in fancy the noble men and fair women who used to tread its halls, their courtly, gallant ways, their feasts and tournaments: and as I stand in the chambers, girt with gray stone and canopied by heaven, I can see the coats of mail still on the walls, and hear through the mist of years the voice of some gay warrior recounting his triumphs in the field. And many a story, too, have I heard from the rustic people about the whole gray house which stands in the hollow among the trees. You see, I am old enough to pat the comely maidens on the shoulder without exciting the ire of their brawny lovers, and to chat, too, with impunity to the buxom matrons in the cottages while their husbands sit smoking by the fireside. And thus it was that I heard the story of the Old House in the Hollow. I had often wondered if it did not contain a secret, so silent was it, so forbidding in aspect, with its old porch black with age, and its windows stained and weather beaten. It looked so grim, that I used to think it, too, must have witnessed deeds of blood, and taken the best way to avoid detection by standing for evermore in gloomy silence. It stood among thick foliage, so thick, that even on a summer day but a stray sunbeam or two rested on its blackened walls, wavering and timorous, as if scared at their bravery in venturing so far. The carriage road from the gate to the door had faded out of sight, and there was nothing around but grass heavy and dark-coloured, with the weeds that grew among it. The woman in the cottage not far off was glad enough to give me the key of the rusty iron gate which admitted to the grounds, and there I used to wander more from curiosity than pleasure. But I always felt morbid under the old trees; and the grass, too, was thick and rank, that it was like walking over deserted graves.

In that old garden, said the villagers, a lady in a white mantle used to walk among the trees, and look with yearning glance towards the windows of the old house. There I have waited for her, but she never came; for, through habit, I have fallen into believing the stories I hear. Perhaps the sunshine frightened her away; perhaps, from long living in the shades, her eyes had grown too weak to bear the light; perhaps she cared not that strangers should share her grief, and wished to mourn there alone with the darkness for her friend and the winds sighing comfort to her among the trees. Whatever the reason was, I never met her face to face in that gloomy hollow. Yet, although she was so fair and young, the older villagers could not tell her tale without a shudder; and though the lads and lasses laughed aloud, yet it was a wavering uncertain laugh, which died on their lips, and left a silence all the more profound.

Forty years had passed since the oaken door creaked on its hinges to admit the master and his fair young bride; and a year later, it had closed on her as they bore her away to sleep in the churchyard, to the grave that had proved too small for her wandering restless spirit. On that day, cold, and with a drizzling, chilling rain, the small cortege passed through the gate, a man talking behind, with head bent and eyes cast on the ground, his face calm, but chill and gray as the sky. And if the curious one had turned his eyes on the house he would have seen, at an upper window, a woman's figure, clad in mourning, with head bent, intently watching the pall bearers as they wound along the muddy road. Had the curious one cared to look closer, he might have seen the gleam of triumph in her eyes—dark, flashing, coal-black eyes—as she watched the tall bent figure walk behind with such a weary, listless step. But soon a turn in the road hid the company from view, and the window was empty again.

One year had suffised to darken the brightness of that fair young life. Did it ever strike you, reader, that some men and women seem to have had a sunlight bath before entering this world, so destined are they to make everything around them pure and good; while others, wafted from the shadow of death? Into this baleful darkness had the young bride fallen, and in it her spirit had been quenched. She loved her husband truly, that tall, bronzed man, who had come from the Indies to woo her in the sunny lanes of her own England. Right glad too, had she been to become mistress of his old home. For months, no spot had come on their home picture. He was happy in his treasure; she, too, in her simple life in the village, where, from her kindness, she already was receiving the homage due to a queen. But one day, when the snow was on the ground and the flowers were dead, a woman came to the Old House in the Hollow. She was dark, and radiantly beautiful with the beauty that blooms under western skies. She neither asked nor received leave to stay as a member of the family circle in the old house, but there was no one to oppose her action. The master was her cousin, she said; and even as she spoke, the gleam in her eyes gave her words the lie. Yet he said nothing, for suddenly he had grown silent and cold, avoiding even the wistful, questioning glances of his wife.

The shadow spread slowly over the house, up the staircase, into the nooks and corners of the rooms, laying its black hand now on this and now on that, but nowhere so strongly as on the heart of the young mistress. Her rippling laughter changed to sighs, her bright smile was replaced by downcast looks; she passed from summer to winter with no mellowing autumn days to make the change less sad. It was not that the woman who had come so strangely, sought the love of her husband, or in any other way attempted to dispel the sunshine of her life; she simply dwelt with them, nay, was friendly enough at times; but the dark dress which she wore, and the masses of dark hair which at times she would let fall about her shoulders, seemed indicative of the mortal cloud which was slowly gathering over their lives. The lily drooped day by day for want of sunlight. She became morbid, nervous, full of strange and wayward fancies. She thought the love of her husband was dead; and she took to dressing herself in her wedding garb, to try if by that strange way she might make it live again. Clad in the soft lustrous satins—in which as a happy bride she had blushed and smiled in the little English church but a few months before—she would pace her room for hours, and stand, too, longingly before the glass peering wistfully to see if aught of her, charms were gone. To this garb, too, she would walk among the old trees, and deck her bosom with the snowdrops of spring: but they seemed to wither away at her touch and hang listless and dead. Thus it was one day she was found sitting among the trees on the fresh spring grass, some faded snowdrops in her lifeless hand, her golden hair surmounting a face darkened with some mysterious presence. A pale gleam of spring sunlight had crept down and settled on her brow; but it was out of place, and timid as the sunbeams which I have seen playing on the old house itself.

Thus quietly as the gliding of a river did her spirit depart, or rather was effaced, as a cloud effaces the silver moon from view for a time. And so, they tell me, she can be seen at times in the old garden, just as, when the clouds grow faint, the wisdom shafts of light come down to assure us that their mother orb still lives.

## Where Meteors Come From.

If, about 200 years ago, a witness had stated that he had seen a witch at midnight riding through the air on a broomstick, he would have been believed; but if he had stated that he had heard a loud explosion, and found a large hole in the ground, and, upon thrusting his hand in, he had found a stone which was warm, his veracity would have been doubted. Meteors must have fallen in olden times, but it is only in latter days that these cases have been reported. Until 1749 it was the belief that meteors were visitations from God. A Danish astronomer was the first to write on the subject. Pellas found a meteor which the former examined, and recognised its true character, being a composition of iron and nickel. In 1883 a large shower fell in Normandy, which was of meteoric origin. A Hindoo claimed that a meteor followed him for two hours before it fell to the earth. The most celebrated one fell in 1492, in Alsace, and it has hung for three centuries in a cathedral. It weighed 230 pounds, and fell with the sound of a clap of thunder. It penetrated two earth strata feet. The last known meteor is one of 1874, which fell in Wolverhampton, Eng. A farmer saw a hole in the ground, and an examination showed the earth to be warm, and a meteor was finally unearthed which weighed about 700 pounds. Being polished, is resembles solid iron, and is now stored in the British Museum. In falling, meteors start from above the atmosphere, where there is little resistance, and come down with a velocity twenty times greater than that of a bullet. Coming in contact with the atmosphere great heat is generated and the meteor is broken in pieces. The most common meteors are stones, and cannot be found because they resemble stones on the earth's surface. In Siberia and South America the most are found. Where they come from has caused much discussion. One theory is that meteors originally came from the earth, and were due to stupendous volcanic eruptions of ages gone, when the meteors were thrown beyond the attraction of the earth, and sent revolving around the sun. When the earth in its orbit comes near one of there wandering meteors it attracts it, and it plunges into the earth. Any stone thrown at the rate of six miles a second would be thrown outside of its attractive power. Every one of these must in time enter the orbit of the earth and must, of course, return to it.—[Prof. Ball before a Boston audience.

With the drunkard life is reel.

## KILLING HER CHILD AND HERSELF.

### A Distracted Wife's Last Message to the Man who Had Deserted Her.

In a humble room upon the second floor of a Callowhill street, Philadelphia, boarding house, a mother and child lay down recently and died in each other's arms. Upon the head of Jessie Logan, the recreant husband and father rests the moral responsibility for the double tragedy. When Mrs. Theodore Seifert, the mistress of the boarding house, arose in the morning and went about her duties, she wondered why her lodgers in the back room slept so late. She did not go to their room until nearly noon. Then she knocked violently and called, but the room was quiet. She put her face to the keyhole. It was stopped with a wad of paper, but she detected the odor of escaping gas.

The door was forced open. The body of Annie Logan was in the bed. She had undressed for the night. Her careworn face was almost as peaceful as though she slept. One arm was outstretched upon the pillow and the other clasped in a tight embrace the body of her baby boy, Howard. The bedroom was scrupulously neat. The clothing of mother and child had been carefully packed away in a trunk, together with some little trinkets. Only a few articles of the child's clothing were in sight. These had been carefully used to seal cracks about the door and window frames. Under the door was tightly wedged a piece of carpet. The gas jet was turned on.

A cup on the washstand was partly filled with laudanum, and a teaspoon redolent with tincture of opium lay upon the floor where Annie Logan had thrown it after giving her child a fatal dose and draining the dregs herself. The forsaken wife had also twisted and knotted a towel about her throat to hasten the work of suffocation. On the bureau were a few rumpled and tear-stained leaves hastily torn from a memorandum book. They contained the story of the woman's shattered life, or as much of the story as the heart-broken wife chose to make public on the night of her death. The first note, hastily written with a pencil, was found beside it, was addressed to her landlady. It read:

MRS. SEIFERT: You will let my brothers know it as soon as possible. The eldest, Jerome Fegley, lives at 2 418 Reece street, between Fifth and Sixth streets. Thomas Fegley, 2 816 Poplar street, is fireman at Twenty-third and Race streets, with North & Brother.

In the other message, written closely upon five pages, the trembling hand had confessed the motives that had prompted to murder and suicide. The letter was addressed to her family. It read:

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS: My dear husband has forsaken me and his dear little boy that thought there was no one like his papa, and was looking for him every day. I hope he will often think of the best friend he has had for the last six years. I gave up all for him, and I will die for him. I hope he will forgive me for what I have done, and I hope we will soon meet each other in the other world, for I forgive him and still love him, and hope our little boy will. Howard will be three years old the 8th day of next March. Please bury him in my arms. Dear brothers, forgive me. Take care of my trunk and bury me wherever you wish to. Good-bye to all and every one and to our dear papa. To him Howard said the last word.

I have lived as long as I could bear it, for these two weeks I have lived in misery, but before that I was——

Here the writing wavered and stopped in the middle of a sheet.

Six years ago Annie Fegley lived with her parents in Pottsville. Here she first met Jesse Logan, a man considerably her senior. They were married. She was then 24 years old. They came to Philadelphia, where Mrs. Logan's little fortune was soon spent. Then the husband began to neglect her, and finally he left them apparently forever. On the following day Mrs. Logan received a postal card. The husband's brief message was this:

Will not be home again. Kiss Howard for me.

## A Sunday Scene in Texas.

A party of hunters returning from a trip on the plains captured, eleven miles from Colorado City, Texas, a huge black bear, weighing, in his half-famished condition, about 300 pounds. For days he would neither eat nor sleep, and kept the curious at respectful distance, as he paced uneasily to and fro the length of his chain, rolling his blood-shot eyes and giving vent to his rage and fear in snarling, menacing growls. On Sunday morning as the church bells were calling the children from all directions to Sabbath School, brain waxed desperate, and, with a powerful tug, snapped the chain that held him, and was off on a clumsy gallop through town. A great hue and cry was raised, and pursuit made. Brain, thus hard beset, and having long fasted, made a break for a large paned window in the dining-room of the Reindrebrook Hotel, landing with a crash in the midst of the astonished guests, who "stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once." Amid the clang and clatter brain placed himself at bay in a corner, unconsciously, but undeniably, "monarch of all he surveyed."

Brief, however, was his reign. Soon a cowboy entering the long hall, threw a lasso over his shoulders; a second and third followed, and the great angry brute was dragged into the street. Then a lively skirmish followed, causing a general stampede of the crowd, the three cowboys endeavoring to mount their plunging, bucking, frightened ponies, who evidently did not like his barbership. The feat was accomplished, however, and then came the "tug of war"—the harassed brute, fairly at bay, lunged to the right and left, while the ponies, with feet spread, bracing sturdily against the tremendous strains of the lariats wound about the saddle horns, were with their riders dragged hither and thither over the hard, smooth ground. A girth snapped, and a saddle went spinning over the horse's head, leaving the nimble rider astride the neck of the snorting equine.

But the war was unequal, and Bruin at length, utterly spent, surrendered, and sullenly allowed himself to be led off towards the Zoo in the park. Crossing the Lone Wall Creek, "Ursa Major's" spirit utterly failed him, and he laid him down in the shallow water and gave up the ghost.

The plumber may not be a musician, but he often plays on the pipes.

## The Prayer Barrel.

I first met with prayer barrels on the borders of Thibet, when traveling the narrow paths which wind along the face of majestic precipitous Himalayan crags, we met native travelers from still further north—caravans driving flocks of laden goats, women with quaint headdresses of lumps of amber and large, coarse turquoises festooned on bands of dirty cloth, and here and there a man holding in his hand a small bronze or brass cylinder which he twirled mechanically all the time he was journeying. It was some time before I succeeded in getting hold of one of these for a closer examination, as the owners are nervously afraid to trust their treasures in the hands of one who, albeit in ignorance, might irreverently turn them the wrong way, and so undo much of the merit acquired by perpetual twirling in the opposite direction. For, as we eventually discovered, not only is the sacred six-syllabled charm embossed on the metal cylinder, but the same mystic words were written over and over again on very lengthy strips of cloth or papyrus, which are bound round the spindle on which the cylinder rotates, and one end of which forms the handle. It is therefore necessary to turn this little barrel of prayers in such a direction that the characters forming the holy phrase may pass in proper order before the person turning, and as all Oriental books are read from the right side of each page to the left, the barrel is turned in the same direction. For the same reason the Thibetan walks in this direction round the great terraces and other buildings, on which the holy words are inscribed, in order that his eyes may rest on the words in due course, which can only be the case when he keeps his left hand toward the object around which he is walking. Happily this produces a doubly satisfactorily result, for in Eastern lands, as well as in our own West, it has ever been accounted lucky and meritorious to walk round sacred objects or places in the sunwise course—an act of homage to the sun which I have seen rendered in many lands. Just as our British ancestors continued thus to circumambulate their churches long after they had nominally abandoned all paganism, so throughout the world we find survivals of the old homage. —[The Contemporary Review.

## Carving Ivory and Bone.

All the curiously carved handles which are so fashionable, and the quainter that are sought after, are shaped upon a series of rapidly revolving wheels, ranging from an eighth to three inches in diameter, and which are a cross between a file and a saw upon their cutting surface. Ivory and bone are carved in precisely the same manner, the only difference in the handling of the two being that bone has to be boiled a long while to free it from animal matter before it goes to the carver, while ivory is clean and pure from the start.

When it is desired to produce any object in bone or ivory, an umbrella handle with a crouched tiger upon it for instance, the carver takes a piece of the material of suitable size, and presses it upon one of the wheels described above. At the point of contact it cuts with amazing rapidity. Soon the shapeless block begins to assume the rough outlines of the object intended. The lathe is then stopped, which requires but an instant and another, probably a smaller wheel, is substituted. In this way a dozen wheels may be used before the final finish is given with a delicate file, a little larger than a pin's head, but when the work leaves the deft fingers, of the skilful worker a perfect miniature of the royal monarch of the jungle is seen. The only remaining thing to be done is polishing, which is accomplished by means of canvas belts with pumice upon them; and finally, by canton flannel belts or wheels.

Many people suppose that billiard balls are turned by means of some exquisitely adjusted machinery in order to secure their spherical perfection. The exquisite machinery is the eye and hand of the artisan. The writer saw a gray-haired workman turn several billiard balls, and the only tool he used was an ordinary turner's chisel. His eye was his gauge.

## The Drunkard's Toughness.

In his 'Scrambles Among the High Alps' Leslie Stephen tells the story of a guide who while drunk fell over a precipice deep that a fall over it seemed almost certain death, and yet sustained little injury. Stephen accordingly gives his readers the advice either not to fall over a precipice or to get thoroughly drunk before doing so. I myself once saw a man who had thrown himself while drunk over the Dean bridge, in Edinburgh, a height of about 200 feet, on to the rocky bed of the stream below. A sober man would probable have been instantly killed, but this individual though he had broken both of his thigh bones, quickly recovered. The reason of this immunity probably is that the nerve centres, which regulate the heart and vessels, are so much paralized in the drunken man as not to be affected by the fall, which in a sober man would have acted on them so violently as to stop the heart, arrest circulation and cause instant death.

## The Pie-Eater and the Lunchman.

The other day a newspaper man, en route from Columbus to his home in Cincinnati in search of a clean shirt, might have been seen munching a piece of pie at the lunch counter of the depot at Xenia. The pie-eater observed to the lunchman:

"I notice that this piece of pie is below the regulation size."

"Well, I was the reply, "the facts is, I am a little short on pies this morning, and I had to make a draft on the transfer pies. The truth of the matter is, I sell a piece of pie to a railroad employe or transfer hand for 5 cents and I charge passengers 10 cents. I cut a passenger pie into three pieces and get thereby 30 cents for a pie. The transfer pies are cut into four pieces, and I get 20 cents for the pie from the transfer hands. You just ate a piece of transfer pie. Ten cents, please."

"If a passenger happens to get served with a hunk of transfer pie he has to pay regular passenger rates, eh?"

"Correct again."

"Suppose the transfer pies should run out and the passenger pies had to be served to the railroad employes, what rate would they pay?"

"There goes your train, sir."

There is a great deal of flash literature coming over the wires nowadays, yet no one attemps to suppress it.

## RUSSIA'S GREAT CORN PORT.

### A Commercial Start and Growth—Near and its Characteristic Features.

There are some towns, as there are some faces, upon which the lapse of years seem to leave no trace, and the great corn port of Russia is one of them. Its bombardment by the combined fleets of France and England in 1854 might almost be considered a blessing in disguise, as tending to break, if even only for a time, its deadly uniformity, but even setting it on fire did it no permanent good. The streets are just as straight; the butter-colored houses just as yellow, the dust clouds just as stifling, the surroundings just as outrageously modern as when I was last here in 1873. One change, indeed is apparent, viz: That the names of the principal streets, formerly written in Russian and Italian, now appear in Russian alone. But in all other points Odessa is Odessa still, The statues "after the antique" are so long after it that it has forgotten all about them. The gaunt, scraggy church towers look like overgrown coffee pots, and all the larger buildings are so exactly alike that I am in hourly expectation of seeing a newly-arrived tourist swagger into the town hall or the public library, instead of his hotel, shouting to the astounded custodian to "trot out the bill of fare."

But this universal unprogressiveness is merely the natural and inevitable result of the peculiar temperament which characterizes the Slavonian race. Paradoxical as the assertion may appear, there is not enough discontent in Russia. There is, indeed, misery enough and far too much; but, instead of being thereby goaded into advancing, the sole idea of the suffering masses is to endure doggedly until the evil day is passed, and then to jog on in the old ruts after the old fashion. The Finn still inhabits the same log hut, wears the same shoes of twisted bark, feeds upon the same dried bread and fish mixed with sawdust, which served his forefathers in the days of Peter the Great. The Russian peasant, in an age of railways and telegraphs, is still the same careless, hospitable, shlevish, drunken, good humored savage that he was two centuries ago. The Tartars of the Crimea, burrowing like rabbits amid the ruins of Chersonesus or in the caverns of the Inkerman valley, will tell you, as they told Mr. Kinglake, in October 1854, that they were content because they lived happily under the sway for three generations. It is not from such material as this that great nations are wrought. The sheep-skin frocked philosopher of the steppes, a conservative by nature and a fatalist by creed, accepts without a murmur the coarse fare and log-built hovel which served his ancestors in the middle ages, content to remain as his father was before him, and as his son will be after him. To offer civilisation to such a race is like reading poetry to an oyster.

But however morally backward she may be, the great empire has visibly advanced in a matter of some account the day when I saw all Moscow mourning for "the good czar's" four years ago. If railways are indeed, as the well-known saying declares, the "true civilisers of mankind," she has constructed enough of them lately. Apart from the famous military railroad from the eastern shore of the Caspian eastward across the Khiva desert—which has just received a fresh extension whereof I shall have more to say before long, the whole southeast of European Russia is now being opened up in all directions. The prolongation of the Poti-Tiflis railroad to Baku and the new petroleum fields has at last connected the Black Sea with the isolated Caspian. Along the northern slops of the Caucasus, another line, running southeastward from the point where the Don pours into the sea of Azof, is already open as far as Vladikavkas, at the foot of the great central ridge, and working its way slowly among the mighty precipices of the Dariel Pass and Mount Kasbek to join the trans Caucasian track at Tiflis, and link the border provinces with the interior of Russia. From the Ponti Tiflis line a branch has been run out to Russia's new port, Batoum, ceded by Turkey in 1878 and a "Caspian coast railroad" is now being projected, which is to run southwards into Persia along the western shore of the great lake, although Persia herself seems in no special hurry to accept the benefit.

It is an unspeakable relief to find one's self once more, after so many days among the unintelligible dialects of Hungary, Transylvania and Roumania, in a country where one can understand every word that is said. When I first heard Russian spoken a few days ago at the frontier station of Umghent, it was like the first glimpse of the minarets of Bagdad to a traveller on the plains of Mesopotamia. But to any one who does not understand it, the grand old Slavonian tongue must have a somewhat startling sound. The Russian word for "Thank you" is pronounced exactly like "Blackguard are you," while the phrase for "Pass me the salt"—viz: "Dai myne sol," is, as any one will see who pronounces it quickly, suggestive of a very unorthodox remark indeed. The formidable length of some of the words, too, reminds one of the king of Kamboja's title, which required three men and a boy to recite it.

All that I have said regarding the unprogressiveness of Odessa might as justly be retorted by Odessa upon us, for just as present our progress has come to a standstill altogether. My draft upon the Odessa bank, for some mysterious reason quite beyond the comprehension of any benighted gentile who has not graduated upon the stock exchange, cannot be cashed without some further commercial hocus-pocus, which I have just telegraphed to St. Petersburg to obtain. Meanwhile we were stranded here, with the satisfaction of seeing the steamer that should have carried us to Sebastopol going quietly off without us. Nor is this all. Our total wealth is the currency of the realm being exactly 25 Russian kopecks, (about 15 cents,) we may well feel like embodied frauds in one of the best hotels in Odessa. Every dish that I order makes me feel as if I had picked some one's pocket, and the mere presence of a waiter acts upon my nerves very much as that of a detective might act upon those of a suspected burglar or murderer.

M. Edouard Detaille, the well-known French painter, who has been studying the most characteristic types of the Russian soldier at the recent manoeuvres at Krasnoe-Selot, found himself exceptionally favored by the Commander-in-Chief. He was lodged in the palace, and every facility given him to master his subject. He has returned to France with a great number of designs and sketches to be worked up into a great battle piece hereafter.

## INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

**A Charge that Almost Startled the World Thirty Years Ago.**

It was thirty years ago, on the 25th of October, that the Earl of Cardigan's light brigade made the famous charge at Balaklava, near Sebastopol. A gentleman, who was on the staff of an English General, and who witnessed the charge, gives this description of it:

"On Oct. 25, 1854, our eyes turned to the heights of Balaklava, on the possession of which depended the very existence of the allied forces. On that day the Russians made a desperate attack on our lines, to be as desperately repulsed. Word was sent to headquarters that the enemy, under cover of a heavy fire from the forts, had left Sebastopol in force and was massing himself so as to threaten the safety of the heights. I was at once sent with an order for the cavalry and horse artillery to move and be ready to assume the offensive. They had not to wait long. The Turkish lines were

SWEPT AS BY A WHIRLWIND,

and with our Mohammedan allies the word was *sauve qui peut*. The heavy cavalry on the right and the light brigade on the left were advanced, with the artillery in the centre playing a game at long bowls. Meanwhile a Russian battery was ostentatiously moved forward, whose well-served guns promised to be emberrassing.

"Lord Raglan, who did not know the full strength of the foe, saw that this obstacle must be removed; but whether or not he also foresaw the necessity of first looking before the leap was taken must be forever a mystery. The commanders of the cavalry brigades, Lords Lucan and Cardigan, brothers-in-law, between whom no love was lost, were waiting the word to engage, Lord Lucan being the senior officer. To them aped Capt. Nolan, a dashing hussar Saluting the General, he said he bore an order —unwritten—from Lord Raglan that the battery must be silenced and the guns captured. Lord Lucan, a man so cautious as to have earned the nickname 'Lord Look-on,' fearing to expose his small force to any ambushed dangers, asked for more definite orders. With a slightly contemptuous turn of his handsome lip, the aide-de-camp pointed in the direction of the battery and said:

"'You see your enemy, my lord.'

"Even the Earl of Cardigan, impetuous as he was, generally speaking, looked at his commander in doubt as to the words. But, owing to the unhappy enmity existing between them,

NEITHER WOULD SPEAK HIS THOUGHTS,

and once more Nolan, impatiently waving his sword, which he had fiercely drawn from its scabbard, and pointing it to the artillery, cried: 'Take the guns; these are your orders!'

"The crisis has arrived. No recourse is left but to do as he bids. A cold nod of assent from Lord Lucan. A profound bow from Lord Cardigan. 'Light Division, forward charge!' breaks from his lips. An echoing cheer is the reply from 607 throats, as with clang of scabbard and rattle of bridle and bit, the braying of the trumpet, and the ringing cheer of the 'Heavies,' the Fourth and Thirteenth Lights, the Eighth and Eleventh Hussars, the latter Lord Cardigan's own corps, conspicuous in their cherry-colored trousers, and the Seventeenth Lancers, with ranks closed up and squadrons dressed as evenly as if at a march past, trot forward down the slight declivity. At their head ride the gallant Nolan and the dauntless Cardigan—even at this supreme moment with a reckless laugh upon his face, as he argues some point of war with his brother hussar.

"The unmasked batteries are already belching forth shot and shell. The trot breaks into a gallop, the gallop into

A FURIOUS, HEADLONG CHARGE.

Already Nolan has fallen, cut down by grape shot, the secret of the fatal day dying with him. The serried ranks show frequent gaps as saddle after saddle is emptied. 'Close up! Close up! Charge!' is the unceasing cry, and in a shorter time than it takes to tell the opening ranks of the foe disclosed to the doomed, but indomitable few, cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them—and now cannon behind them. On through the broken Russian line pressed the noble army of martyrs, their crest flamme, their brave leader's flashing sabre, their support.

"With a wild cheer and a wilder leap, the cherry-clad heroes fly over the guns as lightly as they would over a five-barred gate on the hunting field, sabering the gunners as they leap. A beardless boy, not yet 17, holds fast to the colors he has sworn to carry to death or victory, and falls with the cry, 'My mother will hear of this!' on his dying lips, still grasping that banner in his hand.

"Far away, clear in front, with his aide-de camp and a few choice spirits on his right hand and on his left—none ahead of him, raging like a lion, fights, as with a forlorn hope, the leader and commander of the Light Brigade. He bears a charmed life, and his brawny arm is endowed with a power of slaughter that grows mightier every moment from the meat it feeds on. Further and further he dashes on, cleaving his way with his blood-stained sword till he reaches the last of the guns.

"Here, when he sees the end is not yet, but that rank upon rank of cavalry and infantry, with heavy artillery in the rear, stretches out back to the city's utmost bastion, he recognizes how useless it will be further to tempt the fates and fight

ONE AGAINST A THOUSAND.

Coolly and calmly, as if in Hyde Park, he takes in the situation at a glance, and gives the word to the trumpeter, to sound first the 'assembly,' then the 'retreat.' A bullet crashes through the boy's hand as he raises the trumpet to his mouth, but, Stoic-like, he makes no sign. Clear rings out the summons. A dozen only answer the call. Not one, save Lord Cardigan, but is wounded more or less severely, and his clothing shows where lance or sabre or ball had ploughed their way over his uncothed flesh. Right about the little band turns, leaving the boy trumpeter dead on the ground behind them.

The enemy, paralyzed by the shock of the charge, and fancying that the whole British army supports the handful of braves, pauses in his murderous work to cheer the 108 survivors who returned slowly and sadly to the place from which they came, having, from a military standpoint, achieved nothing, yet covered with a deathless, fadeless wreath of glory. 'It was magnificent,' said General Bosquet, 'but it was not war.'"

## NEWSPAPER FABLES.

The Editor of a Country Paper one day turned on the Office Towel, which was Hanging on its Accustomed Nail, and began a Tirade of Abuse on its Appearance, terming it Dirty, Unfit, Ill-looking, and fit only to be Flung out of the Window.

"While I am compelled to plead guilty to all Charges," humbly Responded the Towel, "You must Remember that your own Hands have helped to Soil me and make me what I am."

MORAL:

Had the Country Editor wiped his Hands on his exchanges the Towel could have Indulged in no Book talk.

A DOMESTIC ROW.

One morning the Washington Hand-Press in a Printing Office suddenly flew its Frisket and called out in a loud voice:

"Hear ye! hear ye! But for me the *Banner* could not be issued each week!"

"Just hear that!" sneered a Case of Burgeois over by the Window. "Where would be the Paper but for its type?"

"And they never Printed a Paper yet without Ink," added the Roller in a Glue and Molasses voice.

"Well, I don't want to Appear Egotistical," observed a Bundle of White paper lying on the floor, "but if you knew how hard it was for the Editor to raise the Cash to buy me, you'd Imagine I was of some little Account Around here."

"Gentlemen," added the Imposing Stone in marble voice, "I don't claim to own all the corner lots in Town, but if the Chases, Shooting-Stick, Mallet, Quoins and myself were to go off on a Picnic I'd like to see the *Banner* go to press—I would!"

The Gordon Jobber, Box Stove and several of the Galleys were getting ready to chip in when the Editor entered and asked the cause of the Row. The matter was explained by the Card Cutter in a Calm and Unbiassed manner, and the Editor replied:

"Each and every one of you are valued in your Respective Places, and all combined go to help issue the Leading Newspaper of this country—Circulation (when a circus agent comes along) 6 000 copies—Wood Received in Subscription, as Heretofore."

MORAL:

And the Shears lay right there in Plain Sight and were not even mentioned.

THE FARMER AND THE EDITOR.

A Farmer who felt in his Heart that this was a cold World and that no one cared for him or his Mechanically slipped a goose Egg into his coat tail pocket and Betook himself to the village and the office of the *Gazette*, where he Produced the Egg and Swore by the Horn Spoon that it was laid by a pullet. The Astonished and Delighted Editor sent out for a Bed-cord to Measure the Length and Diameter of the Egg presented the Farmer with a Year's Subscription, and took Voluminous Notes with a Pencil. The next issue of *Gazette* contained a full and Thrilling Description of the Egg and the Pullet, and wound up by saying that Farmer Johnson was Honest, Upright, Enterprising and Progressive, and that he had the Loveliest Family, the best Farm and the Fattest Live Stock of any Agriculturist in the State. All of which so Tickled the Farmer that he carried a Grin until the Weather Wore the Enamel off his front teeth, and he had no Trouble in Marrying of his Daughters, Selling off his Old Hay, and getting Elected as Supervisor.

MORAL:

If you can't get hold of a Goose Egg, a Pumpkin, Squash or a Peck of Turnips will Answer just as well.

## Six Hours Without a Memory.

The brain plays odd tricks with us at times, especially when it has been subjected to a sudden shock; and scientific men who think that its various convolutions are the seats of various faculties of the mind derive some confirmation of their theory from the fact that the power of memory may fail in part without any failure of intelligence, and may fail in part without being altogether impaired. A notable instance of this last mentioned peculiarity occurred about a dozen years ago. A lad in the country was accused of throwing another into a pond, and he was put on his trial before a bench of magistrates. His elder brother who bore a high character in the village both for conduct and for mental shrewdness, had seen the previous struggle between the lads, and he was called to give evidence. He declared his belief that the fight was perfectly fair throughout, and that the immersion in the pond was an accident. Questioned as to what took place afterward, he could not speak to a single circumstance. "Did the prisoner attempt to rescue the deceased?" the Chairman asked him. He could not say. "The bench understand that you leaped into the water and recovered the body." "They tell me so," he said, "but I have no recollection of it." "The constable has told us that you dived twice, brought out the body, and carried it to the parents' house." "I have not the slightest remembrance. I only know that I was at home in bed at 8 o'clock" —six hours later—"and the last thing I could remember was seeing poor Smith fall over the edge." There could be no doubt that the witness was speaking the truth; and he could have had no object in doing otherwise. The shock which he had received on seeing the fatal result of his brother's quarrel had paralysed his brain; the memory was interrupted by those few hours, though in all other respects he acted like a man in the full possession of his senses.—[Boston Traveller.

## Age Cannot Wither.

Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt he stumbled on a mummy which proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years old. In examining it after it was unwrapped he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long vegetable life could last, and took the root from the mummy's hand and planted it in a sunny soil, allowing the rains and dews of Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks the root burst forth and bloomed into a most beautiful dahlia. The story is said to be well verified.

## An Extraordinary French Murder Case.

Paris is at present stirred to its depths by the revelations made respecting the career of Pel, the poisoner of Montreuil. Pel is now at Mazas, on a charge of having made away with his servant, a woman named Marie Boehmer. He is also charged with having poisoned his first wife. M. Kuehn, the chief of the investigation department, is busily engaged at Montreuil in following up any clues which may bring the murder of the servant home to the accused. Two boxes which belonged to the missing woman were found to contain a napkin, which bore the imprint of a blood-stained knife. A large dinner knife has come to light, supposed to be the instrument with which Pel cut the flesh off the bones of his victim before burning it by some of the chemical processes in which he is an adept. It is thought that the victim's remains were placed in the closet, as Pel had been observed to make frequent visits there on three successive days in July last. This is somewhat borne out by the fact that when the cesspools were drained to day portions of human intestines were found.

Pel is a clockmaker by trade, and was married in 1880 to a young woman named Befferean, employed in a shop near the Champs Elysees. Two months after the marriage Pel's wife died in intense agony. She was hastily buried in the Montmartre Cemetery, but her remains are about to be exhumed by order of the Procureur of the Republic.

A year afterward Pel married a Mlle. de Murat, who is still alive. Pel denied that he had been married to his first wife, but M. Kuehn confronted him with his brother-in-law, and he then admitted the marriage.

M. Kuehn has made a minute examination with a microscope of Pel's house at Montreuil, and in the interstices of the floor has found living organisms such as exist only in putrefying blood. When Pel arrived in Montreuil from Nanterre, where he ran away from his second wife and his creditors in July last, he was accompanied by the servant Marie Boehmer, who, it is said, was formerly a lay sister in a convent and afterward a milkseller in the Rue St. Denis She entrusted a large share of her savings to the care of Pel, and about three months ago suddenly disappeared.

Pel, in answer to various inquiries, said he had sent her to the hospital. The neighbors, however, assert that one night, about the time of Boehmer's disappearance, a great fire was visible in Pel's house, and that the air around was infected by an offensive odor. In an adjacent sewer some human hair has lately been discovered, and it is in this direction, as well as in the closet, that Kuehn made his principal investigations today. Pel will probably be brought face to face with his second wife to-morrow.

It is not long since the mother of the alleged poisoner was killed by an electric battery made by her son. Pel is in a very despondent condition at Mazas, and has not partaken of much food during the past two days. A *mottom* or associate has been placed with him, as it was feared that he was about to commit suicide, and possibly the accused clockmaker may make some statement to this person.—[London Telegraph.

## Effect of Paper and Ink on Eyesight.

The colors of paper and ink, says a writer in the *Scientific Monthly*, are far more responsible for defective eyesight than cross-lights from opposite windows, light shining directly in the face, insufficient light, or small type. If these were removed the principal cause of the mischief would still remain, the real root of the evil being the universally used black ink and white paper. These, says the writer in question, are ruining the eyesight of the reading nations. He argues that the rays of the sun are reflected by a white body, and absorbed by a black one, and that we print our newspapers and books in direct opposition to the plainest correct principles of optical science. A book or newspaper as now printed being read by us, the eyes do not see the letters, which, being black, are non-reflective the outlines of the impressions of the type reach the retina, but they are not received by the spontaneous, direct action of that organ. The white surface of the paper is reflected, but the letters are detected only by a descriminative effort of the optic nerves. This constant labor irritates the nerves, and, when long continued, exhausts their susceptibility. As proofs, the writer cites the well-known fact that the human eye cannot long sustain the glare of a white surface without injury. The sunlight reflected from fields of snow; unrelieved by the colors of other objects, or from the white sands of the desert, is, the world over, productive of ophthalmia.

In accordance with this argument; if colored paper were substituted for white the eyes of all reading people would at once be relieved of a blinding strain—a continuous effort bound to result in permanent weakening of the eyes. Nature and science, says the writer above quoted, tell us that the color of all printing paper should be green. Green grass covers the ground, green leaves are on the trees and green is the color most grateful to the eye.

Green newspapers would be a novelty, but in time we should grow accustomed to tint; green school books would please the children; but green grounds would sadly mar the high art engravings for which a number of American magazines have become noted. And, if our scientific friend is correct in his conclusions, green paper would sadly cripple the trade in eye-glasses and spectacles.

## Dispensing with Bridesmaids.

There has been a great deal of talk lately among the fashionables as to whether it is the correct thing for a bride to be attended to the altar by a string of fair bridesmaids, and also if the uncompromising black coat of the usher should be longer permitted to obstruct the view. There certainly has been a tendency displayed in recent marriages in Philadelphia to dispense with bridesmaids, and several reasons have been given by the brides. A pertinent one is that it is such an expense to a girl to find a handsome dress, which, as a rule, can only be worn on one occasion—at the wedding. A bridesmaid's frock is seldom of any use as a ball dress, and anybody who has noticed the picturesque group of maidens who follow after the ushers would hardly care to see young ladies attired in that fashion on the streets.—[Philadelphia Press.


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THE BANK OF TORONTO—DIVIDEND NO. 57. Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the paid-up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank, and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. D. COULSON, Cashier. Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 29th October, 1884.

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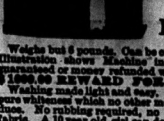

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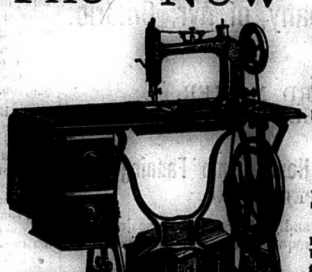

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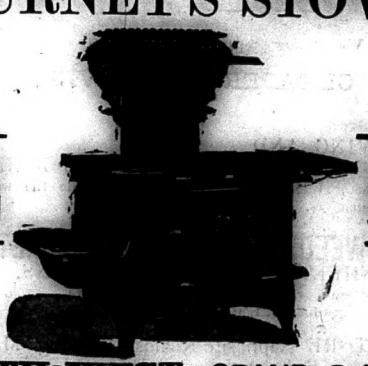

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## DISTRICT DOINGS.

**Compiled and Boiled Down from our Exchanges.**

Barley is moving more briskly at Belleville.

Brighton is rejoicing over an Early Rose potato weighing three pounds five ounces.

Belleville is to interview Mr. Hickson for respectable railway accommodation at that city.

For their labor in the woods this coming winter, shantymen are to be paid $14 and $16 per month.

Trenton like many more towns is annoyed every evening by bands of boys reeling along the streets using filthy and obscene language.

Manly Fairwell, a girl of 11 years started from Lot 20, 3 Con. Murray, for Wooler post office on the 29th Oct, and has not been heard of since.

James. A. Kelly, a hotel keeper in Brighton, has been arrested on the charge of sending threatening letters to supporters of the Scott Act.

Seventy-five Frenchmen from the lower Province arrived at Trenton Tuesday evening. They have been engaged for the woods by the Gilmour firm.

This week the mails from Trenton through Prince Edward, will be carried over the C. O. Ry., arrangements to that effect having been completed.

Mr. Alex. Russel, near the Court House, Coburg, this fall harvested 1000 bushels of mangolds off an acre, and 200 bushels of carrots from quarter of an acre.

Captain Gaskin, Kingston, states that he had a pile of wood that he wanted cut, and that he offered several men $1.25 per cord to do the work, but they refused the job.

Trenton wants cordwood. The sooner it is brought to market the better the price, as it will not only be abundant this winter but consequently lower in price than it has been for some years.

John Lake, of Napanee, was fined $40 for profanation of the Lord's day, and J. J. Watson, J. P. of Adolphustown has fined a large number of Belleville sports for fishing and shooting on Sunday.

The animals on the cattle train going east from Belleville on Saturday were found to be in such a tangled condition upon their arrival there that the train was delayed several hours while they were being extricated.

Montreal proposes to hold a world's fair in 1886. We commend their pluck. It will cost a million dollars, but what is that to the amount of money that will be received, not to mention the notoriety that will be given to our young Dominion.

A gentleman who did a mercantile business at Stirling thirty years ago says it is a fact that a bushel of wheat will buy more of either dry goods or groceries now than at any time during that thirty years, not excepting the time when grain was $1.50 per bushel.

The four young men, Wm. Caton, Alex Armour, Narcisse Faucher and Philip Hearn, who were recently arrested charged with committing an outrageous assault on a woman near Campbellford, were brought before Mr. Justice Galt at Cobourg on Saturday, and sentenced to serve ten years in the Penitentiary each.

On Wednesday Mr. Henry Janes, of Richmond, who was driving near Napanee, was seen to be in flames. A gentleman who saw him hastened to his assistance, and found that Janes was almost unconscious from intoxication. The flame was extinguished and medical aid summoned, when Janes' burns were pronounced serious and his condition most critical.

The Belleville *Intelligencer* says:—The timber and material which was taken out for the building of the elevator here for the "Midland Elevator and Forwarding Co." is being loaded upon cars preparatory to being shipped to Montreal. The material is scattered along the line of the Midland at various stations, and about 60 cars will be required to take the whole to Montreal. The material in its present condition is valued at about $28,000.

The Belleville *Ontario* of Monday had the following:—"A mild sensation was created in the city to-day by the report of a spicy scene which was discovered between a married man and another man's wife in an office on Front Street. The party of the first part is a prominent member in a city church, and the lady is of course a pew holder in the same edifice. They should give lessons in osculation, but not to rude young men who look through the key hole."

The officials of the Merchants' bank, Belleville, have not touched bottom as yet in their search for monies stolen by Yarwood and Scott, but the sum will exceed $11,000. Wm. Hamilton, local manager of the bank, has been given leave of absence for an indefinate time. Whether this is intended as a notice of dismissal or not it is not known, but there is a strong feeling in the city that Mr. Hamilton ought not to be discharged on account of dishonest clerks.

The Belleville *Ontario* says: "A glib-talking young adventurer without means is buttonholeing a number of our citizens to induce them to take stock of a new newspaper venture in this city. He would have everything to gain and nothing to lose in the venture, but in the very improbable event of the scheme becoming an actual fact his dupes would have the certainly of losing everything. By referring to the books of the *Ontario* Publishing Company, you will see that they lost $11,000 the last three years they were in business."

The receipts of the Grand Trunk Railway for the week ending Nov. 1st were $368,973, against $429,270 in the corresponding period last year, showing a decrease of $60,297. During the same dates the number of passengers carried were 86,512 and 92,675 respectively. The aggregate of traffic during the past 18 weeks was $6,348,823, as compared with $6,998, 418 in the same time last year, being a falling of to the extent of $649,595. The number of passengers carried between same dates were 2,207,051 and 2,245,699, being a decrease equal to 38,648.


**Hardware**

WE HAVE

**REMOVED**

OUR ENTIRE

Hardware stock INTO OUR Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

JOHN DALE & SON.

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NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

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HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

**78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.**

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

---

**CITY**

**Art Gallery,**

FRONT ST., BELLEVILLE.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your patronage in the past, and of soliciting your custom in the future.

I have under heavy expenses refitted my Studio, and increased my facilities, and have now a

FIRST-CLASS GALLERY!

I HAVE IN IT

TOILET ROOMS for DRESSING, &c.,

and with an efficient Staff of Artists I am prepared to make

Photos superior to any heretofore made in the City

And further, it is encouraging for us to know that we are not only doing the

Most Extensive Photographic Trade in the City,

but have the patronage of most of the Leading Citizens of Belleville.

☞ Customers who intend to sit for Photos are requested, if possible, to make an appointment a day or so ahead.

**J. H. FORD,**

DEALER IN

Picture Frames, Mouldings, Brackets. Mirro , &c.

NEAR THE MARKET, FRONT STREET, BELLEVILL

# North Hastings Review.

JOHN R ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No 394. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 20, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID



W. B. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Window Blinds. MADOC, ONT.

W. B. Casement's Nails, Screws GENERAL HARDWARE Mason's Goods


## The Scott Act in Brief.

Owing to the great interest manifested throughout the county, by the determination to submit the Scott Act in Hastings, we publish below a synopsis of the Act, giving all the principal points as to the prohibiting and inforcing powers of the new law, if adopted:—

The preamble of the Scott Act, assented to by the Governor-in-Council, May 10th, 1878, recites that: Whereas it is very desirable to promote Temperance in the Dominion, and that there should be uniform legislation in all the provinces respecting the traffic in intoxicating liquors.

Therefore Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the parliament and House of Commons of Canada, enacts as follows:—

The Act can be cited as the Canada Temperance Act of 1878. The expression "intoxicating liquor" means any and every wine, and any or every combination of liquors or drinks that are intoxicating. The word "county" includes every town, township, parish and other division or municipality, except a city within the territorial limits of the county, and also a union of counties where united for municipal purposes.

PETITIONING:—One fourth of the electors in any city or county may petition the Governor General in Council to have a vote taken upon the Act in such city or county. (Secs 4 to 6.) The Governor-General in Council may then appoint a Returning Officer, fix a day for voting, and make all other needful arrangements for the polling of votes. (Secs. 7 to 23.)

In Manitoba, electoral districts shall be considered counties for purposes of the Act, until such time as the province is organized into counties. (Secs. Act of 1879.)

VOTING:—The vote shall be taken by ballot (Secs 9.) There shall be a polling place in each polling sub-division of each municipality. (Secs 13.)

Very severe penalties are provided for any corrupt practices. (Secs 54 to 70 and 81 to 94). No treating of voters is allowed (Sec. 77), and all places where liquor is sold must be kept closed the whole of the day of voting. (Sec. 80.)

All electors who are entitled to vote at the election of a member for the House of Commons, have a right to vote on the Scott Act. (Sec. 12.)

COMING INTO FORCE. If a majority of the votes polled are in favor of the Act, a proclamation will be issued, bringing it into force; but in counties where licenses are in operation, it cannot come into force before *at least* five months after the voting, nor until all licenses in force at the end of three five months have expired. (Sec. 96.) If no license are in force in a county, the Act may be brought into operation in that county after three months from the day of the vote adopting it. (Amending Act of 1884.)

REPEAL.—If the Act is adopted it cannot be repealed for at least three years, nor until the repeal has been voted upon and adopted by the electors. If the Act be rejected or repealed it cannot be again voted upon for three years. (Secs. 85 to 87.)

PROHIBITION.—From the day of the coming into force of the Act in any county or city, and as long as it remains in force, no intoxicating liquor shall be sold in any manner or under any pretext except in the cases hereinafter mentioned. (Sec. 99. 1—3

WHOLESALERS.—Persons who *are specially licensed* may sell liquor by wholesale: but only in quantities of not less than ten gallons, or in case of ale or beer, eight gallons, and only to licensed druggists, or other wholesalers or to persons whom they have good reason to believe will carry it to, and have it consumed in some place where the Scott Act is not in force. (Sec. 5&6.)

Producers of native wine made from grapes grown by themselves, may, when licensed, sell such wine to any person in quantities of not less than ten gallons, unless it be for sacramental or medicinal purposes, when they may sell as small a quantity as one gallon.

DRUGGISTS.—Licensed druggists may sell in quantities of not less than one pint. Not more than one druggist may be licensed in a township, not more than two in a town, and not more than one for every four thousand inhabitants in a city. Druggists are only allowed to sell liquor for medicinal or sacramental use, or for use in some *bona fide* art, trade, or manufacture. Liquor can only be sold for sacrament, on a certificate signed by a clergyman; for medicine, only on a certificate signed by a medical man, and for any other purpose only a certificate signed by two Justices of the Peace. The licensed druggist must file all these certificates, must keep a full record of all the sales he makes and report the same to the collector of Inland Revenue. (Sec. 99 3 & 4.)

PENALTIES.—The penalties for illegal sale are:—For the first offence a fine of no less than fifty dollars; for the second offence a fine of not less than one hundred dollars, and for the third and each subsequent offence imprisonment for not more than two months. (Sec. 100.)

The clerk or agent who sells for another person shall be held guilty as well as his employer and shall be liable to the same punishment.

All liquor and all vessels containing liquor in respect to which offences have been committed shall be forfeited.

PROCEDURE.—Full directions are given as to modes of procedure and instructions as to the powers of all persons who have authority or jurisdiction in regard to offences against the Act. (Secs. 103 109.)

ENFORCEMENT.—Any person may be a prosecutor for a violation of the Act. (Sec. 101.) The collector of Inland Revenue is required to prosecute when he has reason to believe that an offence has been committed.

N. B.—Both the McCarthy Act and the Crooks Act provide for the appointment of License Commissioners and Inspectors in places where the Scott Act is in force, and provide that it shall be the duty of these officers to see to its enforcement.

EVIDENCE.—In a prosecution it is not necessary that a witness should be able to state the kind or price of liquor unlawfully sold. It is enough to show that unlawful disposal of intoxicating liquor took place. Sec. (115.) The finding in any place of liquor, and also of appliances for sale, is *prima facie* evidence of unlawful keeping for sale, unless the contrary was proved. (Sec. 119.) The husband or wife of a person charged with an offence against the Scott Act, is a competent and compellable witness.

TAMPERING WITH WITNESSES.—Any person attempting to tamper with a witness in any prosecution under the Act shall be liable to a fine of $50. (Sec. 110.)

COMPROMISE.—Any person who is a party to an attempt to settle or compromise any offences against this Act with a view of saving the violator from prosecution or conviction shall, on conviction, be imprisoned for not more than three months. (Secs. 12 & 13.)

APPEALS.—No appeal shall be allowed against any conviction made by any Judge, Stipendiary or Police Magistrate, Sheriff, Recorder, or Parish Court Commissioner. (Sec. 111.)

### AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.


## LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST

and bring your

**Lamb and Sheepskins, Hides, Furs,**

&c., and get top prices, CASH, from your old friend,

M. SCOTT.

Thomas Scott, Agent, and auctioneer.

N. B.—There is not a dealer in the Dominion can give you more—don't forget it.

## Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to

JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

## C. G. WILSON,

**CHEMIST**

—AND—

**DRUGGIST.**

## JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT.


### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517.
Meets on the first Thursday in each month.
JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070,
Meets every first Saturday in each month.
D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094,
Meets on the first Saturday in each month.
DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624,
Meets every Friday on or before full moon.
ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437,
Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon.
F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285.
Meets on the first Monday in each month.
J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253.
Meets every Monday on or before full moon.
S. C. BANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P.O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389,
Meets every first Monday in each month.
T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4
J. F. MORRILL, D. M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.

**MADOC LODGE,** No 179, I.O.O.F.

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.

Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*


GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month; Rooms in the "Madoc House."

## Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granary. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to

W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

## L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

**SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.**

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

## LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand

SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,

at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

## MONEY TO LOAN.

**The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,**

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,

Apply to

A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 1884. 374

### BUSINESS CARDS.

## JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

**O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,**

MADOC.

## Banking House!

—OF—

**E. D. O'FLYNN,**

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

**DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD**

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

## Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W ½ | 13 | in 1st concession | Madoc, |
| | 29 | 5th " | " |
| | 29 | 7th " | " |
| W ½ | 30 | 9th " | " |
| N E ½ | 13 | 10th " | Marmora, |
| | 27 | 11th " | " |

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

## DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

## Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

**Madoc, - Ont.**

## Trees, Plants and Shrubs

**W. C. REID, DEALER,**
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

CHARLES BUTLER,
ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,
BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. B. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,
BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to lend on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK. W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.
SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weise Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

FARMERS!
I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

## W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. P. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,
BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

## A. F. WOOD,

**Land, Loan, & Commission Agency**

OFFICE—Second Door South from asonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 1877

## M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College. Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
(Successors to Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, Q.C.,
BARRISTERS, &c.— Office— McAnnany Building, Corner of Front and Bridge Streets, Belleville.
Money (private) to loan at low rates upon good security. Large loans preferred. Charges moderate.
FRAN'S S. WALLBRIDGE—FRANCIS MARSKELL

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned has on hand a large amount of private money to loan on first class real estate, at low interest. Can be repaid by instalments or in one payment, to suit the borrowers. Loans granted from $1.00 up to $4,000. Apply to

W. H. HASTINGS,
O'Flynn Block, Madoc.
Sept. 25, 1883. 335-tf

## E. A. SEYMOUR,

**General House Painter,**

AND GLAZIER.

Madoc, - Ontario.

## LAND FOR SALE.

THE following Lots will be sold cheap and on easy terms of payment. Titles perfect:—

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| N ½ | 30 | in 10th | concession | Hungerford. |
| W ½ | 3 | in 11th | " | Huntingdon, |
| S ½ | 18 | in 13th | " | " |
| W ½ | 1 | in 1st | " | Madoc |
| E ½ | 8 | in 1st | " | " |
| E ½ | 13 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ | 16 | in 1st | " | " |
| | 29 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ | 15 | in 4 h | " | " |
| E ½ | 8 | in 6th | " | " |
| E ½ | 30 | in 9th | " | " |
| | 29 | in 2nd | " | Marmora. |
| W ½ | 29 | in 3rd | " | " |
| W ½ | 29 | in 4th | " | " |

For particulars apply to
WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

## QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

**PEERLESS**

AND OTHER

**MACHINE OILS.**

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

**SAMUEL ROGERS,** Manager,
20 Front St. East, Toronto.

# NELLO.

## THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

### CHAPTER IX.

Lady Jesmond went at once to the head of the table, taking her place there as though it had been her custom for years. She smiled and nodded familiarly at me as she took her seat, but made no remark. She talked gaily and brilliantly during dinner, and did not seem at all conscious of being in a strange position; nor did she appear to realise that her coming could have caused me any pain. She spoke without constraint, and evidently had nothing to conceal. She looked round the luxuriously-appointed dinner-table with undisguised satisfaction.

"It seems a strange turn of fate that has brought me here," she said, "and made me mistress of all this wealth *pro tem.*"

"You can scarcely call it '*pro tem.*'," said Mr. Benson. "Your son is a long way from his twenty-first birthday. How old is he now?"

"He will be two years old in September," she replied; "so that I shall be queen regent for almost twenty-years. I shall heartily enjoy my regency in this delightful spot."

I looked at Mr. Benson, and he at me. The words struck me as exceedingly strange, for it is not often that one hears a young widow speak of the years she must pass without the society of her husband as enjoyable ones.

"Did my cousin Paul talk much about Jesmond Dene?" I asked her.

"Not very much," she replied.

"Did he seem angry with Sir William?" asked Mr. Benson.

"No, not angry—that is not the word," she answered quickly. "He was vexed at what he considered his meanness."

"It was strange that Captain Jesmond made no allusion to his marriage," remarked Mr Benson.

Lady Jesmond laughed, giving her head a dainty little toss at the same time,

"I do not think so," she answered. "I had no friends, and all Sir William's letters to his son on the subject of matrimony began and ended with the one piece of advice—he must marry some one with money. Unluckily I had none."

"You could not expect to monopolise all the good gifts of this world," said the lawyer politely.

She laughed; and truly her laugh was like a silvery chime.

"Paul said he should never write to Sir William about his marriage, but, when he could get leave of absence, he should bring me home. He had an idea that I was quite irresistible, and that Sir William had only to see me to love me," said Lady Jesmond, looking into the lawyer's face with an expression which fairly bewildered that good man. "What do you think Mr. Benson? Would Sir William have liked me?" she asked ingenuously.

"I am afraid he liked nothing but gold," the lawyer answered.

She laughed merrily, disclosing as she did so her even pearly white teeth.

"I had no idea," she remarked presently, "that Jesmond Dene was so extensive, or that Sir William was so rich. Paul spoke of him as a wealthy man; but I did not think he had such unbounded wealth."

"It is a pleasant surprise," said Mr. Benson.

"Very pleasant," replied Lady Jesmond, with a bright little laugh. "When one has suffered all one's life at having for want of money, such a surprise is, I can assure you, fully appreciated."

I liked her better after these outspoken expressions. She was evidently not in the least ashamed of having been poor.

"More than half the world live in misery from want of money," she continued. "My parents were comparatively poor, and I had to leave home when I was quite a girl to earn my own living."

Mr. Benson ventured to suggest that early contact with the world helped to form and brace the character

"If it be so, I have had a long experience," she said laughingly, "for I began to teach when I was very young."

No, certainly she had no false pride. I had never heard any one speak more openly, and I liked her for it.

When dinner was over, we left Mr. Benson with his bottle of favorite old port, and returned to the drawing-room. Lady Jesmond appeared absorbed in deep thought, and it was only when I was about to leave the room to visit Aunt Annette that she broke the silence.

"Stay with me, will you, Miss Gordon?" she said. "I feel lonely and strange to-night."

"Ah then," I thought to myself, "she is not devoid of feeling; but her strong will keeps the emotional side of her nature hidden from the world!"

"I will stay with pleasure" if you desire it," I answered.

She crossed the room, and came over to where I was standing. How well I remember the scene! The sun had set and the lovely landscape was shrouded as by a misty veil. The French windows were wide open, and the perfume borne on the evening air filled the room.

"What a fair sweet night!" I remarked. She looked calmly from the window; there was no admiration in her eyes.

"It is well enough," she said; and then, laying her hands on my shoulders and looking down—for she was taller than I—into my face, she added slowly, "Miss Gordon you have great reason to hate me and my little son."

"I have no reason to entertain any such feeling towards you or the child," I replied half indignantly.

"How long have you been here?" she asked.

"I came at the beginning of February," I answered.

"Time enough for you to grow deeply attached to Jesmond Dene," she remarked, in slow measured tones.

"I love it with all my heart!" I confessed.

"You have grown accustomed to possessing a large income—to doing what you liked with vast sums of money?"

"I was not long in learning the lesson," I answered with a smile.

"Mr. Benson tells me that you have begun many improvements on the estate—that you are building schools, an hospital and almshouses."

"It is true, Lady Jesmond."

"He tells me also that you are already a model lady of the manor."

"He is very kind to say so" I answered with a glow of pride at the thought that my hon at can leave had been appreciated.

"Do you know, Miss Gordon," she said, drawing nearer to me, "I am exceedingly sorry? Not sorry that my son will succeed to what you have looked upon as your inheritance; but I am truly grieved because of the great loss you have sustained."

She spoke so kindly that my heart was touched.

"It is," I admitted, "a great loss. Still I have no right to complain of the course events have taken It is right that Paul's son should inherit what is legally his. I do not see that any one is to blame."

"You might have been spared the pain of all this had more care been exercised by those whose duty it was to make the fullest inquiries," she said.

"Yes; but I shall not give up all hope and pleasure in life because I have lost Jesmond Dene."

She looked at me earnestly—so earnestly that I could not be offended when she said—

"You are beautiful enough to marry well."

"I shall not redeem my fallen fortunes by marriage," I answered; but my heart throbbed wildly and my face flushed as I spoke. Marriage meant love, love meant Nello; and again the music of the nightingales seemed to ring in my ears, and I heard him whisper "Felicia."

"Well, said Lady Jesmond, "we won't speculate as to what might have been, but will confine ourselves to the stern reality of what is. I thought when I came here that you would be my bitterest enemy, that you might possibly contest my claim."

"No one could contest your claim who had looked into little Guy's face," I replied, "for he is the very image of Paul."

"Still it was in your power to make things very disagreeable," she continued. "You might have given me much trouble; but you have yielded at once so generously, so gracefully, so kindly, and I may add, so nobly that I cannot help saying that I am deeply grateful to you for my son's sake. I thank you, Miss Gordon. And now I want to ask a favour of you. Will you stay here at Jesmond Dene with me—for a year at the very least? I do not know what your plans for the future may be; but this I promise you—you shall not leave Jesmond Dene without a handsome dowry. Before anything is settled, give me the promise that you will remain with me for one year—not as mistress of the house, but as my companion and helpmate. You say you loved your cousin Paul—promise me for his sake."

"Will you tell me why you require that promise, why you desire me to stay with you, Lady Jesmond?"

"Yes, as frankly as you ask. I am a stranger here, and shall feel lonely. The position is new to me, and I do not quite know how to fill it. I should be glad to learn from you if you will teach me. I am not accustomed to the management of a large household, and I am not sure even whether I understand what is and what is not etiquette in England. Will you stay and teach me?"

In response to her earnest pleading eyes, I promised, not that I would remain with her for a year, but that I would stay as long as I could.

"So much may happen in a year," I thought to myself; I would not promise for a year.

### CHAPTER X.

On the following morning Lady Jesmond asked me to show her over the house. It was still early when we went through all the suites of luxuriously furnished rooms.

"I had no idea the place was so large," she said time after time; and the more she saw of it the more serious she grew. "What a place to live and to win!" she murmured. "How could Paul leave such a home?" she added wonderingly.

"He preferred independence to luxury," I answered.

Then from the lawn I pointed out to her all the beauties of Jesmond Dene—the restless sea in the distance; the fragrant pine-forest; the shady woods; the clear deep river; the fertile meadow-lands—ah, and even the steep green hill from which I had surveyed the smiling landscape, believing it to be mine—all mine!

"I must be hard for you to give it up, Miss Gordon," she said again.

"It is hard; but I shall do it with a good grace," I answered. Then, thinking that she would like to see her boy, I suggested that we should go to the nursery.

"What for?" she asked, opening wide her bright blue eyes.

"To see little Guy," I replied.

"He is all right," she said curtly; "nurse will take good care of him. The little gentleman lives in clover, I assure you."

"What is the nurse's name?" I asked suddenly, without any particular reason.

For a moment I was startled by the change that overspread her countenance. She looked at me with a vague expression, as though she did not know; then recovering herself quickly, she answered—

"Mrs. Rivers."

"Has she been with you long?" I asked.

"No," she replied carelessly; "I brought no nurse with me from India, I engaged Mrs. Rivers on reaching England."

"You had good reference with her without doubt?" I said.

"She is well known to some very near and dear friends of mine," replied Lady Jesmond, "and is an excellent nurse. I can trust little Guy with her at all times."

"She struck me as being a rather queer woman," I ventured to say.

"In what way?" asked Lady Jesmond; and her voice seemed to grow sharp and harsh.

"Rather above her station, I fancied—ladylike; and she speaks well," I answered.

Suddenly the rose she had been gathering fell from her hands, and I noticed that her face grew white and that a slight tremor passed over her.

"You are ill, Lady Jesmond!" I cried.

"No," she answered; "I am only cold. Though you call it summer, there is no warmth in the sun." Yet she did not look cold, but frightened and ill.

Longing to see more of Paul's little son, I went to the nursery when Lady Jesmond retired to her room. It struck me at once that the nurse was not very pleased to see me.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Rivers!" I said.

She looked at me with an expression of blank surprise, and after a moment's hesitation returned my salutation. I knew from tradition that nurses are autocrats, and as I desired to see much of the child, I perceived that I must conciliate her.

"May I see the little one and play with him a short time?" I asked.

She looked at me half hesitatingly and I felt sure she longed to say "No," but she smiled and answered politely—

"Certainly, if you wish it, Miss Gordon."

And then she brought the child, who was laughing and crowing with delight, to see me.

I took him in my arms and caressed him; but, when he saw that I was a stranger, the merry laughter died away, and the eyes so like his father's looked with pathetic inquiry into mine.

"Mamma!" he said wistfully, "mamma!"

In a moment Mrs. Rivers was by his side.

"Bless the dear child," she said, "that is his cry the whole day long—nothing but 'mamma!'"

And again the large solemn baby-eyes looked into mine, as he cried—

"Mamma!"

"Your mamma is tired, little Guy," I said.

Mrs. Rivers looked up anxiously as she caught my words.

"Is Lady Jesmond tired? She is not very strong. People who come from India never are."

"As she was looking over the house with me," I answered, "she shivered violently, as though she was ill."

"How was that?" she asked nervously.

"I do not know—probably because she went on the lawn without hat or mantle," I answered

"Lady Jesmond is not strong," repeated the nurse. "If you would be so kind as to remain here with Sir Guy, Miss Gordon, I will go and see how her ladyship is."

Quite willingly I remained with the little fellow, kissing him to my heart's content. I tried to make him say "Felicia," and, after many futile attempts, the rosy little lips managed to murmur "Lesay," much to my delight. But what question did those baby eyes ask when they looked into my face and he cried "Mamma?"

After waiting some time, I began to feel anxious about Lady Jesmond.

"Come with me, baby Guy," I said. "We will go and see mamma."

And again in his eyes came the look of wonder and questioning that I had noticed before. I remember how I danced the boy down the long corridors, and how his merry little laugh resounded in the otherwise silent house.

Thinking Lady Jesmond might be ill, I went quietly to her door. Before I had time to rap or to speak I heard voices; and then Mrs. Rivers said—

"You must be careful, Gabrielle."

I knocked at once before I could hear more, and, when the door was opened, and they saw me, a strange confusion seemed to come over them.

"How you been waiting long, Miss Gordon?" asked Mrs. Rivers sharply.

"No; I have only just come," I replied. And then it flashed across my mind that she suspected me of listening. She would not suspect me of such meanness unless she were capable of it herself, I thought; and, as I turned to her, I caught her eyes fixed steadily on me. They were not the most friendly glances that we exchanged. "I was afraid that you were ill," I said to Lady Jesmond.

"I was tired this morning, Felicia," she answered gently; "and when I am tired I am afraid that I give way to fits of moodiness. I am better now."

I then left, taking baby Guy with me. But we did not dance down the passages this time, for my honour had been wounded by the suspicion this woman cast upon me. Why was she on such confidential terms with the mistress of Jesmond Dene? Addressing her with formal respect when they were in public, why did she call her "Gabrielle" when they were alone?

Lady Jesmond was wonderfully kind to her. She had two rooms most comfortably furnished, and she was waited upon by an under nurse who did all the work. She had every delicacy supplied to her, and her ladyship insisted that she should take wine. Indeed no servant could have led a more comfortable life than Mrs. Rivers led. She was much attached to the child, and seemed very devoted to Lady Jesmond; but there was nothing by which I could account for strange familiarity which undoubtedly existed between them.

I saw Lady Jesmond angry once, and I was the unintentional cause of it. We were talking about the boy's future, about Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge, when, quite accidentally and without attaching much meaning to the words, I said—

"You will have to decide upon one or the other when Mrs. Rivers has gone."

Lady Jesmond turned to me with flashing eyes.

"That time will never come," she said. "Mrs. Rivers will never leave me."

I was surprised that she should display so much feeling about such an insignificant matter. Then, seeing my look of wonder, she apologised.

"I am so impatient Felicia," she said, "and I am very much attached to nurse. I should not like to lose her."

"I hope you never will," I replied. And, though we spoke of it no more, the subject did not fade from my mind.

### CHAPTER XI.

A week had elapsed and no news had come from Ireland. Lady Saxon came over every day to Jesmond Dene, for she knew I was a very earnest listener to anything she had to say about Nello, and his silence had caused her considerable anxiety. She was very kind and attentive to aunt Annette, whose health did not improve; but to Lady Jesmond she seemed to have a quiet antipathy. They were most polite to each other, but rarely spoke except to exchange ordinary civilities.

"She is as you say, Felicia, a most beautiful woman; but I do not like her; and I do not know why," Lady Saxon would say to me; while Lady Jesmond would half reproach me by saying—

"I cannot understand what you see in Lady Saxon. She is excessively proud and naughty, almost repellent. I shall never like her."

Lady Saxon was very kind to the little heir, and always asked to see him when she came, never forgetting to bring him presents of toys, and she soon became a favorite of the child, and even the nurse.

Mr. Benson had gone away much relieved in mind. He was delighted that I was going to remain for some time at the Dene, that Lady Jesmond and myself were good friends, and that her ladyship had insisted on making me an allowance.

"I do not care," she said to the lawyer, "whether the money is taken from my income or my son's. Miss Gordon must have it."

We lived in peace and harmony, and as the days went on our friendship ripened and expanded,

"I call you Felicia," she said to me one morning, "you should call me Gabrielle. I prefer it."

And it was mutually agreed that for the future we should address each other by our Christian names.

"You are sure to have a love-story, Felicia," she said, after contemplating me earnestly as I stood before her; "and, unless I am a false prophet, it will not be a happy one."

"Why do you think so?" I asked her.

"I can read it," she replied, "in your face and eyes."

"You have had a love story of your own," I said.

"I," she cried, her brilliant eyes opening wide—"I! Oh, no; I have had no love-story!"

"But you married Paul for love?" I said, and her face flushed crimson.

She laughed and seemed slightly confused.

"To tell you the truth, Felicia," she said "I feel that I could love more deeply, more passionately than I loved Paul. I was young, and marriage presented an easy escape from those tiresome children. Besides I had a great desire to be Lady Jesmond. I did love Paul, but I am sure that I could love more deeply than I loved him."

"You do not mean to say that you would marry again, Gabrielle?" I cried in astonishment.

"I am certain I shall if I fall in love and the right man asks;" and she laughed. "You looked disappointed, Felicia"

"I have hitherto thought of you as belonging entirely to Paul and little Guy and Jesmond Dene," I answered.

"You thought I should be an ideal widow and live here in seclusion, devoting myself entirely to the education of my son and the cultivation of a lifelong sorrow. But I do not aim at such perfection."

"Your heart is not buried in your husband's grave," I remarked.

"No; it is beating, living, full of hope, light, and longing for pleasures and gaieties. I shall stay here at Jesmond Dene quietly for a year, and then you will see what will happen, Felicia."

"You are by no means a model widow," I said.

"I am just a trifle more honest than many," she rejoined. "I was very sorry to lose Paul, and I would have done anything to save his life; but, as it was the will of Heaven that he should die, I do not see why the remainder of my life should be all darkness and gloom; do you?"

"Certainly not. If the loss of him does not make it so," I answered.

"I am ambitious," she said. "I intend to marry well, unless my ambition is spoiled by love."

We were standing on the balcony outside the library window, which commanded an excellent view of the river and the long avenue of chestnuts forming a drive. Never had I seen Lady Jesmond look fairer. The fresh morning air had tinted her cheeks with a delicate rosebloom, her blue eyes were bright as stars, and the light summer wind toyed gently with the loosened masses of bright waving hair.

"Who is that?" she asked suddenly, pointing to a tall figure striding up the avenue towards the Hall.

A spray of roses prevented me from seeing him for a moment; but, on pushing it hastily aside, I saw that it was Lord Saxon.

"Who is that?" repeated Lady Jesmond. "What a splendid man!" Her face flushed and her eyes shone with a brightness such as I had not seen in them before. "Felicia, how slow you are! Who is he?" she cried,

But my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth, and in vain I tried to give utterance to his name.

"I have seen many handsome men," she said, "but never one like him."

I shall never forget the expression of suppressed emotion on her face as she watched him.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" she repeated.

"It is Lord Saxon," I answered.

"Lord Saxon of Dunroon? You do not mean to say that is Lady Saxon's son? I was just beginning to hate the very sound of his name, for she never sees me to speak of any one else; but, if that is her son, I at once abjure my dislike, and will listen day long while she talks of him."

I heard the sound of footsteps, and a servant's voice announced—

"Lord Saxon."

I turned quickly, and, in doing so, I saw his first look at her. I saw how his eyes flashed, I saw the gleam of admiration that he could not control, and I knew that his beauty-loving nature was taken captive by her loveliness.

He looked at her in silence for a few moments; and then with difficulty, as I could see, he withdrew his eyes from her and looked at me.

"Miss Gordon," he said, "I am glad to see again."

But, oh, Heaven, something was missing from his voice that I might never hear again! It was not the tender voice that had whispered "Felicia" when I stood on the lawn on that memorable moonlit night.

I held out my hand to him, but my heart was too full for my lips to give utterance to words. Lord Saxon murmured something to me; I was conscious only that he desired an introduction.

Briefly I introduced Lord Saxon to Lady Jesmond.

He spoke first, and she listened as with charmed ears; and, as she responded to his greeting, his eyes seemed riveted by the fair loveliness of her face. He stood like one fascinated, unconscious of everything around him but the dazzling brilliancy of Gabrielle, Lady Jesmond.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### A Queer Place to Live In.

In Formosa there is not much sickness, but when a man is ill they string him up by the neck and let him down again quickly. This generally kills or cures him, and if the former his death is celebrated by a general spree. At 21 a young man is provided with a wife, but until the age of forty he must not visit her openly. He may do so stealthily, however, and if he doesn't like her he can get a divorce in about ten minutes. A man often marries four or five times a year. No children born before the mother has reached 37 are in case permitted to live.


**Catarrh—A New Treatment.**

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in medical science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarrh. Out of 3,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady, and to those the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the [illegible] presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the [illegible] medicines and other advertised cures are [illegible] a cure at all. Starting with the claim [illegible] generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected of him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star.*

Don't turn in and advocate underground telegraph wire. In the course of the next 200 years, when this country has been denuded of forest, the supply of telegraph poles will be large enough to keep the oven not until genius comes to the front with artificial cordwood.

**Important.**

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage and Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

One reason why a clown has his ear in his face is because nature expected him to walk around on his ear.

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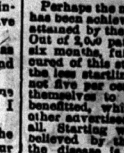

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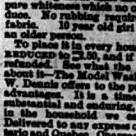

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## A Long, Long Journey.

When the doctor came down stairs from the sick room [illegible] Marshall the whole family seemed to have arranged themselves in the hall to see him.

"How [illegible]ma dit well?" asked little Clyde, [illegible]boy.

"I can mamma come down stairs next week?" asked Katy, the eldest daughter and the little housekeeper.

"Did you find my wife much better?" asked Mr. Marshall eagerly. He was a tall, grave man, pale with anxiety and nights of watching.

The doctor did not smile; he did not even stop to answer their questions.

"I am in a great hurry," he said as he took his hat; "I must go to a patient who is dangerously ill. This evening I will call again. I have left instructions with the nurse."

But the nurse's instructions were all concerning the comfort of the patient; she was professionally discreet and silent. The children playing on the stairs were told to make no noise. The gloomy day wore on, and the patient slept and was not disturbed. But that night before they went to bed they were allowed to go in and kiss their mother good-night. This privilege had been denied them lately, and their little hearts responded with joy to the invitation. Mamma was better or she could not see them. The doctor had cured her. They would love him for it all their lives!

She was very pale, but smiling, and her first words to them were:

"I am going on a journey!"

"A journey," cried the children. "Will you take me with you?"

"No; it is a long, long journey."

"Mamma is going to the South," said Katy, "the doctor has ordered her to. She will get well in the orange groves of Florida."

"I am going to a far distant country, more beautiful than even the lovely South," said the mother, faintly, "and I will not come back."

"You are going alone, mamma?" asked Katy.

"No," said the mother, in a low, sweet voice, "I am not going alone. My Physician goes with me. Kiss me good-bye, my dear ones, for in the morning before you are awake I shall be gone. You will all come to me when you are made ready, but each must make the journey alone."

In the morning she was gone. When the children awoke their father told them of the beautiful country at which she had safely arrived while they slept.

"How did she go? Who came for her?" they asked amid their tears.

"The chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!" their father told them solemnly.

People wonder at the peace and happiness expressed on the faces of these motherless children; when asked about their mother they say, 'She has gone on a journey," and every night and morning they read in her guide book of that land where she now lives, whose inhabitants shall no more say I am sick, and where God himself shall wipe all tears from their eyes.

## Preventing Coal Smoke.

A London housekeeper writes: This nuisance most destructive at all seasons will shortly be increased by the addition of several millions of fires daily during some months of cold weather. The chances of smoke abatement being carried out to any appreciative degree in domestic life are indeed small, until a plan is devised which shall be practical, simple, and economical with existing grates. Such a plan I have effectually carried out in my house. The coast m on of pasting cold coal on the top of a hot fire vertically under it hurries the chemical changes set up, which enables the heated vapors rapidly ascending the chimney to convey with them unconsumed carbon—i. e., soot, which is the chief cause of the soot nuisance. A little time is required for complete combustion. Feeding from below the fire is not practicable, except with grates specially constructed, which cost money. There is, however, a medium that is suitable and advantageous to both comfort and pocket. It is as follows, and I can not too strongly urge its adoption: With the shovel push the cinders from the ends of the grate, heaping them toward its centre, and leaving holes about three inches broad and as deep as possible. Into these holes drop either large or small coal; never put coke into them, nor coal on the middle of the fire; but as coke gives no smoke it should be used in making up the middle of the fire. By this mode of firing the fresh coal comes into contact laterally with hot embers, which gives facilities for its decomposition by allowing more suitable time for the chemical changes than does the vertical system.

## Fuel on Russian Railways.

An official report upon the fuel used on Russian railways has been prepared by Gen. Possiet, the minister of ways and communications. It appears from this report, which is concerned with the year 1881, on the forty-nine railway companies existing in the empire only four were using wood exclusively in their locomotives. The lines were short ones, running through forest tracts abundantly supplied with wood and far away from coal supplies. The bulk of the lines used coal, and during the year the aggregate consumption of all railways was 563,029 cubic Russian fathoms of wood and upward of 1,230,000 tons of coal. The quantity of English coal used was only 180,450 tons, most of which was burnt on the Baltic and the southwestern lines. The report shows a general tendency toward a larger consumption of Russian and a diminished one of foreign coal. The increase in the use of Russian coal is given at seventy thousand tons; or 8 per cent. within the year. Only thirty thousand tons of German coal were burnt, and they were used on lines near the German border. Since the report was drawn up there has been a considerable enlargement in the supply to the railways of the Donetz and Moscow coal, and the use of petroleum as an engine fuel has become almost general on the lines near the Caucasus. The Russian import duties on foreign coal were increased not long ago.

There's many a slip betwixt the baby and the washtub.

A sure cure for insomnia—Send the baby to its grandmother.

Hammered silver fingered bowls are the latest. The baby is supposed to do the most emphatic part of the hammering.

## HOLDING UP A RAILWAY TRAIN.

### The Tale of a Telegrapher on the Border.

A party of men were telling stories in St. Louis, when one of them said he had seen a good deal of service on the border, and had had a good many adventures, only one of which ever impressed him much. Down at Grasada, on the Santa Fe road, when it was first opened, he had had a circus all one night with a party of robbers.

"I was in the office in the evening," he said, "getting ready to close up, when four or five hard men came in. They didn't say much at first, but seemed to be looking the ground over. We were always on the lookout for that kind of chaps, and as the machine was ticking I pretended that somebody was asking me a question. I laughed a little and seizing the key, I broke in with, 'Everybody—don't stop the express at Grasada to-night, whether signaled or not. Robbers here.' They eyed me sharply, but said nothing. The sounder kept up a merry click, and I leaned back in the chair. They fooled around for half an hour and then one of them asked me what time the train was due. 'Eleven five,' I said. 'Well, we want it,' one of them replied. I told him that I would signal it. About 10.30 I got out the red lantern and lighted it. Just as I got it fixed two of them jumped up with revolvers in their hands and said they would save me the trouble. While one of them covered me with a pistol the others tied me flat on my back to a settee. I couldn't move head or foot. After they got me there I began to think what sort of a scrape I had got myself in. The train would come presently and would go flying by, and then those cutthroats would murder me just for the fun of it. I had thought the thing over when I heard a sharp whistle and a roar. The men ran out to the platform with masks on and revolvers in hand. One of them had the lantern, which he swung vigorously. I was going out on the platform they had left the door open, so that I could see things pretty well. I began to hope that the train would stop, for I knew that it contained men enough to do up that crowd if not taken too much by surprise. The roar came nearer and nearer, until at last I knew by the sound that they were not going to stop. With the whistle blowing at full blast and the dust flying in clouds she swept by like a streak of lightning. It was all up with me, I thought. The robbers dropped the lantern and began to swear. Then I could hear them talking, and pretty soon I made up my mind that the train had stopped down the road away, and that they were watching it. Before long they took to their heels, mounted their horses, and were gone. When the train men came up to the depot, all armed with Winchesters, I was the only occupant. They released me and I told them what had happened. A couple of them stayed there with me and the train went on. If any express ever came any nearer being robbed without going through the mill than this one did, I'd like to know it."

## Graves in the Crimea.

Cathcart Hill has now become the one British cemetery. Extending from the Alma to Balaklava there were 139 burial places, and it was found impossible to look after them all, and now Cathcart Hill is to be taken care of as a monumental record of all the British who died in the Crimea. About 20 feet has been added all round to the old inclosure, and constructed, and a substantial wall surrounds the space, with a house through which visitors pass into the cemetery. Capt. Harford, who acts as English Consul at Sebastopol, has taken a great interest in this work, and has got the place into very good order. A number of the principal monuments from the other cemeteries have been moved and placed in Cathcart Hill. It would be impossible now to move the bodies, but the headstones if placed in this new cemetery, will be safe from damage, and will be still records of those who fell. It is a heavy work to remove these headstones, and some have to be carried a great distance; it is to be hoped that a grant of money will be made to have this done now once and for all in a proper manner. For much less important objects money has been subscribed by the public, but if the Government did this part of the work, which is their duty, a monument should be erected on the spot to all who fell, and that might be done by public subscription. During the siege Cathcart Hill was the commanding point every one went to for the purpose of seeing Sebastopol and to get a glimpse of the operations. All knew it. It is still the spot where visitors go to see the ground of the great struggle. The piece of ground has been made over to the British Government, and a substantial and fitting monument on the historical ground would be a record of the past as well as a monument due to the memory of the brave who died. The Russians have done their duty in this respect to their dead and we should not be behind them. In addition to the memorial chapel in the Russian cemetery, a very fine new memorial church has been built in the middle of Sebastopol over the graves of the men who were there killed, or at least died, in connection with the defense of the place. It was Admiral Lazareff who created Sebastopol; the forts as and the Black Sea fleet were produced under him. He is one of the four Admirals buried in the new church, and so proud are the Russians of the defense of Sebastopol that after the siege they erected a monument—a statue on a pedestal—to him in the midst of the ruins of the city he had founded. The statue is colossal and stands in front of the "White Buildings" overlooking the harbor. These "White Buildings," which were barracks, are still roofless and in ruins, and the figure of the Admiral, which is black, has rather a ghastly appearance with such surroundings.

## Population of Hawaii.

The population of these islands to-day I believe to be about 95 900, writes a correspondent; natives 45,000, mounting at least 900 at the leper settlement, and it is safe to say that at least a quarter of the natives are tainted with leprosy or an incurable malady so-called. The Chinese now number nearly 30 000; the Americans and Europeans about 15,000, one-third European; 5,000 is made up of other nationalities—Japanese, Lascars East Indiamen, Australians, Maoris, and maneaters from the South seas, whose posterity in future will be sought after to be exhibited in all civilized countries—even the African bushmen (native) will view them with amazement and as their inferior.

## THE ABBE DE L'EPEE.

### What Turned His Attention to the Deaf and Dumb.

Having occasion to visit a certain widow, the Abbe de l'Epee found her on his arrival absent from home, and only two young girls—her daughters—sitting in the room and sewing. The girls received the abbe respectfully, but in total silence. To all questions he addressed to them they made no answer. Upon the arrival of the mother the good priest expressed his surprise at this extraordinary behavior of her daughters. "Ah," sadly answered the woman, "it is not their fault; they were both born deaf and dumb." The abbe, filled with pity, asked if there were no means of helping them, and the mother told him that a priest, the Father Vanin (who with the Abbe Deschamps, had made some efforts on behalf of the deaf and dumb), had for some time instructed them, but since his death there was no one else to do it. This was the inducement which caused the Abbe de l'Epee to begin his free institution for deaf mutes at Paris in 1760, where he continued to work indefatigably until his death, which took place in 1789. His memory is still, and will ever be, held in veneration, and in Paris an annual dinner is given to the deaf and dumb in that city on the anniversary of his birth. He was succeeded in his labors by the Abbe Sicard, Bebian, and others. A writer in the *Penny Cyclopedia* says of de l'Epee:

"While the good abbe, with that frankness which formed a beautiful feature in his character, solicited the examination and judgment of the learned upon his method, his rivals shrouded their proceedings under a veil of mystery. The abbe devoted his life and his fortune, except a bare supply for his own wants, to the service of the class he had taken under his protection. Pereira refused to disclose his method except for a large recompense and Heinicke, in addition to receiving payment from the rich, had 4,000 crowns annually allowed him by the grand duke of Saxony. Both these persons made the art they professed an interested speculation; the Abbe de l'Epee only tolerated the rich, he was proud of being the instructor of the poor and ignorant."

## A Standard Bearer.

There is a beautiful story told of an old elephant engaged in a battle on the plains of India. He was standard bearer, and carried on his huge back the royal ensign, the rallying point of the Poona host. At the beginning of the fight he lost his master. The "mahout," or driver, had just given him the word to halt, when he received the fatal wound and fell to the ground, where he lay under a heap of slain. The obedient elephant stood still while the battle closed around him and the standard he carried. He never stirred a foot, refusing to advance or retire, as the conflict became hotter and fiercer, until the mahrattas, seeing the standard still flying steadily in its place, refused to believe that they were being beaten and rallied again and again around the colors. And all this while, amid the din of battle, the patient animal stood straining its ears to catch the sound of that voice it would never hear again. At length the tide of conquest left the field deserted. The mahrattas swept on in pursuit of the flying foe, but the elephant, like a rock, stood there with the dead and dying and the ensign waving in its place. For three days and nights it remained where its master had given it the command to halt. No bribe or threat could move it. They then sent to a village one hundred miles away, and brought the mahout's little son. The noble hero seemed then to remember how the driver had sometimes given his authority to the little child, and immediately, with all the shattered trappings clinging as he went, passed slowly and quietly away.

## Two Pictures.

It is a treat to see a Parisienne cross a muddy street. She advances on tip-toe to the edge of the pavement. There she poises like a bird ready for flight, and then deftly she raises her dress no more than enough to show her snowy, embroidered skirt, and without more delay she trips across, too and her heel barely touching, and mud refusing to cling to the fairy feet that hardly leave an impression on it. Landed on the other side, she gives her fine feathers a little shake into place, and passes on with shoes that look as if put on that moment. Watch an English woman immediately afterwards. She reaches the kerbstone, comes to a dead standstill, and stolidly contemplates the muddy road. Finally she selects a route. Then very cautiously she lifts her dress, making sure that the tops of her shoes are under cover, and then, slowly advancing, she puts her right foot out—plumb it sinks in the soft mud; then the left—plumb it goes the water oozing over it; and then splash! splash! until the other side is reached, when, with soiled skirts and soaked shoes, she proceeds on her wet and muddy way. Nothing could be more characteristic of their respective nationalities, and nothing could be more amusing than the mutual contempt for each other's ways.

## A Fox Steals a Baby.

Considerable excitement has been caused lately at Katzse by the doings of a fox. A young, well-to-do farmer and his wife, who have a child two months old, are occupying a small wooden structure during the rebuilding of their former premises. On Sept. 13 the wife as usual went to sleep with the little one, but, waking during the night, was surprised to find it had left her side. She at once called her husband, when it was discovered that one of the frame wooden doors had been broken open. The suppositions naturally followed that some one had entered and stolen the infant, consequently the father started with the intention of arousing the neighbors. He had, however, only just stepped outside when he perceived a large fox run from under the veranda of the house opposite. Suspecting that Reynard was the culprit, lights were procured and a search made, which to the delight of the parents, resulting in the discovery of the baby, who, strange to say, had received no injury beyond a few scratches.

The baseball season is over for the National League, but our babies will continue base bawling during the winter months.

It is said that American babies swallow 1,500 thimbles annually. This may account for the surprising amount of brass noticed in the composition of the grown up American baby.

## Books.

There is perhaps no greater wonder than a book. By the help of little figures or marks placed upon reeds, or skins, or some other available material, men have been able to transmit their thoughts through thousands of years. The names and shapes of things, the deeds and sorrows that have occurred so far back as the time of Adam, have been made known to us. Even those abstract and invisible thoughts, which have no shape or substance, but which, nevertheless inspired the writer, and have since inspired others, are all put down in little letters or figures, and made eternal. The songs of David, the sublime grievings of Job, the speculations of Plato, the visions of Homer, have by those means been handed down faithfully for many centuries.

To read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest all the thoughts and learning of others is evidently impossible. It is beyond the compass of any intellect. But we may gather a portion of this knowledge, and the object is to know how to begin this humbler task.

We must not read to waste. We must be moderate if we wish to gain much. The bee does not overload himself with the nectar of flowers, but takes what he can carry away. We must select also, and see that the quality of what we take be good.

We should read not merely that we may make money, not to sharpen our intellect, but to enlarge it. We should read in order to know and feel what is good, and what is evil, and to do what is good and useful. Are we ambitious? let us learn humility. Are we avaricious? let us learn content. When a man can truly say to himself, "My mind to me a kingdom is," a kingdom of which he is the absolute ruler.

## A Policeman's View of Burglary.

A correspondent sends a coutemporary an interesting account of the ideas of a policeman on the question at issue between them and the burglars. "We often have a laugh at what the papers say about the burglars and the police," said the constable, an inspector with twenty years' experience. "The public forgets that the house-breaker knows his way about much better than the constable. It is the burglar's profession to steal: it is ours to catch him. His tread is light: our tread is heavy. On a frosty night—and 'cracking' goes on mostly in the winter—our tread can be heard three or four hundred yards off. The burglar listens—maybe he laughs, if he's an old hand—and sets to work when he knows the coast is clear. Bless you, he doesn't want anyone to watch; he does that himself. Yes, sir, give us revolvers; give us a military drill in their use, and let us have boots with india-rubber soles. Laugh at that. Well, the burglar would not. None of your hard, heavy boots, weighing I don't know how many pounds, but light ones, with thick india-rubber bottoms. Then we could walk and listen. Now we make a noise—one, two three, four, on the pavement, like the tread of an elephant—while the burglar does his work. Then the odds would be in our favor. Instead of that it is now about twenty to one in favor of the 'leg,' and a criminal with these odds does not mind risking a little.

## What the Moon is Doing to the Earth.

The tides are caused mainly by the moons as it were, catching hold of the waters as the earth revolves around on its axis. This must cause friction on the earth as it revolves and friction, as every one knows, causes loss of power. Suppose a wheel with hair round its rim, like a circular brush such as is used for hair-brushing by machinery; if this brush be revolving rapidly, and we hold our hand ever so lightly on the hair, so that it is slightly rubbed backward as the wheel revolves, we can understand that the speed of the wheel will be gradually diminished, until at last it will be brought to a stand still, provided there is no additional power communicated to the wheel or machinery or hand beyond what was given to set it spinning round. Now this is somewhat analogous to what is happening to the earth in its rotation. There is reason to suppose that the action of the tides is slowly but surely lessening the speed of the earth's rotation, and consequently increasing the length of the day, and that this action will continue until the earth revolves on its own axis in the same time that the moon takes to revolve round the earth. Then the day, instead of being twenty-four hours as now, will be about twenty-eight days, and the earth will be exposed to the full blaze of the sun for about fourteen days at a time. The change this will bring about on the face of the earth can hardly be exaggerated. All life, both animal and vegetable, will be destroyed; all water will be evaporated; the solid rocks will be scorched and cracked, and the whole would reduced to a dreary and barren wilderness. It is supposed by some that the moon has already passed through all this hence the shattered and bare-looking surface. That the earth, being so much larger, has more quickly acted upon the oceans which once were under the moon's surface, and stopped almost entirely its revolution, round its own axis, thus causing it to have a day equal to twenty-eight of our days, and the heat of the sun has already to it what in future ages it will do to the earth.

## Rapidity of the Blood Currents.

The rapidity of the blood current generally increases with the activity of the animal, being most rapid in birds. In insects, however, it is comparatively slow. But this is because the air is taken to the blood—the whole body being bathed in air, so that the blood has no need to hasten to a special organ. However, activity nearly doubles the rate of pulsation in a bee. The motion in the arteries is several times faster than in the veins, but diminishes as the distance from the heart increases. In the carotid of the horse, the blood moves twelve and one-half inches per second, in that of man sixteen; in the capillaries of man one to two inches per minute; in those of a frog one inch.

## Men's Foibles.

Men with red noses are the light houses warn mariners when "half seas over."

Men with dudish habits are coated high in the tailor market.

Men with slovenly ways are balanced and found wanting.

Men with money to spend can make most any man their friend.

## Stockmar's Diamond Wedding.

Golden weddings are events of rare occurrence, but diamond weddings, as they are called in Germany, which are celebrated after 60 years of married life, excite a national interest even in a country where an Emperor is able at 88 to sit for three hours in the saddle, and where a Minister in his seventieth year delights in keeping the whole diplomatic world on tenter hooks from one end of the year to the other. The German papers give an account of the diamond wedding of Gen. Stockmar (no relation of Baron Stockmar,) which took place on the 18th of October at Dessau. Gen. Stockmar is in his ninety-first year, and both he and his wife are said to be in the enjoyment of perfect health. Gen. Stockmar is one of the oldest friends of the German Emperor. They met for the first time, as mere boys, on the battle of Jena in 1806. At one of their most recent meetings when the General expressed a hope that his Majesty might bring his oldest son up to par, the Emperor replied in his own humorous way: "Oh! Stockmar, you are not a courtier, you were a true courtier you would have said, 'Oh! your Majesty, at least 20 per cent above par!'"

## Aristocratic Cooks.

Louis XV. gave the most exquisite suppers at Le Petit Trianon, prepared by his own hands and those of his most favored courtiers, for a thorough knowledge of gastronomy was in those days an indispensable accomplishment to the fine gentleman. All majesty included, would don the cook's apron, and assisted by four pages to do scullion's duties, go to work; the king would devote himself to "poulet au basilic" and preparations of eggs, in which he was highly skilled; the Duc de Gontaut would prepare the salad, the Duc de Coigni would superintend the *roti*—each one of the party being famous for certain dishes—and there was never fewer than forty-eight. In the salon above the table were splendid with Sevres, and gold and silver plate, and vases filled with the rarest flowers. Attendants were dispensed with altogether; one course being finished, at the stamp of the foot the table sank through the floor, and another, completely furnished, rose in its place.

## An Eight-Year-Old Murderer.

The Revel *Gazette* gives an account of a preliminary investigation in which a little girl aged only 8 years was charged with having murdered another little companion only 5 years old by stabbing her with a knife which was found to have passed downwards through the lungs and penetrated the heart. The circumstances seemed to point to premeditation. The day before the elder girl wanted to obtain a piece of gay-colored cloth which the other had in her possession but refused to give up. So the elder threatened to killher unless she surrendered it next day. This threat was made in the presence of her own sister. Next day she repeated her demand for the coveted piece of cloth, and upon being again refused she instantly stabbed the little one.

## Bismarck's Tyranny.

The duchy of Schleswig, recently wrested from Denmark by Germany, is in a state of ferment over the law, originating with Bismarck, forbidding any of the people to speak the Danish language. Even school children are punished when they speak among themselves in their native tongue, and so far has this obnoxious law been carried that a girl's birthday festival was broken up and the guests arrested and fined because they sang some old Danish folksongs.

## Milked by a Snake

John Yard, a farmer living on the Brunswick pike, eight miles from New York, has been pasturing a number of cows on a lot in his place. For a number of times he noticed that one of the finest of them every morning was as dry as though she had been milked. He was puzzled at this, and as an experiment changed her to another pasture. She immediately began to give the usual amount of milk. After a few days she was returned to the pasture with the other cows, and at once began to come in dry as before. Finally Mr. Yard had a boy to watch the cow. The mystery was then quickly solved. The boy reported that early in the morning a large snake, "the biggest he had ever seen," came and breakfasted from the cow's udder, draining it completely. The cow did not seem to mind the operation. The facts are vouched for by respectable persons who have seen the snake taking its nutritinal meal.—[New York Tribune.

## Four M's in Jewish History.

Four of the strongest links in the chain of Jewish history are forged with the letter M, and around the name Moses are clustered some of the brightest epochs of our people. Moses the lawgiver, Moses Maimonides the Jewish Luther, Moses Mendelssohn the philosopher and Moses Montefiore the philanthropist, are names revered and dear to all Jewish hearts. The first three are known to us by the qualities of the brain: they have obtained a place in our history by the greatness of their intellect; but Moses Montefiore is endeared only to us, and he has earned his place in Jewish annals by the qualities and greatness of his heart.—Rabbi Wise.

The coat was a very bad fit—too full in the back. "That'll never do," said the customer; "it's like a shirt on a beam pole." "Dot coat, my friend," replied the dealer, "iah a very stylish garment. Look at dot back! Mein gracious, it iah luffy. See dot beautiful puffing—der latest style—and don't you forgot it. It was made on Fifth avenue. It is der Fader Hubbard style and iah actually worth so much as five toller more for dot coat." and five minutes later the delighted customer left the store with his Father Hubbard coat.

A voudoo doctor in Washington, when a believer comes to him to find out what is to be the issue between him and his enemy, drops two silver coins into a skillet of boiling water, adds a pair of black chicken feathers, and in the course of a satisfactory incantation manipulates the skillet so that the coin which represents the believer shall hop up and down upon the coin which represents his enemy; and the believer pays five dollars with alacrity for so convincing an exhibition.

# North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 20, 1884.


——A CABLE despatch from London says that the Queen has, at Mr. Macdonald the Grand Cross of the order of the Bath, in recognition of his eminent public services. He goes to Sandringham to visit the Prince of Wales next Saturday.

——EVIL men in the South are spreading mischief among the more ignorant negroes by leading them to believe that the Democratic party, since Cleveland has been elected, will return them to a condition of slavery. A real panic exists in many parts of the South among the negroes on this account, and in the disordered state of their minds, they have committed many lawless acts, the chief being the nearly successful total destruction of Palatka, Florida, and heavy fires at Eufaula, Alabama. Some villainous clique has much to answer for.

## American Politics.

### Good Characters for American Statesmen.

The recent presidential contest in the United States brought to light more scandals and personal abuse of the respective candidates then was ever known before. Blaine and Cleveland, especially, were the targets for almost every kind of abuse, which led Dr. Talmage, the great Brooklyn preacher, to speak as follows in one of his sermons, just before the election :—

The simple fact is, that we are to have for our next President a man who has been pictorialized and excoriated as a thief or one who is pictorialized and excoriated as a libertine. There has never been such high carnival of defamation. Have what faults they may they have all had injustice done them. There have been two great manufacturies of lies that turn out three or four specimens a day, all fitted out and rigged, ready for circulation, a Democratic manufactory and a Republican manufactory of lies, and these have had branch houses in all parts of the country, and their agents going up and down. Lies large and small, lies domestic, and lies public, and lies prurient; long limed lies, and lies of double-back action; lies cut bias and lies diagonal; lies smart, and lies stupid; lies that some believe, and lies that all believe, and lies that nobody believes; lies complimentary and defamatory; lies with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles, and necks, as long as stokes, and legs swift as antelope and sting sharp as addors; secular lies and religious; lies raw and scolloped, and pinked, and stewed; lies with attachment screw, and belt coupling, and ruffler, and brader and ready-wound bobbins; lies by Christians who tell the truth except just before election; lies by people who always lie but surpass themselves in the presidential campaign.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, known himself to fame, appears to have taken a hand in the matter :—

"Let us talk about lying," said Mr. Beecher. "When James G. Blaine said he had not bought $30,000 worth of stock in the Little Rock and Fort Smith railway he said, not a professional lie but a personal lie. (Loud cheers.) When he declared that he did not own $25,000 worth of land in the Hocking Valley he told a lie that could stand and walk alone, and so in the Fort Scott affair, and the $300,000. Blaine is a brilliant liar, and if ever there is a competition in lying he will carry off the prize. (Cheers and laughter) In fact, he is a constitutional, educated and national liar."

The Americans can hardly be called a nation of liars, but from the above specimens it is evident some of them consider that truth has not much show about election times.

The official count of the votes in New York state gives a majority for Cleveland which decides the question as to the next occupant of the White House. After a long fight in the cold shades of opposition the Democrats have at last secured a victory that their tricky opponents cannot over ride as they did in 1876. Blaine acknowledges, with the leading Republicans, that he is defeated, and this will probably save serious trouble, as the democrats this time were determined to enforce their victory by the most desperate means, if need be.

In addressing letters to some places in the United States, one has to be very careful in mentioning the particular State in the Union, or else the letter may journey round through a dozen towns before reaching its destination. We find that there are of the same name, in the United States, eleven St. Pauls, twenty Bridgeports, eighteen Buffalos and Newarks, seventeen Brooklyns, Clevelands and Rochesters, sixteen Hartfords, fifteen Louisvilles, thirteen Bostons and Pittsburgs, eight Cincinnatis and Philadelphias, six Chicagos, seven Detroits, five Milwaukees and St. Louises, thirty-two Washingtons, and four New Yorks and Baltimores. New Orleans and San Francisco are not duplicated.

## The Sacred Nile.

The following letter is from Mr. Fred Ward, an old Madoc boy: who is with the Canadian contingent under Gen. Wolseley, taking the British troops up the Nile for the relief of Gen. Gordon. It was written to his uncle, Mr. G. M. Brooks, of this village, and will be interesting to all our readers. The letter was exactly one month in coming from Assouan to Madoc :—

ON THE NILE RIVER,
Saturday, Oct. 18th, 1884.

*Dear Uncle.*—When last I wrote you we were nearing Gibralter. We arrived there about 11.30, in the morning, Monday, and had all the afternoon on shore. I would not have missed seeing Gibralter for a good deal. The town is built at the base of a large rock, with a wall all round, and strongly fortified, cannons staring me in the face wherever I went, among which were two large 100 ton cannons. I did not have a chance to go inside the fortified work, as a pass had to be procured, and as we landed rather late I did not know about it until the office closed, but if I can get a pass going back I am going to see that part of the fortifications. The rock is about 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and the clouds appear to hang round the top of the rock. This rock is excavated and port holes cut and cannons point out of the holes on all sides, so that an army or fleet attacking it would be cut to pieces before they could get near the place. Left Gibralter on Tuesday at about 4:30, and, after a very fine trip, made Alexandria, Egypt, on the following Tuesday about 6 o'clock in the evening. Here was seen a vast difference in the people we have been in the habit of seeing. The Egyptians are nothing like anything we have seen before, except it may be the Chinese. They dress rather peculiar and almost anything will do for them. Around Alexandria the Egyptians appear to be of a better type than they are as we go up the Nile. The majority of them are about the same color as the Chinese, but some of them are as black as they can possibly be. The blacks appear to get more numerous as we proceed. The land just around Alexandria appears to be pretty good for about 60 or 70 miles, when we passed through a large desert, but, after that, the land seemed to grow gradually better all the way we have gone, and the villages larger and better. We travelled by rail from Alexandria to Assouit, a distance of about 200 miles. We are now about 430 miles up the Nile. The native women wear only a dress from the shoulder to the ankles, and a shawl over the head, and mostly cover their faces whenever anyone approaches. The men wear a long cloak and pants, with a small hat. Along our route we see the men at work, and as we go south the men seem to wear less clothing than those we passed, a great many of them being at work with scarcely any clothing except their hats. Night before last we stopped at a place called Luxor, known to Bible readers as ancient Thebes. A large number visited the ruins of an ancient temple, we could not see it as well in the dark as we could have in the daytime, but it gave us a good idea of what they were like. There was a much larger and better ruined temple in the vicinity, but I did not know of it in time to go and see it. To-day at Esnah we visited the ruins of another ancient temple which appeared to have been but recently uncovered. I think the natives have lately dug the sand out of the latter building. It amused us for some days to see the men watering their crops, as it hardly ever rains here. One soldier told me it rained last Christmas at Cairo and that it was the first time they had rain there for 16 years. We expect to reach Assouan on Monday night, and will probably proceed direct to Wady Halfa, where the army will probably start from for Khartoum. General Wolseley is fully prepared to go to Khartoum by land or water, if by water he has the boatmen to take him up the Nile, and if by land he has a camel corps and camels ready. At any rate the camels will accompany the army if they go by water. They will line each side of the river and be ridden by armed soldiers who will protect the men in the boats. General Wolseley expects to reach Khartoum about the 26th of December. All along our route we can buy fruit in abundance, melons, dates, pomegranites, etc., besides onions, etc. All the villages appear like so many mud huts. The houses are made of clay bricks dried in the sun. The health of the whole contingent is good, but they are not able for much heavy work, as five weeks continual travel has made them rather weak in the legs, they having no exercise worth mentioning. I suppose I will have to wait until we get to Assouan before I can post this. Yours,

FRED.

The aspirant for municipal honor is commencing to spit on his hands and ready for action.


FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered almost intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

Two young men, Hornbeck by name, were fooling with a revolver, at Cobourg, when the proverbial accidental discharge occurred, the bullet being lodged in the arm of one of them midway between the elbow and the wrist.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.

MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.

The Lincoln county council has adopted a memorial to the Ontario government for the abolition of exemptions.

The U. E. Loyalist memorial church at Adolphustown will cost about $9,000 when completed.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle at all Drug Stores.

*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

NOTICE.

ALL Notes and Accounts due to the late firm of Joseph Caverly & Son must be settled by the 15th of December next, or otherwise will be placed in court for collection.

JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, November 18th, 1884. 394-4

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Golding Cheese Factory, of Madoc, will be held in the factory, at 10 o'clock, a.m., on Wednesday, December 10th, 1884, for election of officers and transaction of general business. Milk routes will be offered for sale at this meeting.

JAMES ENGLISH,
Madoc, Nov. 18th, 1884. President.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Allen Settlement Cheese Factory will be held in the factory on Saturday, November 29th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for paying dividends, election of officers, and selling milk routes.

W. J. ALLEN,
Madoc, Nov. 18th, 1884. President.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

THE undersigned offers for Sale or to Let, in the village of Madoc, Lots Nos. 2 and 3, south side of Gladstone street, on which is a good house, barn and other conveniences. For particulars apply to James C. Dale, Esq., Madoc village, or to

WM. WOOLLEY,
948 Queen Street West,
Madoc, Nov. 13th, 1884. Toronto.

NEW GROCERY!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS OPENED in Hudgins old stand, a fresh and choice stock of

Tea, Tobacco, Flour, Bread, Biscuits Confectionery,

etc., which will be sold at low prices.

Please give me a call.

JOHN BALLARD.

SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

EXAMINATIONS for admission to High Schools (and for promotion to Fifth Class) will be held in

*Madoc, Stirling, and Bancroft,*

commencing on

December 23 and 24,

at 9 a. m.

Intending candidates must notify the undersigned, at the place at which they wish to be examined, at once.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Public Schools,
N. Hastings.

FARM FOR SALE.

NORTH half of lot No. 6, in the 4th Concession of Madoc. For particulars apply to

ALEX. CROSS.

The "Star" Grocery

*Mrs. Wright's Block.*

BARGAINS,
BARGAINS.

For the next few days we will sell the balance of Mrs. Wright's stock of Groceries, &c.

AT COST,

To make room for our new goods which are now arriving daily.

BARGAINS for EVERYBODY.

Call and See for Yourselves.

*CHURCH & TODD.*

E. L. WEISS,

Watchmaker & Jeweler,

MADOC.

A NEW STOCK OF GOODS JUST ARRIVED.

WATCHES,

in gold and silver, Waltham, Elgin, Hampden, and Swiss Movements.

Screw, Bezel, dust and moisture proof cases,—the best case in the market.

CLOCKS.

A splendid line of fancy Clocks, from $2.00 to $100, suitable for Holiday Gifts.

Large Assortm't of Spectacles & Eye Glasses.

BRACELETS,

Necklets, Crosses, Seals, Brooches, Ear Rings, Bar Pins, Cuff Buttons, Shirt Studs, Collar Buttons, of the latest designs in Gold, Silver, and Rolled Plate.

GOLD CHAINS AND GUARDS

in English and American patterns, Gents chains two and three strand in Silver, also in Rolled Plate.

Black Jewelry in great Variety.

A fine line in Napkin Rings, Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., the finest silver plate.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repairs done well and promptly.

A fine line in Gold Rings, 9, 12, 14, and 18 karats fine, Plain, Chased, and Gems, also a fine selection of Rings set with real diamonds.

WE ARE

"HEADQUARTERS"

FOR

CROSS CUT SAWS, BUCK SAWS, HAND SAWS.
CHOPPING AXES, BROAD AXES, HAND AXES.
COOKING STOVES, COAL STOVES, BOX STOVES.

Stove Pipes and Elbows, hand-made second-growth Hickory AXE HANDLES.

R. R. CASEMENT & CO.

REMOVED! REMOVED!

John Robertson,

Has removed his Dry Goods Store to

*G. A. ROLLINS' OLD STAND,*

West side of Durham Street, one door north of REVIEW building, where he has opened out a complete stock of new and fresh goods in all departments, which he will sell at

BOTTOM PRICES, FOR CASH.

Hoping to meet all my old customers, and new ones who will find it to their interest to inspect my stock, in my new premises, and thanking all for their patronage in the past.

JOHN ROBERTSON.

## DR. E. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to attend to patients as usual, at his residence, Belleville. Consulting hours, 2 to 4 p. m., and after 8 p.m.

## FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

## WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD, Solicitors, Madoc.

## MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER, Barrister.

Ashley Block, Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

## TAXES. TAXES.

THE undersigned Collector of taxes for Madoc village, will be in the village for the accommodation of those who wish to pay their taxes, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week, at John Robertson's store. All taxes must be paid in without delay.

J. H. DUNN, Collector.

## NOTICE.

## TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R KETCHESON, Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884.

## AN OLD HAND AT THE BELLOWS.

HAVING rented Stephen Reed's blacksmith shop, in Madoc village, I am now ready and willing to wait on all customers who may favor me with their patronage.

Horse Shoeing a specialty. All kinds of Locks repaired.

JOHN BROWN, Blacksmith.

Madoc, October 18th, 1884.

## New Harness Shop

BUY YOUR

Harness and Horse Furnishings

FROM

D. A. CALDWELL,

DURHAM STREET, MADOC

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

BUY YOUR

## Boots and Shoes

FROM

T. ROBERTS,

Weiss Block, Madoc

## RUSSEL PROPERTY.

MADOC.

Village Building Lots, FOR SALE.

MR. W. H. HASTINGS, SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all the necessary information as to prices, terms, etc.,

(Signed),

R. & J. RUSSEL, Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 18th, 1884. 361


## Our Clubbing List.

We are now making up our clubbing list for 1885, and will be able to supply any of the leading publications of the country, in connection with the REVIEW, at greatly reduced prices. We can now supply the REVIEW and any of the following papers at the prices named. Others will be added as arrangements are made.

| | Regular price | Both for |
|---|---|---|
| The Century Magazine | $4.00 | $4.75 |
| St. Nicholas " | 3.00 | 3.75 |
| Grip " | 2.00 | 2.50 |
| Godey's Lady's Book | 2.00 | 2.75 |
| Daily Witness | 3.00 | 3.50 |
| Weekly Witness | 1.00 | 1.25 |
| Toronto Daily World | 3.00 | 3.25 |
| " Daily News | 4.00 | 4.00 |
| " Evening News | 3.00 | 3.25 |
| " Weekly News | 1.00 | 1.00 |

## Latest Local News.

**Cheese.**

The various cheese factories in the township are now closing up their season's business and it is satisfactory to note, they will be able to pay shareholders a good dividend. We will be pleased to publish a statement of of the season's business if the Presidents will kindly furnish us the information.

**The Schools.**

The Public Schools will, by law, close on the evening of December 23rd. The Examinations for admission to the High Schools willbe held in Madoc, Stirling and Bancroft on December 23rd and 24th. The Professional Examination for Certificates will be held on December 8th, 9th, and 10th.

**Scott Act Meeting.**

The President of the Scott Act Committee for the County, A. F. Wood M. P. P., has called a meeting of the supporters of the Act in Madoc township, to be held in the Town Hall, in this village, on Saturday next 22nd, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of organizing a township committee and officers.

**C. P. R.**

We are again indebted to Mr. W. D. Timmerman, the obliging C. P. R. agent at Ivanhoe, for printed matter in connection with that road. Last week he sent us a handsome colored map of the whole of the C. P. R. system from Montreal to the Rockies, also giving interesting information regarding the great north-west, and illustrations of prairie farms and scenes in that region. The map is mounted ready for hanging up. Thanks.

**Passed with Honors.**

The friends of Frank E. O'Flynn B. A., will be pleased to learn that at Toronto last week he passed his First Intermediate examination before the Ontario Law Society, standing fourth among the thirty-six who were successful. Only four took honors, of whom Mr. O'Flynn had the good luck to be one. He is practicing in one of the leading law firms in Toronto, Moss, Hoyls & Aylsworth.

**Picturesque Canada.**

Last week Mr. J. A. De La Hooke delivered parts 35 and 36 of the above work to the subscribers in this village. These numbers are the last, and now that the work is finished all must conclude that it is the best of the kind ever issued in Canada, and cheap enough considering the accurate, truthfully and beautifully illustrated history of our country which is before us. The publishers are now prepared to bind the work in two volumns, in a manner harmonizing with the contents, artistic plates having been manufactured expressly for this work. Art Publishing Co. Toronto publishers.

**Re-opening.**

The re-opening services at Hazard's Methodist Church, will be held on Sunday November 30th. At 10.30 a. m., a sermon will be preached by Rev. R. M. Pope of Stirling, and at 6.30 p. m., by Rev. F. B. Stratton. At 2.30 p. m., a platform meeting will be held to be addressed by several speakers. On Monday evening following a grand tea meeting will be held, tea to be served by the ladies at 6 30 o'clock. Good music and able addresses will be furnished. As this church is central, and open to all denominations for funeral purposes, we bespeak a large attendance at above meetings. See bill.

**Opening the Campaign.**

A meeting was convened by A. F. Wood, M.P.P., in the Lecture Room of the Methodist Church, last Friday evening, for the purpose of forming a Village Association, in in connection with the Scott Act campaign.

The following officers were appointed:—Wm. Mackintosh, I.P.S., President; A. B. Ross, Esq., Vice-President; J. C. Dale, Esq., Treasurer, and M. W. Sine, V. S., Secretary, with the following Executive Committee:—Messrs. Saml. Rollins, sr., John Robertson, Dr. W. A. Dafoe, Malcolm Bristol, C.G. Wilson, W. H. O'Flynn, Finlay Houston, D. C. Clarke, W. Sargeat, Walter Tucker, J.R.Orr, John Brown, sr., Robert Rollins, sr., N. M. Maybee, R. R. Casement, John Harper, Sydmer Ross, Jas. Whytock, Benson O'Hara, Dr. Loomis, Peter Sinclair, Thomas Cross, John G. Beans, Joseph Liberty, F. E. Seymour, Francis Tucker, John Geary, James Latimer and Revs. Wishart, Beer and Daykin.

Upon the suggestion of several gentlemen present, a Committee of ladies was named to co-operate with the foregoing Committee in carrying on the campaign. The following are those named:—Mrs. E. D. O'Flynn, Mrs. A. B. Ross, Mrs. Beer, Mrs. Jno. Robertson, Mrs A. F. Wood, Mrs. Stratton, Mrs. Mackintosh, Mrs. D. C. Clarke, Mrs. J. C. Dale, Mrs. C. G. Wilson, Mrs. B. O'Hara, Mrs. M. Wilson, Mrs. M. Bristol, Mrs. Daykin, Mrs. F. E. Seymour, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Hulin, Mrs. Samuel Rollins, sr., Mrs. Wishart and Misses Annie Seymour, Ann Cross, Jenkins, Susie Vallier and McDermid.

A discussion then took place as to the proper education of the people before the petitions were circulated, taken part in by Messrs. Wood, Stratton, O'Flynn, and Beer, and it was decided to have proper literature, bearing upon the subject, circulated throughout the village. One of the Sabbath Schools is distributing copies of *War Notes* through the medium of its pupils which will tend to do a great amount of good, but this not enough, let others "go and do likewise."

A committee meeting was held in the same place on Tuesday evening at which it was decided for the President and Secretary to order a supply of Scott Act literature for distribution throughout the municipality.

## Local Chit-Chat.

—Prepare for winter.

—Look out for snow.

—See that a good supply of wood is at hand.

—There was good skating on the ice on the pond yesterday.

—Mr. John Ballard has opened a grocery in Hudgins old stand. See advt.

—A synopsis of the Scott Act appears in another column.

—Mr. W. H Hastings established a law office is Tweed this week. Mr. Halliwell is in charge.

—A pair of buckskin gloves were left in the REVIEW office last week. The owner can have them by calling.

—Attention is directed to the new advertisement of J. H. Ford, Photographer, of Belleville, in this issue.

—There is some talk of a roller skating rink being opened in Madoc. The young people should have some amusement this winter.

—The Deseronto *Tribune* says two Madoc young ladies were soliciting subscriptions in that village last week, in aid of the R.C. Church here.

—Should not our local Board of Health or Village Council take some steps for preventing the small pox, now raging in Hungerford, from reaching this village?

—It is again announced that the Salvation Army is about to establish themselves in the village. Just now we are of opinion that the village can get along nicely without them.

—The new schoolhouse in the O'Hara neighborhood will be dedicated to the cause of education on November 23rd, by a sermon from the Rev. F. B. Stratton, at 2:30 p.m.

—We learn that Mr. J. F. Davis, who lately left Madoc for Campbellford, has now removed from that place and settled in Tweed. He found Campbellford duller than he expected.

—Capt. Wallis, for some years foreman at the Canada Consolidated Gold Mine, Deloro, died at that place on Monday, from injuries received some weeks ago by a large stone falling on his legs, both of which were broken.

—A correspondent asks why it is that bread sells for 12 cents a loaf in Madoc and only 10 cents in Stirling, Trenton, and Belleville, while in Kingston it is but 9 cents! Somebody please explain?

—The Model School board, of this village, have advertised for two teachers to fill the places of Mr. Clark and Miss Bellias, who have resigned. We understand Miss Wootton has been re-engaged to take Miss Pomeroy's position, she having also determined to leave at Christmas.

—A large number of ladies surprised Mrs. Hulin, on Monday evening last, by entering her house with baskets, etc., and setting a magnificant table invited her to take tea with them. A pleasant evening was spent and, it being the occasion of her seventy-third birthday, a small purse was presented her before leaving.

—In accordance with an order issued by the President, a public meeting will be held in the Town Hall, Madoc, on November 22, at 2 o'clock p.m., for the purpose of organizing the township of Madoc, preparatory to the Scott Act campaign. All the friends of temperance throughout the township are earnestly solicited to be present.

—A most enjoyable time was spent by the young people of the Methodist Church of this village, at the house of Rev. F. B. Stratton, on Monday evening, the 10th, the Rev. gentleman having invited them from his pulpit the night previous in order to secure a better acquaintance. About 60 were present. This was a step in the right direction and cannot fail to do good, as it brings the pulpit and pew more closely together.

—It is to be hoped that the circulars calling upon the conveners in the different municipalities, to organize Scott Act committees, has had its desired effect, and that the work of organization is being pushed on to completion—as the Executive Committee meet next Thursday in Stirling, to lay out the work of the future. All Presidents of local organizations, the Finance committee, and the clergy *ex-officio*, are members of the said Executive Committee. Every municipality should organize at once, in order to be represented. All temperance workers will be welcome. Mr. Spence has been invited to assist, and deliver an address at 7:30.

[A telegram from F. S. Spence, Secretary Dominion Alliance, to Rev. F. B. Stratton, announces the fact that he will be present at Stirling on the 27th to aid in organizing for county work, and will deliver a lecture in the evening.]

### ROBBING THE MAILS.

W. B. Abercrombie, a young man in the employ of the Dominion Government for some time as a mail clerk on the Midland Railway between Belleville and Madoc, was arrested at Belleville on Friday by constable Hayes, at the instance of Mr. Allen Jones, of Kingston, Deputy Post Office Inspector, on the charge of stealing four registered letters from the mail on the train. He was locked up and on Saturday morning appeared at the police court feeling quite keenly the position he was placed in. His father, who lives in Picton, was not present, so the accused asked to be remanded until Wednesday. Mr. Abercrombie has highly respectable parents in Picton, and since his residence in Belleville he has always conducted himself in a gentlemanly manner. He has many friends who regret the the disgrace he has brought upon himself in a moment of temptation.

Mr. Jones states that some eighteen or twenty letters have been missed during the past few months. The evidence against the accused is strong. The punishment if guilt is established, cannot be less than five years, and the extreme penalty is imprisonment for life in the penitentiary.

George Upton of Hastings has fallen heir to $75,000 by the death of some relatives in England.

## A Dreaded Visitor!

### Small Pox in Hungerford Township.

On Monday the startling rumor reached this village that small pox had broken out in Tweed, but on enquiry it was found that, although it was unfortunatily true, it was farther south, being in the neighborhood of Stoco. The disease was brought from Lower Canada by a Frenchman named Ginor, about a week ago, and rapidly spread to several adjoining families. We are informed that for some days the medical men in attendance pronounced it "chicken pox," but after one or two deaths, and the awful truth was known, a panic seemed to take them and the stricken ones to wear left their fate. Rev. Father Fleming, we believe, at once took the matter in hand and sent to Kingston for nurses. Up to Wednesday nine fatal cases had occurred, and several more were in the last stages of the dreadful disease. The following despatch was sent from Kingston on Tuesday: "Rev. Father Fleming, of Tweed who was in the city to-day states that small pox is in seven families in that village. The people are terrified, and many are leaving the place. On Sunday two men died, and the priest and the grave digger had to bury their remains, as no assistance could be secured. Even the doctors refused to attend the sick. This afternoon Father Fleming and two Sisters of Mercy left for Tweed, taking with them a supply of vaccine. He was vaccinated before leaving. A gentleman from Tamworth says smallpox is at the French village near that place, and great fears are entertained of its spreading."

Dr. P. H. Bryce, Toronto, Secretary Provincial Board of Health, was telegraphed for and arrived at Tweed yesterday, and at once put in force the provisions of the "Public Health Act". A strict quarantine is now being enforced around that district.

### Married.

HOLMES.—HAILSTONE.—At the Parsonage, Madoc, on November 12th, by Rev. F. B. Stratton, William J. Holmes, of Madoc, to Eliza Hailstone, of Elziver.

LONG.—HALL.—At the residence of the bride's father, on November 3rd, by Rev. R. L. Ockley, Mr. Robert Long, of Madoc township, to Miss Chaflotte Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Hall, of Tudor.

CALDWELL.—FRANKLIN.—At the Madoc North Parsonage, Eldorado, on November 12, by Rev. R. L. Ockley, Mr. James Caldwell to Miss Sarah Franklin, both of Madoc township.

New Brunswick will send geological specimens to New Orleans exposition.

A very valuable deposit of mica has been found on the farm of Mr. Charles Wills, about half way between Oliver's Ferry and the village of Portland. The mica is very white in color and of excellent quality. Already some twelve or fifteen openings have been made, all showing mica large enough to cut the usual sizes required; and as it shows to the surface in many other places as well, the prospect is good for a very large quantity, and there should be plenty of money in it for the fortunate owners, who are Mr. Wm. Davies and some other gentlemen of Perth.

### HOME RULE FOR IRELAND.

BIRMINGHAM, Nov. 15.—Justin McCarthy, sr. and jr., addressed the national Irish club to-day. Justin McCarthy, jr., delivered the inaugural address as president of the club. He said the Irish members of commons would not rest until they had a parliament on College green, Dublin, which he prophesied they would have within five years. Justin McCarthy, sr., said three of the most influential members of the cabinet had declared in favor of the principle of home rule in Ireland and he believed the English parliament would affirm that principle before five years passed.

### MADOC MARKETS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Flour, $4 00 | to | 4 50 | |
| Fall Wheat, $0 60 | to | 0 65 | |
| Spring Wheat, $0 70 | to | 0 80 | |
| Oats, 34 cents | to | 00 cents | |
| Rye, 50 " | to | 50 " | |
| Barley, 48 cents | to | 60 cents | |
| Peas, 60 cents | to | 65 cents | |
| Potatoes per bag, 35 cents | to | 40 cents | |
| Butter per pound, 12 cents | | | |
| Eggs per dozen, | to | 14 cents. | |
| Tallow, 5 cents | | | |
| Lard, 11 " | | | |
| Calfskins, 35 cents | to | 45 cents | |
| Sheepskins, 45 cents | to | 50 cents | |
| Wool, 15 to 16cents | | | |
| Hay, per ton, 9 00 | to | $12 00 | |
| Hides, per cwt., $5 00 | to | $6 00 | |
| Cheese, 13c to | | 00c | |

The postoffice at Regina is open an hour on Sundays.

Twenty-two failures in the dominion last week as compared with thirty-two the preceding week.


### WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

*Holloway's Pills.*—Nervousness and want of energy.—When first the nerves feel unstrung, and listlessness supplants energy, the time has come to take some such alterative as Holloway's Pills to restrain a disorder from developing itself into a disease. These excellent Pills correct all irregularities and weaknesses. They act so kindly, yet so energetically on the functions of digestion and assimilation, that the whole body is revived, the blood reddened richer and purer, while the muscles become firmer and stronger, and the nervous and absorbent systems are invigorated. These Pills are suitable for all classes and all ages. They have a most marvellous effect on persons who are out of conditiin; they soon rectify whatever is in fault, restore strength to the body and confidence to the mind.

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned having retired from business, parties indebted to her are requested to call and settle their accounts without further notice.

JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, November 11th, 1884.

## TRIMMED BEEF HIDES, $7.50,

## Untrimmed, $6.50,

—AT—

MULLETT'S TANNERY.

3 mos.-393 MADOC.

## GROCERIES,

## WINES,

## AND LIQUORS.

D. W. WRIGHT.

## Millinery, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods.

## Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above department.

Call and Inspect the Stock.

Miss L. ELLIOTT.

## New Dress Goods and Mantle Cloths.

Our stock in this department is now complete, and we offer what we consider the

HANDSOMEST, MOST STYLISH, AND CHEAPEST GOODS,

Ever ofiered to the people of Madoc and vicinity.

A look through will convince you we are selling these Goods at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

Call Early and get a Good Choice, as they are going off rapidly.

O'FLYNN & O'HARA.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

# IN ONE SHORT YEAR!

If the Rector of Chelston could cut out, obliterate, forget one short year of the forty-five he has lived he might be a happy man; or as happy as a mortal may be, who recognises the responsibilities and duties of life.

His living is a rich one. He has no domestic worries or aggrieved parishioners. He is of good family—so good that he takes his place among the county people as much by right as by courtesy. In spite of his grave, not to say austere, manners, he has won the love of his parishioners and friends; and if the world he rules spiritually is a little one, his writings have carried his name far beyond it. Certainly the Rev. Percival Blake is a successful man and could that one year be forgotten might be a happy one.

The story of the year he would consign to oblivion is this:

Ten years ago, at half-past six o'clock on the 21st of December, the stars were shining brightly; at eight o'clock the congregation coming out of Chelston Church found a heavy snow-storm raging. The wind had changed. An army of dark clouds had hurried up and was attacking the earth so furiously that already everything within range was white with snow.

The Rector's mother, a lady of stately presence, came down the aisle attended by her two daughters. She paused to address a few reproachful words to the sexton, respecting the low temperature inside the church; then passed into the porch, which was full of members of the congregation preparing to fight their way home through the unexpected snow-storm. Wishing all present a happy new year, the ladies wrapped their cloaks around them, and at a brisk pace went up the lane which led to the Rectory.

There was warmth and comfort. The reflection of a roaring fire danced on every polished oak panel of the dining-room. Mrs. Blake and her daughters gathered round the blaze like priestesses round an altar; and the bell was rung to show they were ready for tea.

It was a week day. The service had been held to mark the last day of the year. The rector, a sensible man, disapproved of midnight services. His flock were better in bed at such an hour. So he had given them the ordinary evensong, and preached a short suitable sermon. His work over, he was expected home every moment.

The tea came, but not the rector. The cosy was put on the teapot, and the hot cakes placed inside the fender. The ladies sat toasting themselves and discussing who were and who were not at church.

Presently Selina, the youngest daughter, looked out of the window and reported that the lights of the church were extinguished. It was decided that Percival had gone on some errand of charity, so the ladies began tea without him. Mrs. Blake was filling the cups for the second time when the missing rector entered.

Percival Blake was above middle height, and strongly but not clumsily built. His face must be described by a word which would convey more than "handsome"—it was a fine face. If now, and when in repose, it wore an expression of contented indolence, it was, nevertheless, the face of a man from whom something out of the common might be expected.

The truth is, his life had been far too uneventful and easy. He possessed abilities which had never yet been fully called forth; he was capable of passion that had never yet been aroused. The sharp spurs of ambition had not yet gored his flanks. This may be understood when one knows that at thirty he was Rector of Chelston—and even now, at thirty-five, he had not met the woman he could love.

Young as he was when the late rector, his father, died, his succession was a matter beyond question. The living of Chelston belongs to Lord Keynsham, and, as all the county knows, Percival's father was Lord Keynsham's first cousin. That the young clergyman was to stand in his father's shoes had been settled long ago. He had been brought up to do so as surely as a merchant's son is brought up to enter his business.

So the boy was apprenticed to the trade. There was no question as to his fitness for the sacred office. The fact of his being his father's son settled this. He himself accepted his position as a matter of course, and after a creditable career at Oxford, settled down to do duty as his father's curate.

He was a conscientious man, and did his work well. But his life had been made too simple, too easy for a man of his powers. It seemed all arranged: beginning, middle, and end.

His father died. He took his place, his mother and sisters living on at the rectory, and looking after the needs of the parish even as they did in his father's reign. At first they supposed Percival would marry; after a year or two they believed, perhaps hoped, he would not; now they looked upon him as cut out for a bachelor, and felt pretty sure of their tenure.

"You are late, my dear," said Mrs. Blake, as the young rector took his seat.

"Yes; and cold and hungry too."

They ministered to his creature comforts. He drank his tea and ate his muffins with gusto.

"Your sermon was very powerful," said Mrs. Blake. "At times I think you preach almost up to your poor father's level."

"Thank you," said Percival, suppressing a smile.

Preaching had not been his predecessor's forte.

"Percival," said Maria, his eldest sister, "did you notice a lady in black? She sat in the south aisle."

The laity may be comforting, but a clergyman's mother and sisters know he is able, and often ready, to take stock of his congregation.

The rector had noticed her.

"We feel sure she is the person who has just come to the Hollies."

"She is. She told me so."

"Told you so! When?"

Three pairs of astonished eyes gazed at the rector.

"It is on her account I am late! Just as I was leaving the church, old Jones told me a lady had slipped on the snow and sprained her ankle. I picked her up and carried her into the vestry."

"You carried her! Couldn't you have left that to Jones—if necessary?"

"My dear mother! She is a fine young woman, weighing about twelve stone. Jones is past seventy, and getting shaky."

This answer was unanswerable.

"Well?" asked Mrs. Blake, severely.

"Jones went to the Red Lion for a cab, or some conveyance. I acted a little amateur surgery."

"Alone with her in the vestry?"

"Her maid was there. A poor helpless creature, more hindrance than use."

Helpless or not, Mrs. Blake was relieved at hearing about the maid. "Was it a *real* sprain?" she asked suspiciously.

"The ankle was swollen to an enormous size. I was obliged to cut her boot off."

"Oh!" gasped Mrs. Blake. "And then?"

"I ascertained that no bones were broken, bathed it with cold water, and bound it up, in a most workmanlike way. Then Jones and the cab came. I saw my patient home, and here I am."

The Rector of Chelston bathing and binding up a young woman's ankle in the vestry was more than Mrs. Blake could stand. She rose from her seat and gave her son her ideas on the subject.

"All I can say is that carrying beautiful young women into vestries, attending to their ailments, and taking them home, is, in my opinion, an unclerical, if not a disreputable, proceeding."

The rector's cheek flushed, but he checked the hot retort which rose to his lips; still his voice and manner showed there was a limit to maternal authority and his own patience.

"I did not say she was beautiful. I would have done the same for the oldest and ugliest of my congregation. Good-night. I am going to my study."

The ladies looked blank; the more so when the hours passed without his reappearing. It was their custom at the Rectory to watch the old year out, and exchange good wishes as the clock struck twelve. Mrs. Blake grew very fidgety as midnight drew near, and was trying to bring herself to go to her son and ask his pardon. But Percival spared her this by returning of his own accord.

"Mother," he said, "you spoke hastily. But it is the last night of the year; let us forget it."

Mrs. Blake melted.

"Oh, Percival, it was only from anxiety on your account."

He laughed.

"I am old enough to look after myself."

"Yes, my dear. But, Percival, who is she?"

"I told you. Mrs. Russell, the lady just come to the Hollies."

"But *who* is she? No one knows anything about her. She may be an adventuress."

"Adventuresses are not likely to come to Chelston. Besides, we heard she bought the house, and I suppose has paid for it."

"Is she a lady?" asked Selina—"lady" bore a very high meaning with the Blakes.

"Undoubtedly. You can call and judge for yourselves."

Mrs. Blake made no objection to calling. Unless there was something known against her, the new arrival was entitled to a call from the Rectory folks. Besides, Mrs. Blake, still much troubled by the vestry episode, wanted to see Mrs. Russell and form her own opinions.

Twelve o'clock struck, and after the usual good wishes the family party separated.

"What will the new year bring?" said the rector, as he undressed himself. "Not much change so far as Chelston is concerned. That was a very beautiful woman," he added.

The next morning, in spite of the four inches of snow, Percival Blake felt bound to walk to the Hollies and inquire after his new parishioner. The Hollies, a medium sized house, stood in about half an acre of garden on the outskirts of Chelston village. At the back were meadows and through the meadows ran the deep Chelston brook or river, as the inhabitants were pleased to call it. The Rectory was half a mile from the Hollies, and Percival, as he walked the distance, had time to wonder why a beautiful young woman like Mrs. Russell should choose Chelston as an abode. Not that society was wanting, provided one was duly accredited. But the country people are rigidly exclusive, and few enter the circle on their own merits. The impression Mrs. Russell had given the rector was that of a woman who would scarcely be contented with the society of the doctor's and lawyer's wives and daughters, much less with that of the respectable farmers' women-kind.

Mrs. Russell was better. She was up, and would be glad to see Mr. Blake. The rector hesitated—thinking of his snow-caked boots—but after some vigorous work with scraper and door-mat, decided that he might venture into a drawing-room, so he followed the servant to Mrs. Russell and his fate.

His first thought was that, high as he had ranked her beauty, he had underestimated it. But then he had seen her in the dimly-lighted vestry, and while she was suffering great pain. Now!

An artist should have painted her! A sculptor should have fixed that attitude immovably in marble! She lay on a couch wheeled round by the fire. Her pose was full of that grace which appeals so eloquently to the eye capable of appreciating beauty and symmetry of form. It was unstudied and natural, yet full of dignity. Moreover, the classical purity of her style was bound to tell upon a man of Percival Blake's good taste. Adventitious aids she had none. The thick dark shining hair was coiled simply on the well-proportioned head. Her dress was plain black, but fitting her so as to show every line of that splendid figure. The dark eyes, lashes and eyebrows looked darker, the bright red lips redder, from the contrast of the white face. White, but, if such words can convey the idea, warm white. If color was wanting on the cheek, no one would call her pale; her complexion spoke of warmth, life and health.

And Percival marveled again that such a creature should bury herself in such a place as Chelston.

She greeted him smilingly. She gave him her hand; it was white and well-shaped, but not diminutive. A tiny hand would have been a deformity with a woman of her splendid build. She thanked him for his last night's kindness. He hoped she was better, and complimented her on her fortitude. After this light skirmish of pretty sayings they settled down to general conversation.

Certainly a most interesting woman! She was animated; she was natural; she questioned the rector about the parish, the church, the schools, the neighborhood, and other subjects which are clerical specialties. Then their conversation became more eclectic—literature, music, painting, even politics. After a little while the rector found himself discussing and arguing, as if her opinion carried weight. As the Rev. Percival had a low opinion of the intellectual powers of women in general, this was a great compliment to Mrs. Russell.

The minutes passed pleasantly. At last the rector felt that, so far as time was concerned, the obligations of duty and politeness had been discharged. He showed signs of leave-taking.

"Spare me a few minutes more," said Mrs. Russell. "I have something to say."

He reseated himself willingly enough.

"I suppose you are all puzzling your heads about me," she said gravely; "your mother and sisters, for instance?"

This direct attack confused the rector.

"Chelston is a little place," he said.

"And, like all little places," she continued, "much exercised about a new comer?"

"As you use the phrase, I may as well say it is the right one."

"Well, Mr. Blake, I have no wish to be an object of curiosity or suspicion. In a village, the Rectory—not perhaps, the rector—is often the headquarters of gossip."

Percival laughed; but remembering his mother and sisters, dared not deny the charge. Mrs. Russell looked at him with her great dark eyes, and smiled as she saw how correctly she had judged.

"I am right, then? Well, Mr. Blake, if you are expected to give information, it is just as well you should be correctly informed yourself."

"But I have no wish to know. It is not my business."

She shrugged her shoulders, and just raised her eyebrows. The actions were, perhaps, bordering on coquetry. Mr. Blake at once caught their meaning. His disclaimer of curiosity was not flattering to the fair woman beside him. He hastened to atone.

"I mean, if I can be of service; please command me."

He wondered at the eagerness of his own manner. She smiled.

"I should like this to be known," she said. "I have no wish for society, and I bring no credentials. My story is this: My father was a well-to-do merchant in Liverpool. His name was Bennett. My mother died when I was an infant. I was an only child, and was utterly spoiled. My father's kindness I repaid by marrying a man whom he particularly disliked. My husband died three years ago; my father shortly afterward. He forgave me on his death-bed, and left me all he had to leave. He might well forgive me. I had long before repented of my obstinacy and folly."

A hard look came into her eyes as she spoke.

"You were unhappy?" said the rector, sympathizingly.

"More than unhappy—poor, unhappy, and—ill treated. But that concerns no one save myself."

She was silent. Her eyes looked far away. Her lips hardened and grew thin with a bitter smile. Percival Blake, watching her, knew she had a past she would fain forget.

"Thank you for your confidences," he said. "You are right, living in a small inquisitive world, to publish your antecedents. I shall tell the busy-bodies as much as seems good to me. And you really mean to live at Chelston?" he continued.

"I think so. I hated the loneliness of London. I have no friends, no relations. The fit seized me to try the country. I saw this house advertised. Chelston was the same to me as another place. So here I am, with a faithful old servant to look after me."

"You will find it terribly dull."

"One may be dull, yet fairly happy. I can amuse myself. I am fond of reading, of painting, of music. Perhaps, when you know me better, you will find me something to do."

"Anyway, we must try and keep you now," said the rector, gallantly.

Then he took his leave, and went to perform less agreeable if less dangerous duties. He dared not confess to himself how greatly his interest had been awakened by the strange, uncommon beauty of this woman. But he dimly understood how it might be possible for a man to forsake friends, duty—even creed—for the sake of some one whom he pictured as not unlike his new parishioner. He was nearer to his fate than he imagined.

His account of his morning's exploits spread consternation through the rectory. With discreditable want of tact he praised Mrs Russell to the skies. His mother and sisters at once took the alarm. Percival, after all, might not be cut out for a bachelor. The joint regency was threatened—not by one who would be a suitable spouse for the Rector of Chelston, but by a terribly beautiful young widow about whom no one knew anything!

Nevertheless, they called at the Hollies, and Mrs. Blake's heart sunk as she saw that Percival had not been led astray by the glamour of good looks when he declared that Mrs. Russell was a lady. Maria and Selina, the rector's sisters, two plain, middle-aged women, who had outlived envy of another's personal charms, rather inclined to the new-comer; but their mother was obdurate. She shook her head ominously.

"There is a mystery," she said. "There is something wrong with that woman; I have a presentiment."

Mrs. Blake's presentiments were not things to be trifled with.

However, a kind of reserved friendship sprung up between the ladies. Mrs. Blake looked upon it as an armed truce, under cover of which she could better protect her son from the allurements of this mysterious siren.

But unhappily that son began to manifest a strength of will and determination to walk his own way, and, moreover, walked that way so far and so openly that the folks about Chelston began to talk; but even that troubled the rector very little.

He had long left off deceiving himself. His fate had met him. He loved this woman with all the strength of his really strong nature, and was striving, in deadly earnest, to make her love him. His passion had swept away all domestic barriers. Mother, sisters, everything faded into insignificance beside it. Life without that one woman's life was worthless. The touch of her hand, the look of her dark eyes, the sound of her musical voice, thrilled him. The Rector of Chelston loved at last—loved as only one man out of a thousand can love. His was not the sparkling transient emotion of a boy—not the dotage of the septuagenarian—it was the ardent glowing passion of a man—the love of a lifetime!

He blamed himself bitterly for this complete surrender to one dominant passion. He saw what dangers he might be led into, yet was helpless against his fate. His unhealthy state of mind was clearly shown him whilst he was engaged in the performance of a peculiarly painful duty. A son of one of his parishioners had murdered his sweetheart. He was now lying in the county jail under sentance of death. It was reported that he was callous and impenitent. His father, with tears in his eyes, begged Percival Blake to visit his boy and try and save his guilty soul. The criminal had once been the brightest of the village boys, and a great favorite of Percival's. Perhaps his pleading might succeed where another's failed. The rector at once visited the jail, and tried all his powers of persuasion to bring the convict to a proper frame of mind. But his labor was vain. The young man was quiet and respectful. He regretted the necessity for the deed, but not the deed itself.

"I loved her," he said sullenly. "No other man should have her. I would do it again rather."

Percival prayed and reasoned without moving him an atom. But the murderer at last turned to him and said:

"You've never loved a girl like I did, Mr. Blake, or you'd have done just the same."

Percival Blake turned pale. The thought struck him like a bullet—the man was speaking the truth. He—even he, the Rector of Chelston—would kill his love rather than another man should have her!

"God help me!" he groaned. "I must end this."

So one bright afternoon in April he walked over to the Hollies and told Philippa Russel he loved her. He spoke fiercely and sternly, almost like one under compulsion. In fact, he all but commanded her to return his love, and perhaps she liked him none the less for his masterful bearing.

She looked particularly lovely that afternoon. Although living in solitude, she was always well dressed. Had she anticipated the visit and wished to hasten the avowal she could not have attired herself more effectively. The man must be ultra-fastidious who could find a single fault in her personal appearance—or so thought the rector as he waited her answer.

For a while she was silent. She stood with her white fingers interlaced. Her downcast eyes gave her wooer no sign, but a wave of color crossed the healthy pallor of her cheek. Then she raised her eyes and her look set every pulse in his body throbbing. In another moment he would have thrown his arms around her.

But she checked him, although she still gazed at him. She spoke; her words were strange, but there was something in her voice which as yet he had never detected there.

"Tell me how much you love me!" she said.

"I cannot," he whispered. In truth, he dared not even tell himself.

"Tell me how much you love me!" she reiterated.

"Far above any being in the world."

A scornful smile made her look even more beautiful.

"Spare me the ordinary lover's protestations. But stay," she continued, with a marvelous change of voice and manner. "I am treating you unfairly. Percival, listen. I love you! I love you!"

She leaned a little way toward him. The action was unmistakable. His arms were round her; his lips on her lips. From that moment life held but one thing for the Rector of Chelston.

"Tell me; tell me now, Percival," whispered Philippa, as she lay passive in his arms.

Even then there flashed across him that scene in the jail. If he spoke the truth he need seek no further for a fitting simile. He bent his head, and whispered in a strange hoarse voice:

"I love you even as that young man just hanged loved. I would kill you rather than you should love another."

She laughed deliriously.

"Sweet, sweet love!" she cried. "I believe you! I love you!"

Then she laid her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

He adored her, yet she feared her. He was her master, yet her slave. She had wrung words from him which no man, certainly no clergyman, should dare to say; but she had told him and shown him she loved him. He led her to a seat, and, now that the victory was his, began to count the spoils.

"We will be married soon, dearest," he said.

She pressed her hands to her forehead.

"I did not promise to marry you," she said.

The rector wondered if he heard aright.

"Philippa, what *do* you mean?" he cried.

"You asked me if I loved you. I answered truly. For the rest, you took me by surprise. Come to morrow or the next day."

"But why. What is your meaning? You love me, and of course you will marry me."

She clasped her hands, then once more pressed them to her brows.

"I am telling lies," she said. "It was no surprise to me. For weeks I have pictured this moment. Percival, there shall be no deceit between us."

"None on my part," he answered gravely.

"And none on mine. I said 'Come to-morrow.' One day of pleasant dreaming—one day of your love—seemed worth having. To-day and to-morrow are the same. Sweet love, I love you! Hold my hand—listen—and leave me."

He obeyed with a white face. She spoke for some minutes in a low voice. The gravity of her communication was shown by the change which the rector's face and bearing underwent. Save by one or two smothered exclamations, he did not interrupt her, and when she had finished speaking, sat silent and motionless. She drew her hand from his and rose. His eyes followed her, and at last, with dry lips, he whispered:

"This is the truth?"

"This is the truth," she said, moving toward the door. "Farewell. I leave here to-morrow."

At the door she lingered and looked back. Their eyes met. A shiver ran through the man's strong frame. Then, like one who makes, for good or ill, a sudden resolution he sprung to his feet.

"What do I care?" he cried. "I love you. I cannot live without you. Let it be all forgotten, or borne together."

Once more he embraced her. She made no resistance, no attempt to conceal the joy his decision gave her. But presently drawing a little away from him, she said:

"Percival, if you give me your love in spite of all, it must be forever. Nothing must part us."

"It is for ever. Nothing shall part us."

An hour afterwards the rector walked home, and informed his mother that Philippa Russell had consented to be his wife.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

## QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

### WHY NEGROES ARE BLACK.

Surgeon Maj. N. Alcock has contributed to *Nature* an interesting communication as to why the tropical man is black, in which he suggests that as the lowest animal pigment cells placed behind a transparent nerve termination exalt its vibration to the highest pitch, the reverse takes place when, as in the negro, the pigment-cells are placed in front of the nerve terminations, and that the black pigment in the skin serves to lessen the intensity of the nerve vibrations that would be caused in a naked body by exposure to a tropical sun; that, in fact, the pigment plays the same part as a piece of smoked glass held between the sun and the eye.

### THREE MILES ABOVE THE SEA.

A recent traveller in Asia, Mr. Webber, states that in the mountains of Thibet he has lived for months at the height of more than 15,000 feet above the ocean with the following results: His pulse, normally sixty-three beats per minute, seldom fell below 100 beats per minute during the time he lived at that altitude. His respirations were often twice as numerous as under ordinary circumstances: a run of 100 yards would quicken both pulse and respirations more than a run of 1,000 yards would at the sea-level.

### NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

Although there are few tongues that are not represented in newspaper literature, an enormous majority are published in four languages. As a matter of course, English heads the list, inasmuch as English-speaking races have peopled North America and Australasia. The German races rank second, the French third, the Spanish fourth. The proportion is as follows: English, 16,500 publications; German, 7,350; French, 3,850; Spanish, 1,660.

### A WONDERFUL MACHINE.

An inventor, writing to the "Scientific American" proposes to revolutionize the present system of cultivating the earth. He describes a machine that is rigged with a large windmill sails, has a tiller for steering, will travel up hill or down, and with the wind in any direction. A full-sized one of sixty-horse power may be depended upon to draw ten ploughs four miles an hour, with but one man in attendance. It will also harrow, and furnish the power to sow, reap, and mow, thrash, grind, or carry loads to market or irrigate lands. Will travel ten miles an hour in any direction and carry twenty passengers, provided there is a good breeze. The machines are not expensive to build.

## The Hypocrisy of the Face.

An Italian author, Signor M. P. Mantegazza, professor of natural history at the Museum of Florence, has just contributed a very remarkable volume to the list of scientific works. Mantegazza's work is devoted to the subject of human physiognomy and the expression of the emotions; it deals very amply with one very interesting question—whether it is possible to mask one's feelings by force of will so completely as to deceive the keenest and most experienced observer. Civilized, and even uncivilized peoples, have been steadily training themselves to master all outward signs of emotions as far back as history records—the fashionable man of Paris, London or St. Petersburg tries to appear as impassive as a god; the American, less hypocritical, aims nevertheless to cultivate something of Indian gravity and stoicism. What are the results of the long continued effort of man to master feeling and to hide what Nature seeks to express under all circumstances. They are sometimes very wonderful; but M. Mantegazza does not believe they are ever wholly successful—notwithstanding that the capacity for self-conquest may have increased steadily through generations. Woman succeeds, indeed, better than man; and the uninitiated may be deceived by either, but the experienced physiologist can never be wholly duped by the immobility of a face or the fearlessness of an eye.

## How to Increase the Pleasure of Eating.

In his essay on "The Pleasure of Eating," Count Rumford says: "The pleasure enjoyed in eating depends—first, on the agreeableness of the taste of the food; and, secondly, upon its power to effect the palate. Now, there are many substances extremely cheap, by which very agreeable tastes may be given to food, particularly when the taste or nutritive substance of the food is tasteless, and the effect of any kind of palatable solid food (of meat, for instance), upon the organs of taste, may be increased almost indefinitely by reducing the size of the particles of such food, and causing it to act upon the palate by a larger surface. And if means be used to prevent its being swallowed too soon, which may easily be done by mixing it with some hard and tasteless substance such as crumbs of bread rendered hard by toasting, or anything else of that kind, by which a long mastication is rendered necessary, the enjoyment of eating may be greatly increased and prolonged." He adds that "the idea of occupying a person a great while, and affording him much pleasure at the same time, in eating a small quantity of food, may perhaps appear ridiculous to some, but those who consider the matter attentively will perceive that it is very important."

The secret of the jumping Mexican bean is out. It was discovered on the Comstock lode in Nevada. Each bean contains a worm which can uncoil itself with such sudden vehemence that the bean is made to jump. The Nevada newspaper which avers this also says that the worm is a provision of nature whereby the beans are distributed and become planted. Dropping from the trees which produce them, they jump about until they fall into crevices in the ground, where they are imprisoned and may take root.

## ROMANCE OF A BRACELET.

### Found After Two Thousand Years on the Banks of the Oxus—Interesting Historical Reminiscences Suggested by a Gem.

A beautiful bracelet found upon the banks of the Oxus and purchased for £1,000 by the South Kensington museum carries imagination back to some of the most startling events of antiquity. The very spot where it was discovered calls up to the mind a bewildering series of old world episodes, the tragic histories of Xerxes and Darius, and the terrific prowess of conquering Alexander. It would be easy to go still further back, for the waters of the Oxus flow through the cradleland of Aryan civilization, and on either banks lie the deserts, once fertile provinces, in which the ancestors of European nations lived, fought and died. The bracelet, however, antique though it is—more than 2,000 years old—does not encroach so wide an area of history. Yet it is surely enough for any single jewel that it should summon up to the recollection of the nineteenth century the prodigious events of Persian and Macedonian empires, and recall, as if by actual presence, the odalisques for whom the great Mede planted his pavilions of purple and gold under the plane-trees by the broad Asiatic stream, the ladies who graced the banquets of the mightiest of Babylonian monarchs as he lay encamped upon the Bactrian frontier, who shared with both Mede and Persian the terrors of fight before a furious conqueror, who sat by Alexander's side when he feasted with his captains after victory, and who, in the harrowing splendor of their pride, asked as the amusement of an evening to see the stately city of Persepolis destroyed by fire. Here, in the very place where this jewel has lain hidden all these years, stood, perhaps, the sumptuous tents in which the lovely Tomiris held her court in the midst of the greatest army the world has ever seen; and—who knows? perhaps this very bracelet was her own, and once clasped the wondrous white arm that had a power, which all the hosts of embattled Asia could not compass, to stay the march of "the great Erathian," and dictate to the conquerer of the world the movement of his troops. Perhaps he clasped it on himself, and it may be that, as she pointed to the treasury city of Cambyses, doomed to blaze for her amusement, this circlet of enameled gold glittered in the light of the torch which, the legends tell us, Alexander hastened with his own hand to set, at her bidding, to the beautiful palace of the Forty Pillars. Fancy can not riot over such a gem, for its possibilities are infinite; yet the fact remains that it has been found, and found, too, upon such historic ground as justifies much license of imagination, and conjures up all the romance of the old Oxus stream.

Once upon a time there stood upon the seacoast of Ionia a temple of Apollo, rich in treasures of gold and jewels. The Persians invaded Greece, and the ministers of the god impiously betrayed their trust and surrendered the costly spoils of the oracle to the enemy. When the foreign hordes turned, baffled, homewards the priests, afraid of the vengeance of their country, begged to be taken away and settled in some distant spot beyond the reach of angry Greece. So they left Ionia and travelled eastward until they came to the Oxus, and there, in that pleasant land, they planted themselves as a colony, still retaining their name of Branchidæ the hereditary ministers of the temple of Apollo that stood by Miletus. Yet they were not so far off but that the arm of Alexander could reach them, and, as he advanced toward India, rolling back the armies of Asia before him, scattering them as the sun scatters the mists to right and left, the conqueror came to the Oxus and to this colony of these treacherous priests. The vengeance of Greece was rapid, cruel, and complete, and the Branchidæ ceased to exist. Here for a while Alexander encamped, and on that occasion, if fancy may dare to imagine it, some fair one of his court, perhaps the incomparable Athenian herself, lost her bracelet. It slipped off that arm—the despair of sculptors, the boast of Greece, the living sceptre which swayed the greatest soldier our earth has known. It fell down among the piled carpets and luxurious cushions with which the polite Macedonian, following the customs of the country he had conquered, had furnished the sumptuous pavilions of his revels. No matter; it would be found by the slaves next day. Nevertheless it was forgotten, and when the camp was struck the crescent, perhaps, got trampled into the ground, and the vast host of the conquerer passed over it, leaving it where it had fallen, to be discovered after a lapse of more than two thousand years. What had she, this imperious beauty, who held in thrall the man for whom the limits of our earth were too small; who commanded with a smile the destruction of royal cities, and trifled away with a jest the destinies of nations—what had she to care about in such a trifle as a bracelet of enameled gold? Even if Alexander gave it her, would he not replace it with another? Susa, "the city of lilies," was within a day's camel-ride, and were there not jewels enough in the pleasure palace of the Persian kings to smother all the beauties of Corinth under their weight? So she lightly forgot it. The multitude of the Macedonian army, the nation of camp-followers, the myriads of beasts of burden, tramped and trudged over the spot where the tents of Thais had stood, and, fortunately for us, not one of all that mighty host saw that jewel where it lay. And so it has happened that after twenty centuries the armlet lies in South Kensington. As a specimen of ancient goldsmiths' work it is of great value; for though antiquity was profuse in personal ornament, we have but little left to assure us of the wondrous taste, the surpassing skill of the artist goldsmiths of Asia, Greece, or Rome. That they were magnificent in their works all history assures us; but the surviving jewels are all too few to give any adequate idea of the taste and richness of their handicrafts in shape the present armlet is a plain "bangle," having at the ends two winged sphinxes like figures, but with eagles's beaks and twisted horns, pointing, probably, to Assyrian influence, as the eagle is not a Greek ornament, though common in Ninevite art. Originally it was enamelled, but the lustrous materials have all vanished, leaving only sufficient discoloration to prove that it was once there. That the bracelet was Asiatic and not European in its origin is probable, and there is reason, perhaps, for supposing that it was part of some spoil taken by Alexander as he swept eastward, emptying the treasuries of imperial capitals, and plundering palaces and cities. Who made this pretty bauble that has come to England after all these years? Fancy finds the question as easy to answer as the other, who wore it? Nor, remarking how many fashions and patterns in ancient jewelry go back to the banks of the Ganges, and how in the old days of magnificence in jewellery, famous gold smiths, masters of their craft, traveled like princes from court to court, and were passed on by the personal invitation of kings from palace to palace, is it beyond the possibilities of fact that this armlet was the work of some Aryan artificer? In primitive countries the goldsmith work in the open air; the customer comes and sits to watch his jewels being made. There is not light enough within the shop so the smith squats upon his carpet spread on the raised platform before the door and there, in the bright sunshine, with his tastefully-formed implements about him, melts the metal and models it engraves and begems it, all in full sight of the busy street. Loiterers stop and watch. They tell each other it is for so-and-so. The goldsmith there has no secrets. His weights are public property as it were; his work proceeds under the eye of all his neighbors. To the western mind the simplicity of his processes, the apparently rude apparatus with which they work, raises a smile; but when the jewel is complete all the world confesses its beauty, and scornful Europe does not hesitate to adopt the pattern. So that the pattern of Tanis, armlet, dropped on the banks of the Oxus, survives, through the "armillæ" of Rome in the bangle of to-day; and the plain gold band with fantastic little creatures of mystic form and ornaments at the ends, just such as Alexander's favorite wore, may be seen any day in the jewelers' shop of our own metropolis.

This armillia or psellion was especially a favorite ornament with the nations of Mesopotamia, where men wore it as well as women. The Greeks considered it effeminate for men to do so and the Romans imitated them though the dandies of both nations might be seen with bracelets on the arm. As a military reward the armlet was highly valued, and a massive coil of gold twisted six times around the soldier's arm was as honourable as the Victoria cross. The jewel, to which we are referring, however, is too dainty in its design for any but a lady's arm, and though, of course, it may be all that is left of some handsome young Persian who carried his lady-love's favor into fatal flight it is far more legitimate to suppose that it belongs to the sex whom such ornaments best adorn. Who she was the world can never known; but the place of its finding, and the date that is assigned to it, carry us back to the days of Darius and Alexander. Each of these great captains, as was the custom of the times, took with them on their campaigns the favorite ladies of their court, and with such circumstances of luxury that they were able at a moment's notice to produce in any spot, whether desert or wilderness, the refinements and pleasures of their palaces; so that both in the Persian and Macedonian camps there were jewels enough, and to one or the other bridge probably the armlet that has just been discovered. It may be that some fair Persian almond eyes kindled out of their voluptuous dreaminess into momentary anger when the slave came to tell the petted odalisque that the bracelet could not be found. Or it may be that some quickly angered Athenian was the sufferer by the loss, and—alas for the manners of Greece!—that some poor Cytemnestra of a maid went away weeping from the tent conscious of boxed ears. Yet, whatever it may have been, we have got the armlet, and imagination can do with it nearly as it pleases.

### Women Bull Fighters Routed by a Bull.

A bull fight of a novel kind took place at Tarragona recently, the performers being women clothed in the male toreara suit. The bulls were all young and full of fire. The first one let into the arena made straight for one of the toreras, and sent her spinning in the sand several yards off. A second torera rushed to the rescue with her cape, which she waved before the bull to draw off its attention from her discomfited colleague. The bull accepted the challenge at once, and with a rapid twist of the neck caught the banderilla and sent her flying. She fell on her face, and followed the previous torera in her retirement, bleeding from several scratches. The third torera then advanced; but no sooner had the bull caught sight of her than he bounded toward her and tossed her. After this the bull took a quiet walk around the arena, waiting for fresh sports. No further competitor entering the list, the crowd began to show signs of impatience, which grew at every moment, until they finally began breaking up the seats and throwing brickbats into the arena, yelling anathemas at the cowardice of the toreara company. The stewards then announced that the money would be returned. This was done partially; but the cashier's office suddenly closed, that official having bolted with the rest of the takings.

A scene of indescribable uproar occurred when the fact became known, and the work of demolition was pursued with increased fury. The gendarmes were called in to restore order, but only succeeded in adding to the general confusion, in which they were roughly handled. The arrival of three companies of infantry enabled the managers to clear the amphitheatre. The most extraordinary part of the affair is that, undeterred by the fate of the first company of toreras and their manager, who were marched off to prison besides, the workwomen of the tobacco factories of Madrid are preparing to give an exhibition of their prowess, and a troupe is organizing to do the round of the arenas in all the principal towns of Spain.

### Lord Dufferin's Secretary,

Lord Dufferin is to be congratulated as well on his courage as on his perspicacity in having appointed Mr. Mackenzie Wallace to the responsible and important position of his private secretary. It should be understood that the office is of much greater significance than its name would seem to imply. The private secretary of an Indian Viceroy is his chief's *alter ego* in great as well as in small matters; he is the power behind the throne. If he is a strong man and a wise man, he has immense influence for good; if feeble and foolish, he can do an immensity of harm. Few people out of India know to what degree the success of Lord Mayo's regime was due to Owen Burne. Evelyn Baring, as Lord Northbrooke's private secretary, was the Moltke of the famine campaign in Tirhoot. Poor Colley's skilful scheme of campaign for the Afghan war was of much benefit to the Viceroy whom he served so loyally.

### Brother and Sister Blind.

Dr. R. B. Bloss, of Troy, during a recent hunting trip in the north woods, found at Port Hudson, Essex county, two unfortunate persons who aroused his deepest sympathy. One was a girl 18 years old, who had been totally blind from birth. Her brother, aged 19 years, was also blind, his sight having been ruined by cedar juice flying into his eyes while he was chopping in the woods. The sightless pair, unable to provide for themselves, were living in extreme destitution. Dr. Bloss determined if possible, to mitigate the sorrow of their condition. He has brought the boy to Troy and Dr. Mitchell, the oculist, thinks that the sight of one eye may be partially restored. For the other eye there is no hope. Some kind-hearted citizens have already given liberally for the aid of the boy who was entirely without money. Dr. Bloss expects to secure for the girl admission to the Batavia Institute for the Blind. Her touch is wonderfully delicate and she can thread a needle, sew, and distinguish slight differences of fabric through the sensitiveness of her fingertips.


**You Cant Make $500 by Reading This,**

even if you have chronic nasal catarrh in its worst stages, for although this amount of reward has for many years been offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for any case of catarrh they cannot cure, yet notwithstanding that thousands use the Remedy they are seldom called upon to pay the reward, and when they have been so called upon they have universally found that the failure to cure was wholly due to some overlooked complication, usually easily removed by a slight modification of the treatment. Therefore, if this should meet the eye of anybody who has made faithful trial of this great and world-famed Remedy without receiving a *perfect* and *permanent* cure therefrom, that person will do well to either call upon or write to the proprietors, the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N.Y., giving all the particulars and symptoms in the case. By return mail they will get good advice free of all costs.

In almost every case where a man has fallen in love with a girl dressed in a bathing suit and afterwards married her a divorce has followed within two years.

* * * * Pile tumors, rupture and fistulas, radically cured by improved methods. Book two letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

The thrust of a bowie-knife doesn't hurt the victim at the moment any more than the prick of a pin. It is a good deal more merciful to stab a man than to hit him with brass knuckles.

**Throat and Lung Diseases.**

A specialty. Send two letter stamps for a large treatise giving self-treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

A Parisian landlord who forgot to charge an American ten centimes for the candle which a waiter lighted to go up and ask if his name was Jones has been sent to an insane asylum.

**Let the World Know it.**

You can purchase a bottle of Polson's Nerviline, the greatest pain remedy in the world. Nerviline cures headache, neuralgia, toothache, pains in the side or back, rheumatism, &c. As an internal remedy, Nerviline is prompt, effective and pleasant to take. Nerviline has no equal as a pain subduing remedy, and a test bottle costs only ten cents. Call on your druggist and invest 10 cents. Nerviline, Nerviline, nerve pain cure.

A cat has been discovered in France with an eye like that of the Cyclops. It seems to us that if any change is to be made in cats it should be made in their voices and not their eyes.

**Painless and Prompt.**

Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the great remedy for corns, is absolutely safe and painless, does its work promptly, without in the least interfering with the comfort of patients, and is absolutely alone as a safe, painless remedy for corns. Do not be imposed upon by dangerous counterfeits. Use only Putnam's Corn Extractor. Beware of base substitutes. Sold everywhere by druggists and dealers in medicine. Take only Putnam's Painless Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., propra. Kingston.

**HAND STAMPS** METAL & RUBBER
Stamps of every description, Seals, etc. Bronze Medals the last four years at Toronto Exhibition. Agents wanted.
KENYON, TINGLEY & STEWART, MFG. CO., 72 King St., West, Toronto.

**SMOKED SAUSAGES.**

The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK P. O. Box 343 Montreal.

**GUNS** RAWBONE & CO.
PRACTICAL GUN MAKERS
have again resumed business, and want to hear from all their old customers. We have the "inside track" in the gun business, and will furnish you Firearms and Sporting Goods at, and in some cases less than trade prices. Winchester Rifles 1873 model for $19 90, other goods just as cheap. We have removed from Yonge St., and have no connection with the old stand. Note change of address. Send 6c. for new ill. catalogue.
RAWBONE & CO., 68 Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto.
N. B.—All Kinds of Gun Repairs done.

**W. & F. P. CURRIE & Co.**
100 Grey Nun Street, Montreal.
Importers of
**Drain Pipes,** Fumed Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Fire Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Rosemeer Steel Sofa, Chair & Rocking

**Dominion Line of Steamships.**

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from

QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Toronto, | Oct. 11 | *Vancouver, | Nov 1 |
| *Oregon, | Oct. 18 | *Sarnia, | Nov. 8 |
| Montreal, | Oct. 25 | Brooklyn, | Nov 15 |

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $105, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35. Steerage at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion felt, and no cattle or sheep is carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & Co.,
General Agents, Montreal.

**MEN WANTED**
Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $900 to $2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars, JAMES LAUT, Importer Toronto.

THE BANK OF TORONTO—DIVIDEND NO. 87.
Notice is hereby given that a dividend of four per cent. for the current half year, being at the rate of eight per cent. per annum upon the paid up capital of the bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the bank and its branches on and after Monday, the first day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the seventeenth to the twenty-ninth day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board. D. COULSON, Cashier, Bank of Toronto, Toronto, 29th October, 1884.

**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF**

It is the only preparation of the kind which contains all the nutritious, together with the stimulating, properties of beef, and the only one which has the power to supply nourishment for brain, and bone, and muscle.

**GURNEY'S STOVES!**

**THE BEST**

**NORTH-WEST,** WOOD COOK.
**ÆTNA,** COAL AND WOOD COOK.
**GRAND DUCHESS,** COAL AND WOOD RANGE.
**COUNTESS BASE BURNER,** WITH OR WITHOUT OVEN.
FOR SALE BY STOVE DEALERS HERE.

**$50,000.00**
—THE—
**Great Holiday Bible Competition**
NUMBER 13.

**TRUTH** The leading domestic weekly magazine of Canada, (48 large pages). Instead of giving large sums of money and valuable articles in the way of Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Silver Tea Sets, Gold and Silver Watches, etc., to agents, are giving all these things direct to subscribers for answering Bible questions in the following manner, to the twenty-four hundred persons who correctly answer the two ollowing

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1. Is husband mentioned in the Bible. 2. Is wife mentioned in the Bible. } One reference or answer to each question will suffice.

will be given in the order mentioned the following valuable and costly list of First, Middle, and Consolation Rewards

**FIRST REWARDS.** First great reward will be given the sender of the first correct answer to the foregoing Bible questions.....$1,000 in gold.
2, 3 and 4. Three magnificent Grand Square Pianos..... 1,650
5, 6 and 7. Three fine toned to stop Cabinet Organs..... 750
8 to 15. Eight Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 800
16 to 28. Thirteen Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,170
29 to 40. Twelve best Solid Quadruple Plate Silver Tea Sets, six pieces..... 780
41 to 70. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches 900
71 to 100. Thirty Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches..... 600
101 to 136. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, new and elegant pattern..... 525
136 to 305. One hundred and seventy dozen sets of heavy Solid Silver Plated Teaspoons..... 850
306 to 509. Two hundred and four elegantly bound volumes of Shakesphere's Poems..... 510
510 to 715. Two hundred and six fine Silver Plated Sugar Spoons and Butter Knives..... 206

All these seven hundred and fifteen rewards will be given out strictly in the order *the correct* answers to those Bible questions are received at TRUTH office. The first *correct* answer taking number one, ($1,000 in gold) the second correct answer number two, (one of the pianos), and so on till they are all given away.

Then after this list will follow the Middle Rewards, which will be given in this way:—At the conclusion of the competition, (Feb'y. 15th,) all the answers received will be carefully counted by three disinterested parties, *when to the sender of the middle correct answer will be given number one, a fine stylish trotting horse and carriage.* The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two, (one of the pianos). The next correct answer, number three and so on till all these middle rewards are given away. Here you have the list in full

**MIDDLE REWARDS.** Number one. A fine stylish Trotting Horse and Carriage $1,000
2, 3, 4 and 5. Four Square Grand Pianos, by a celebrated maker... 2,100
6, 7, 8 and 9. Four fine toned Cabinet Organs, by a celebrated maker... 1,000
10 to 20. Ten fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000
21 to 32. Ten Ladies' fine Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 1,000
33 to 50. Eighteen Solid Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Services..... 1,440
51 to 70. Thirty Double-barrell English Twist breach-loading Shot Guns..... 2,700
71 to 110. Forty sets (10 vols. to set) complete Chamber's Encyclopædia 2,000
111 to 134. Twenty-three Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Htg. Case or Open Face Watches..... 690
135 to 162. Twenty-seven Solid Aluminum Gold Htg. Case Watches... 540
163 to 350. One hundred and eighty-eight dozen sets of heavy Silver Plated Ten Spoons..... 900
351 to 600. Three hundred and fifty Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest design..... 1,050
601 to 940. Three hundred and fifty-six copies of Milton's or Tennyson's Poems..... 865
941 to 1,254. Three hundred and fourteen Solid Silver Plated Sugar Spoons or Butter Knives..... 314

After these will follow the *Consolation Rewards* for the last comers. So, even if you live almost on the other side of the world you can compete, as it is *the last correct* answers that are received at TRUTH office that takes these rewards. The plan is this, your letter must be *post-marked where mailed* not later than the closing day of this competition which is *February fifteenth*, fifteen days allowed after date of closing for letters to reach us from distant places,) so the more distant you are the better your opportunity for securing one of these elegant and costly

**CONSOLATION REWARDS**

1, 2 and 3. Three elegant Rosewood Square Pianos..... $1,540
4, 5, 6 and 7. Four Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 400
8, 9, 10 and 11. Four Ladies' Solid Gold Stem Winding and Stem Setting genuine Elgin Watches..... 400
12 to 17. Six Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Tea Services..... 540
18 to 29. Eleven sets Chamber's Encyclopædia (10 vols. to set)..... 600
30 to 39 Ten Solid Coin Silver Htg. Case or Open Face Watches..... 300
40 to 90. Fifty-one Aluminum Gold Htg. Case Watches..... 1,000
91 to 121. Thirty-one Solid Quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets, elegant design..... 620
122 to 300. Eighty-nine dozen Solid Silver Plated Tea Spoons..... 445
201 to 400. Two hundred volumes Tennyson's Poems, elegantly bound 400

This finishes the largest and most elegant list of rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world. *It will positively be the last unless* the results of this competition far exceeds the preceding ones, as I certainly cannot afford to continue them. I have now kept faith with my subscribers and the public in continuing these Bible competitions for a year, as promised, and this great one; offering this immense list of rewards will be a fitting close to the affair. Bear in mind every one competing must send *one dollar* with their answer for which TRUTH, (the cheapest and best weekly for the money) will be sent six months. You therefore pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, as one dollar is the regular subscription price of TRUTH for a half year. You cannot fail to be well pleased with your dollar investment even if you do not succeed in gaining any one of these rewards, as TRUTH is extra good value for the money as thousands of our subscribers have testified. Long lists of winners in previous competitions appear in nearly every issue of TRUTH, and full lists of winners in this entire competition will be published in the issues of TRUTH immediately after the close of the competition on fifteenth February, with their full names, street and number, when in cities, and in fact all the addresses as completely as possible, in order that all may be satisfied that there is no fraud or humbug in this matter. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done *exactly as promised* during this year in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealings, is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Look up these Bible questions, it will do you good apart from anything else. These competitions have done, weare assured, a great deal to promote the study of the Bible among all classes. Now this may be your last opportunity to secure an elegant piano, a gold watch, a fine horse and carriage, in addition to a half year's subscription to one of the most widely circulated and most popular weekly magazines you may have, so attend to it now. Don't delay. All money must be sent through the post office or by express. None can be received by telephone or telegraph. Don't forget that we don't guarantee that everyone will get a prize, but out of nearly twenty-four hundred rewards you doubtless will secure something. Be prompt. Answer as soon as possible after seeing this notice, and TRUTH will at once be forwarded as an acknowledgment of your subscription, and your letter will take its place in the order it is received at this office. There is no favoritism, and all are treated alike, fairly and squarely.

Address, S. FRANK WILSON,
Proprietor TRUTH
33 and 35 Adelaide St. - - TORONTO, Canada.

**FREE** By return mail. Full description, Beauty's new Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto, Ont.

**YOUNG MARRIED** persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefited by sending 3c. for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. SOUTHWICK, Toronto, Canada.

**E E KNOTT'S** Absolutely Sure Mark. Address St. East, Toronto. All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on reasonable commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at low rates of interest. Application for money from farmers a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N.B.—Best of references on application

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*Fruit and Fresh Oysters every day.*

The best brands of Cigars kept in stock.

*Give me a call.*

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DALE'S BLOCK,

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Stoves and Tinware,
Hardware,
Lamps and Lanterns,
Paints, Oils, Glass and Putty.

*PLEASE GIVE ME A CALL.*

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## FURNITURE.

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A large stock of the best quality and at the lowest possible prices, at

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### PICTURE FRAMING,

A very fine stock of Cabinet size Photo Frames just opened. A large stock of Moulding kept on hand, and Frames of all sizes made to order.

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### UNDERTAKING,

Particular attention given to this department of our business. Coffins, Caskets, Adults' and Children's Shrouds, Gloves, and Crape, &c., always in stock.

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### LOOK TO YOUR OWN INTERESTS.

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We are now prepared to do

CARDING CHEAPER THAN EVER,
SPINNING,
FULLING,
WEAVING, AND
MANUFACTURING OF ALL KINDS,

as we are practical workmen, and do not depend on hired help to do the work, but do it ourselves. We have also a full stock of

FULLCLOTHS, TWEEDS, SATINETTS, BLANKETS,
FLANNELS, SHEETINGS, ROLLS AND YERNS,

which we will sell at a low figure or exchange for wool. We are also doing business for Mr. Lott, Belleville.

OFFICE AND STORE—Opposite Rollins' Flouring Mills. where you can leave you wool. Highest market price paid for wool.

CROSBY & ROLLINS.

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1862. **WHITE'S** 1884.

## AGRICULTURAL WORKS,

MADOC, - ONT.

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Look to your interests, and

BUY PLOUGHS NEAR HOME,

and avoid all trouble about points, etc.

**Steel Ploughs, Gang Ploughs, Iron Ploughs, etc.**

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We manufacture and keep in stock all kinds of COOKING, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES, which will be sold at manufacturers prices.

J. & J. WHITE

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—TO THE—

## PUBLIC of MADOC

—AND THE—

## SURROUNDING COUNTRY:

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your very liberal patronage during the past, and hope for a continuation of the same for the two remaining months of my stay in Belleville. I have arranged for the sale of my business in January next, and during the remainder of this year will give much greater bargains than I have ever given before. This is a rare chance to get fine pictures and frames at cost. My stock is much larger than I can sell in bulk and I have to reduce it at a great sacrifice. I also have several thousand feet of fine Mouldings that I must sell or re-ship back to Toronto, where I am going, this if I sell here at cost I can replace again at the same price there, and save shipping.

Do not lose a chance which you may never have again in this city. Special arrangements can be made for photos. You now can have the advantage of getaing a first-class photo at adout half-price. I am also making a specialty of enlarging photographs. Any orders now sent in can be done before we remove, thereby saving freight and agents expenses.

Now, with a hope of a rush from your town,

I am,

Yours respectfully,

J. H. FORD,
City Art Gallery.

Front St., Belleville.

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# Hardware

—o—

WE HAVE

## REMOVED

OUR ENTIRE

## Hardware stock INTO OUR Dry Goods Store

One door south of old Hardware Store.

Parties in want of Hardware will save money by giving us a call, as we wish to clear the stock by spring.

N.B.—We are offering SCOTCH IRON at $2 per cwt. Horse Shoes $4.15 per Keg.

## JOHN DALE & SON.

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### NOTICE!

All parties indebted to the undersigned, either by note or book account, are respectfully requested to call and settle the same without delay.

G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

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HEALTH FOR ALL.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

### THE PILLS

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS,

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS,

Glandular Swellings, and all Skin diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Thomas HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,

**78 New Oxford Street, (late 533, Oxford Street), London.**

And sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.

☞ *Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533 Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.*

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## ATTENTION!

—o—

### UP-TOWN SHIRT FACTORY.

Quotations to satisfy the public that we are selling below the usual prices this fall:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Scarlet Underclothing, all wool - - | 60 cents. |
| Mixed " - - - - - | 25 cents. |
| White Laundered Shirts - - - - | 50 cents. |
| Colored " " - - - - - | 50 cents. |
| Collars " - - - - - | 12 1-2 cents. |

Neck wear all prices, but cheaper than ever, in fact I will guarantee to give goods cheaper than any other dealer in the city.

Leave your orders for your Winter Clothing. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

S. C. RETALLACK,
Shirt Maker and Gents Furnisher, Belleville, Ont.

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Our Fall Stock of new and fresh

# GOODS

in all departments, now ready for the inspection of customers,

AT THE "RIGHT HOUSE."

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## D. C. CLARKE,

B. E. Caswell, Nails, Brass and GENERAL HARDWARE Madoc, Ont.

# North Hastings Review.

B. E. Casement & Co. Glass, Putty, Paints, Varnishes of all kinds. MADOC, ONT.

JOHN R. ORR, Publisher and Proprietor. ["PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW."] TERMS: $1.25 per Annum in advance

VOL. VII., No. 395. Madoc, County of Hastings, Thursday, November 27, 1884. POSTAGE PREPAID

## CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

To the Editor of the REVIEW.

DEAR SIR.—I feel thankful to you for having published Professor Goldwin Smith's little piece of anti-Scott Act effusion, in your issue of the 13th inst., as I, and no doubt many others, were at a loss to know what kind of implements of warfare the enemy was about to employ, and as long as we are kept posted in their movements we need fear little, as we can then meet them with a suitable return. Such an article coming from the pen of a man supposed to be an intelligent, careful thinking professor, surprises me. In the first place, at the outset he begins with making the "tidal wave" the exception, if any, while they are the only ones he can be certain about recording. He goes on to compare the Scott Act to a "paternal despot," what more of a despot would it be than any of the other laws for the suppression of evil and crime, and the restriction of any other harmless industry? He speaks of it as though it would be difficult to enforce it. We have admitted, and still admit, that we might for a time fail in the complete suppression of the traffic, but even so, if it beats its predecessors, we may consider it a decided success, and that will not be difficult, for there is a wonderful amount of liquor sold without a license. He asserts that "experience seems to tell us plainly what the result will be," but fails to give the name of the place where it told him so much, perhaps (?) it was in Halton, but most likely in his own imagination, for experience in Halton cries out "The Scott Act is a success!" experience in Kansas cries out "The Scott Act is not a success!" experience in Canada cries out "The Scott Act is a success!" experience in Kansas cries out "The distilleries had to go down with the traffic!" He calls the traffic unwholesome, but not a crime, would the man who sold his fellow a revolver to shoot himself, or the druggist who dealt out strychnine to a man who was under the halucination that it would do him no harm to swallow it, not be accomplices to the crime, if they did so with a certain knowledge of the use to be made of them? Does he mean to say that the extraordinary (?) man, who turns informer against his neighbor for selling without license, does so out of respect for the laws of man, or is it the law of conscience that constrains him? I say the latter, and there are plenty who have friends in danger who will see that the enforcement of the Scott Act is not neglected. The licensed and unregulated trade has got to perish, and the reduction in the expenditure for the punishment of criminals will be such that the revenue from license fees will not be needed. The few who prefer "whiskey well charged with fusel-oil" to cold water will soon die off, and in the meantime the others (many thousands) will become industrious, wealthy, and married, and the population will increase, so that we shall not miss them except when we feel in our pockets and find there the money that once was needed to feed the paupers and keep up our asylums, etc., etc. Of course we may be a little different from other countries in not having those beautiful ornaments, but we will not mind it much then. To stop the distilleries as a means of stopping the trade would be a failure, all the countries would need to unite in such an attempt, as they would import it, and even if the importation was prohibited we would need an army of supervisors to prevent smuggling—that we could not support—while with the Scott Act every man is a supervisor, without costing the country a cent. With reference to the price of whiskey causing the use of the worst qualities any man of sense may see that high license or a shut-down distillery law would have the same effect. As for coercive legislation any man of sense ought to know that nothing short of *thou shalt not* is of any use to put a stop to any crime or evil; that was the language of the Ten Commandments; that is the language of our criminal laws, and that is the only language of any use in building the fence round this horrible monster.

Yours very sincerely,
JOHN BREMNER.

Conroy's Farm, Nov. 20th, 1884.

Price my Fancy Satchels for Xmas. T. Roberts.

There was a good joke as the Lennox election trial was ended. S. A. Blake handed Mr. Allison his bag, containing some of his law books and papers, to carry to the hotel. Turning to his friends Mr. Allison remarked, "I came up an M. P., I go down a Q. C."

The Bobcaygeon *Independent* says a farmer drove into the village the other day, and a citizen shouted from the sidewalk, "Hi, how much for the cordwood?" "Bah!" was the reply, "that's not cordwood. Them's carrots." That is the kind of vegetable we grow around here.

In the garden of Mr. James Whitton, in Campbellford, there sprung up and grew, and flourished, the past summer, a bean which brought forth of its like nearly one thousand fold. A boy was given the task of computing the yield, and he shelled out 994 beans. It is a white bean—a new variety which Mr. Whitton purchased in Kingston, last year.

VERY REMARKABLE RECOVERY.

Mr. Geo. Y. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is now able to do her own work." Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed of them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only [illegible]

The total amount raised in Canada during the past year for missionary purposes by the Methodist Church was $185,000.

Probably the oldest mason in Ontario, if not in Canada, is the venerable Joseph P. Huyck, of Belleville. Mr. Huyck, who was born near Albany, New York, was initiated in Moira Lodge, No. 11, G. R. C. (then Belleville, 496, English register), early in 1819, nearly 65 years ago. Bro. Huyck, who is still hearty, has continuously remained a member of his mother lodge up to the present time.

Trunks and Valises at T. Roberts.

### AN EDITOR'S TRIBUTE.

Theron P. Keator, Editor of Ft. Wayne, Ind., "Gazette," writes: "For the past five years have always used Dr. King's New Discovery, for coughs of most severe character, as well as for those of a milder type. It never fails to effect a speedy cure. My friends to whom I have recommended it speak of it in same high terms. Having been cured by it of every cough I have had for five years, I consider it the only reliable and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, etc." Call at any Drug Store and get a *Free* Trial Bottle. Large Size $1.00.


## FARM FOR SALE.

NORTH half of lot No. 6, in the 4th Concession of Madoc. For particulars apply to
ALEX. CROSS.

## NOTICE.

THE undersigned having retired from business, parties indebted to her are requested to call and settle their accounts without further notice.
JANE WRIGHT.

Madoc, November 11th, 1884.

## TRIMMED BEEF HIDE., $7.50,
## Untrimmed, $6.50,
—AT—
*MULLETT'S TANNERY,*

3 mos. 393 MADOC.

## SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

EXAMINATIONS for admission to High Schools (and for promotion to Fifth Class) will be held in

*Madoc, Stirling, and Bancroft,*

commencing on

**December 23 and 24,**

at 9 a. m.

Intending candidates must notify the undersigned, of the place at which they wish to be examined, at once.

WM. MACKINTOSH,
Inspector of Public Schools,
N. Hastings.

## LOOK TO YOUR INTEREST

and bring your

## Lamb and Sheepskins, Hides, Furs,

&c., and get top prices, CASH, from your old friend,
M. SCOTT.

Thomas Scott, Agent, and auctioneer.

N. B.—There is not a dealer in the Dominion can give you more—don't forget it.

## Farm for Sale.

THE Farm known as the McCillican stand, Thanet, west side of the Hastings Road, being composed of 150 acres of land. The property is first class, and offers a good opening for a general business. The post office is kept on the premises, which is also leased a hotel. Terms easy. For further information apply to
JOHN CHRISTIE.

Madoc, Feb. 27, 1884. 357

## JAS. WHYTOCK,

GROCER,

PROVISION DEALER.

BUTCHER, ETC,

MADOC, - ONT


### SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

BEST'S L. O. L. No. 517. Meets on the first Thursday in each month. JAS. PINE, Sec'y, Bannockburn P.O.

MILLBRIDGE LODGE, No. 1070, Meets every first Saturday in each month. D. LUMMISS, JR., Sec'y, Glanmire P. O.

NUGENTVILLE LODGE, No. 1094, Meets on the first Saturday in each month. DANIEL GUNTER, Sec'y, Thanet P. O.

YORK RIVER LODGE, No. 624, Meets every Friday on or before full moon. ROBERT TWA, Sec'y, York River P.O.
B. H. SWEET, W. M.

QUEENSBORO LODGE, No. 437, Meets Tuesday on or before the full moon. F. J. THOMPSON, Secretary, Queensboro.

WANNAMAKER LODGE, No. 285. Meets on the first Monday in each month. J. A. EMPEY, Sec., Eldorado P. O.

ALLEN SETTLEMENT LODGE, No. 253. Meets every Monday on or before full moon. S. C. RANSON, Secretary, Rimmington P. O

ST. OLA LODGE, No. 1389, Meets every first Monday in each month. T. E. JACKSON, Secretary, St. Ola.

L. O. DISTRICT No. 4.
J. F. MORRILL, D.M., Millbridge,
C. DONALDSON, District Sec., Millbridge.


## MADOC LODGE, I.O.O.F.

No 179,

MEETS EVERY MONDAY EVENING, in the Lodge Room, Wilson Block, at eight o'clock, sharp.
Visiting brothers cordially welcomed.

A. CALDWELL, *Secretary.* J. R. ORR, *Noble Grand.*

GEO. W. WALKER, DENTIST,

Front Street, Belleville—Rooms directly opposite the Anglo American Hotel, next door to the Bank of Commerce.

MR. WALKER'S visits to MADOC will be on the first three days of every month. Rooms in the "Madoc House."

## Farm for Sale.

THE undersigned is offering for sale that desirable property, described as Lots 29 and 30, in the 11th concession of the Township of Dungannon, containing 177 acres, near 60 acres cleared, with good, new frame house, 18x24, cook house attached, 12x12, log barn 24x36, and log house used as stable and granery. All in good repair. There is an orchard containing 80 apple trees, part bearing. It is situated between L'Amable and Bancroft. Terms, half cash; balance on time at 7 per cent. interest. For further particulars apply to
W. M. SPURR,
Apr. 28, 1884. 356 L'Amable.

## L. WEISS,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,

Has opened business in the

SECOND FLAT, WEISS BLOCK.

First class stock, and good work.

TERMS—STRICTLY CASH.

## LUMBER.

BRIDGEWATER MILLS.

Constantly on hand
SHINGLES,
LATH,
JOISTING,
SCANTLING,
PLANK,
BOARDS,
at lowest cash prices. Bill stuff cut to order.

J. D. BREEZE.
Bridgewater, April 14th, '84. 364

## MONEY TO LOAN.

### The Freehold Loan and Savings Company, of Toronto,

(HON. WM. McMASTER, President.
HON. S. C. WOOD, Manager.)

Is loaning money on Real Estate security at very reasonable rates and on terms of the most liberal kind.

Do you want to add to your Farm?
To improve your Land?
Put up new buildings?
Pay off a Mortgage?
Or require money for any other purpose,
Apply to
A. F. WOOD,
Agent for the Company.
Madoc, June 21st, 182 374


### BUSINESS CARDS.


## JOHN G. DEANS,

CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST,

O'FLYNN'S NEW BLOCK,

MADOC.

## Banking House!

—OF—

E. D. O'FLYNN,

"O'Flynn Block," St. Lawrence St., Madoc.

Open from 9 to 12, and from 2 to 5 o'clock.

Approved Endorsed Paper Discounted

DRAFTS BOUGHT AND SOLD

Money received on deposit, subject to withdrawal without notice.

Madoc August 6th, 1879.

## Lands for Sale.

THE following lands have been placed in my hands for sale. Prices and terms of sale can be ascertained by application at my office:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| W ½ 13 | in 1st concession | Madoc, | |
| 29 | 5th | " | " |
| 29 | 7th | " | " |
| W ½ 30 | 9th | " | " |
| N E ½ 13 | 10th | " | Marmora, |
| 27 | 11th | " | " |

I am instructed to prosecute any one trespassing on these properties.

A. F. WOOD.
Madoc, April 14th, 1884. 364

## DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

WE the undersigned give notice that the partnership existing between us as Blacksmiths and Carriage Makers, in the village of Madoc, under the name of Joseph Caverly and Son, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will henceforth be carried on by Joseph Caverly, on the same premises, who is authorized to settle all accounts, book debts, notes, and securities, due to the said firm, and by whom all debts due by said firm will be paid.

The Subscribers thank all friends for their kind support. Joseph Caverly begs to assure his old friends and customers they will find him as of old, doing the best of work with the best material at honest fair prices.

GEORGE HENRY CAVERLY.
JOSEPH CAVERLY.

Madoc, Sept. 1st, 1884. 383-3mos.

## Gray & McGregor,

GENERAL

GROCERS,

—AND—

LIQUOR

MERCHANTS,

Madoc, - Ont.

## Trees, Plants and Shrubs

W. C. REID, DEALER,
CENTREVILLE, ONT.,

WISHES to inform his customers and the public generally, that he is prepared to fill orders for several new varieties this year, although claimed by other parties to control the sale of and own the entire stock. I mention this that my customers may not be deceived by parties who make the above statements, as I am prepared to furnish the same stock.

CHARLES BUTLER,

ISSUER of Marriage Licenses, and Licensed County Auctioneer. All orders attended to promptly. Residence—Stirling, Ont.

DOUGALL & FALKINER,

BARRISTERS, Belleville. Money to loan on farm property at very low rates.
A. R. DOUGALL. | N. B. FALKINER.

NORTHRUP & DENMARK,

BARRISTERS, &c., Belleville, Ontario. Money to loan on easy terms, both private and Company funds.
GEO. DENMARK W. B. NORTHRUP, M. A.

GREAM & McDONALD.

SOLICITORS Supreme Court, Notaries Public, and Conveyancers. Money to loan on Real Estate Security. Office in the Weiss Block, Madoc.
CHARLES GREAM. | ALEX. A. McDONALD.

FARMERS!

I LOAN at 6, 6½, and 7 per cent. Change your mortgages. Straight loan, no commission.
J. J. B. FLINT, Belleville. 24

## W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, &c., Madoc, Ont. OFFICE—First door north of A. F. Wood's.

E. GUSS PORTER,

BARRISTER, Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c., Belleville, Ont. Office—opposite New Post Office, Bridge Street.
Private money to loan at lowest rates.

## A. F. WOOD,
## Land, Loan, & Commission Agency

OFFICE—Second Door South from Masonic Hall. Agent for Canada Landed Credit Company.
Madoc, Jan. 27th, 18[illegible]

## M. W. SINE, V. S.,

(Graduate of the Ontario Veterinary College, Registered member of the Ontario Veterinary Medical Association.)

Treats all diseases of the Domestic Animals. All calls by mail or telegram promptly attended to.

OFFICE—REVIEW BLOCK, Madoc, Ont.

WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,

(Successors of [illegible]) Q.C.,

BARRISTERS, [illegible] Bridge Streets, Belleville.

Money private[illegible] upon good security at [illegible] rates.

FRANCIS S. WALL[illegible] KELL.

M[illegible]

THE undersigned [illegible] large amount of [illegible] first class real estate, [illegible] to suit the borrower, [illegible] $100 up to $4,000. Ap[illegible]
W[illegible]
Madoc,
Sept. 25, 1883. [illegible]

E. A. SH[illegible]

General [illegible] er,

AND

Madoc, [illegible]tario.

LAND FO[illegible]LE.

THE following Lots [illegible] cheap and on easy terms [illegible] Titles perfect:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| N ½ 30 | in 10th | concess | [illegible]rford. |
| W ½ 3 | in 11th | " | [illegible]ington. |
| S ½ 18 | in 13th | " | " |
| W ½ 1 | in 1st | " | Madoc |
| E ½ 8 | in 1st | " | " |
| E ½ 13 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ 16 | in 1st | " | " |
| 29 | in 1st | " | " |
| W ½ 15 | in 4 h | " | " |
| E ½ 8 | in 6th | " | " |
| E ½ 30 | in 9th | " | " |
| 29 | in 2nd | " | Marmora. |
| W ½ 29 | in 3rd | " | " |
| W ½ 29 | in 4th | " | " |

For particulars apply to
WALLBRIDGE & MARSKELL,
Vendor's Solicitors, Belleville.

## QUEEN CITY OIL CO.

GOLD MEDALS
Awarded at Toronto, London and Guelph, in 1883, for

## PEERLESS

AND OTHER

MACHINE OILS.

For Sale by all First-Class Dealers.
Every Barrel Guaranteed.

SAMUEL ROGERS, Manager,
[illegible] Front St. East, Toronto.

# IN ONE SHORT YEAR!

Mrs. Blake did not faint. She did not even revile her future daughter-in-law. Percival's manner told her that words to this effect would be wasted. But she entreated her son, by every claim she had upon him, to do nothing hurriedly. Of course she objected to his desire; but she knew her objections would have no influence upon a man so madly in love. But she prayed for delay—literally went upon her knees and besought him not to be married for twelve months. A clever woman was Mrs. Blake. Who knew what unforseen things might happen in a year?

Percival yielded to some extent. After all before he married he must prepare another home for his mother and sisters. He wished to refurnish the rectory. He wished to be married without undue haste. He wished to see his people friendly with Philippa, and he wished Philippa to get some idea of what a clergyman's wife should be. So he agreed to wait six months—even, when worn out by his mother's tearful importunities, extended this time of probation till the end of the present year. In exchange, he stipulated that Mrs. Blake should try and bring herself to regard Philippa as a daughter.

He told Philippa what he had promised. She said nothing, but something in her look made him regret he had made the promise. However, he vowed that the first of January should be his wedding-day.

Mrs. Blake kept, at any rate, the letter of her contract with her son. The intercourse between the rectory and the Hollies seemed so friendly, that it looked as if the rector's mother was going to make the best of what she thought a bad job. Yet her resentment was always with her. Although it was placed beyond doubt that Mrs. Russell had a considerable fortune, Mrs. Blake kept her resentment, and prayed every night that Percival might escape from this siren. To do her justice, she was not anxious that he should marry money, so Mrs. Russell's fortune did not affect her views. Mrs. Blake played her part very well, and Percival was delighted when she suggested that Philippa should accompany her daughters and herself to London, whither they always went early in June; for Mrs. Blake, although but a country rector's widow, was a woman of fashion and friends.

It is very possible that whilst pressing this invitation on Philippa Mrs. Blake thought: She has lived in London. A woman of her extraordinary appearance cannot be forgotten. Some one must surely know all about her."

Although Percival begged her to go with his mother, Philippa hesitated.

"Have you forgotten?" she whispered.

He frowned.

"It is better to face what may be in store than to fly it. Nothing can part us."

"Very well, I will go."

She kissed him and for the thousandth time told him how much she loved him.

Fortnight afterward Mrs Blake and Philippa were seated side by side at an evening party. The beautiful young widow was the object of much attention. Suddenly Mrs. Blake noticed that her companion stopped short in the middle of a sentence, and begged a gentleman near her to lead her from the room—the heat was overcoming her. Then Mrs. Blake felt sure that something had occurred, and looking round in search of it, saw a man leaning against the opposite wall and eying Philippa with amused wonder.

She knew him well—a rising barrister, with whose family she had long been upon terms of intimacy. So when he turned his eyes from the vanishing Philippa to her vacant chair, Mrs Blake signed him to fill it.

She cut greetings and inquiries very short.

"You know that lady who just left my side?" she said.

"I thought so. Perhaps I was mistaken. Tell me her name."

She told him.

"It must be the same," he said.

"What do you know of her?" asked Mrs. Blake.

"The law has its secrets as well as the church," said the barrister laughing.

"Don't jest, Richard Graham. I have known you and your family for years, and I ask you to tell me who and what Mrs. Russell is."

Graham glanced at her, and saw she was in terrible earnest. He hesitated, then said:

"I met her professionally. I was her counsel in a—an action."

Mrs Blake noticed the pause.

"A criminal action?" she asked sharply.

"Well—yes, it was."

"Was she acquitted?"

"No; but I believe she was innocent. I believe it firmly. The jury were fools."

And this woman about to marry the Rector of Chelston! No wonder Mrs. Blake's agitation was great enough to puzzle the barrister.

"Speak low," she said. "What had she done?"

"Her husband—a fearful rogue—was tried for forging and swindling. The rascal tried to save himself at her expense. She was tried with him. The man was sent to penal servitude for five years."

"Yes, yes—but the woman?"

"She was a burning shame," said Graham. "Quite small I believe she was innocent. The judge thought so too."

"Go on quickly," said Mrs. Blake.

"Her sentence was three months," said Graham reluctantly and sullenly. He hated himself for having told about this beautiful woman's antecedents.

"Then," said Mrs Blake, with emphatic speech, "she has—actually been—in prison!"

"I suppose so. But why do you want to know? I wish I had said nothing."

"I have a right to know all about her," said Mrs. Blake fiercely. "Are you making game of me, Graham? Can you tell me that Percival intended marrying her. What an escape! In prison! What an escape!"

She called away in search of her daughters and Philippa. Her head was in a whirl. The Rector of Chelston about to make a creature who had worked on the treadmill and picked oakum his wife! Her presentiment had come true with a vengeance. She walked from room to room in search of her charges, and, mechanically, murmured: "What an escape! What an escape!"

Mrs. Russell was quite well enough to go home. Mrs. Blake did not trouble herself why. She said nothing, but before going to bed telegraphed to her son, bidding him come at once.

He came up by the first train the next morning. Mrs. Blake had managed to get Philippa and her daughters out of the way, so was able to meet him alone. His first inquiry was for Philippa. He seemed greatly relieved by hearing she was well.

Then Mrs. Blake made her communication. She was kind enough to suppress all show of triumph; but she told him everything, and wondered at the silence with which he heard it.

"Oh, Percival, my son," she cried, "what an escape!"

He looked fearfully stern.

"I hoped you would be spared this," he said. "I hoped it might remain unknown to all save Philippa and myself."

Percival! What are you saying?"

"I know it before she promised to be my wife. She told me herself. Poor girl, she was cruelly wronged. Her life has been a hard one. Till her wretched husband died in prison it was misery."

"She deceived you—cajoled you! Percival You cannot mean to—"

"This will make no change in my plans. I shall be married on the first of January."

Mrs. Blake really did succumb at the announcement. She fell, a dead heap, into a chair.

"Graham I shall see at once," continued her son, "and entreat his silence. But even if the matter becomes public property it may be live down."

Mrs. Blake was goaded past endurance. She rose in fierce wrath.

"Besotted boy!" she cried, "You—in your position—Rector of Chelston—to marry a convict, a felon! Percival, I am ashamed of you—ashamed! I will go to the bishop—to Lord Keynsham. It shall never be!"

In his present mood the names of the bishop and Lord Keynsham were to Percival no more than sounding brass.

"I am sorry, very sorry, mother," he said; "but I love Philippa too well to give her up; and surely, if one person above another should exercise Christian charity, it is a clergyman."

"Christian charity!" said Mrs. Blake with biting scorn. "Call it by its true name—blind, unholy passion!"

She left him, little knowing how deeply her parting shaft had struck.

He saw Graham; then returned and told Philippa everything. She listened with composure.

"I expected it," she said, "the past can never be obliterated." Then she added, "I do not even offer to free you. You are mine—mine for ever."

The lock which accompanied her words added another link to the chain which already bound him.

It was impossible she should remain longer with Mrs. Blake. That afternoon, accompanied by the rector, she went back to Chelston. Percival, who considered that he was absolved from his promise to his mother suggested an early day for the marriage.

"No, no," said Philippa. "Why change our plans? I have no fear of losing your love. No one shall say I have hurried you into marriage."

Mrs. Blake's hopes revived when, in reply to a long, reproachful letter, her son informed her that the previous arrangement would be adhered to. There was still six months' grace, so Mrs. Blake did not curtail her visit to town. She even went to the seaside for a few weeks as usual. Whilst "that creature" was within stone's throw, the Rectory was not an attractive residence.

At last she returned home, and it soon became an open secret that there was friction between the ladies of the Rectory and the lady of the Hollies, but signs soon multiplied which told the Chelston folk that the rector meant to have his own way.

In the late autumn a house was taken in the neighborhood, and it was perfectly well known this was to be Mrs. Blake's house after the marriage. Whispers went round that Mrs. Russell had ordered and extensive trousseau from London. But all doubt was disposed of when the banns were called in Chelston Church. Then Mrs. Blake's heart really sank. She had kept, and would keep her own counsel. The world need not see the Rectory soiled linen. But after this public announcement, which she called an insult to God and man, she had another stormy scene with her "besotted boy." He was more determined than ever to go his own way, so she washed her hands of him altogether. Perhaps she was not to blame.

Although he saw Philippa frequently, the days passed slowly with the rector, and he longed for the moment which for better or worse, would make Philippa his wife. In his secret heart he blamed himself for the boundless sway this woman exercised over him—even the strength of her love startled him. When they were married all would doubtless be well. In time his mother and sisters might come round. Surely, with his strong mind, he could make the woman who adored him a perfect person's wife. In spite of everything they would be happy; yet, as he told himself, so, he knew that had the blackest misery been shown to be his lot, he must still have married Philippa.

The last day of the old year dawned, and Percival Blake rejoiced to think that to-morrow would end his uncertainties and troubles. He was now alone in the Rectory. Mrs. Blake, having sternly refused to attend the ceremony, or to permit her daughters to be present, had by her son's advice if not command, left the neighborhood for a while.

Although he had been very busy all the day he had seen Philippa once or twice, and had promised to call again after the evening service. He preached his sermon, introducing a few fitting words about to-morrow's event; then having lingered in the vestry giving some last instructions to his subordinates, he started to walk across to the Hollies.

In going from the church to the Hollies, about two hundred yards were saved by turning out of the main road and passing through the meadows which ran by Chelston stream. Although this route took one to the back of the house, he usually chose it, Philippa having given him a key which opened the garden gate. He went this way now.

It was a clear starlight night. The ground was turned into iron by a sharp frost. As the rector walked briskly along the river path, he thought of all that had occurred since this time last year, when he bore Philippa into the vestry. Not now did he wish this year taken out of his life. But he prayed that before the next year was over many things which now distressed him might be made right. It was a terrible thing to quarrel with mother and sisters, but then it had been for Philippa's sake. Heavens! how he loved that woman!

He turned from the river path and struck across the field toward the Hollies. He had scarcely gone twenty yards when he heard a sharp scream; and looking round, he saw to his right some distance up the river bank, two dark struggling forms. As he ran toward them he saw that the combatants were a man and a woman, but he was almost within arm's length before he realized the truth—that the woman, who appeared to be defending herself from some ruffian's murderous attack, was Philippa.

Percival Blake was a man of immense muscular power. At Oxford he had been famous as an athlete. Without a word he set his teeth and sprung on Philippa's assailant. He dared not strike him—his crushing blow might fall on the wrong person—but in a second she wretch found his arms wrenched from his victim and half-dislocated, whilst he writhed helplessly in the enraged clergyman's grip.

That ineradicable old Adam, revenge, lurks in every heart, lay or clerical. Whether it is aroused or not is but a question of the stimulating motive. Surely a man in the rector's situation may be pardoned for inflicting summary punishment. He did not stop to argue the moral points of the case. His blood boiled in a most unchristianlike manner. Without more ado, he put forth all his great strength and hurled the ruffian from him with prodigious force. The man fell with a dull heavy thud on the iron bound path; moreover, he lay there still and silent; and Percival, whose rage was expended in that effort of strength, felt his heart grow sick from the fear that he had taken human life.

Yet Philippa was his first care. She stood by his side motionless. He face in the moonlight, looked livid. Her eyes were dilated and full of horror. She paid no heed to his anxious enquiries, but she clasped her hands round his strong right arm—she even seemed to caress it, to be trying to estimate its power.

"Percival," she whispered, "you are strong—you have killed him."

"God forbid!" said Percival nervously, and stepping to the fallen man. His fears were soon at rest. The fellow breathed heavily and as he leaned over him the rector detected in that breath a strong smell of ardent spirits. He was glad to find the man a stranger to Chelston—glad he had not been compelled to chastise one of his own flock. Evidently the rogue was a half-drunken tramp; so, greatly relieved, the rector went back to Philippa.

"He is dead—you have killed him!" she said.

"No—senseless, and, I suspect, half-drunk. Now go home. I will run up to the village and fetch the constable."

Philippa shivered.

"Go back and kill him!" she said in a strange voice.

The rector looked at her in amazement. Her large eyes gleamed like those of a wild animal.

"My darling," he said, "you are upset. If he has robbed you or injured you he will pay bitterly for it. Go home, dear Philippa, I will soon be with you."

Again he felt her shudder. Then all at once her calmness and presence of mind seemed to return.

"I was upset," she said. "I don't know what I said. Percival, we cannot leave the poor wretch lying there."

The rector was thinking the same thing.

"Besides," she continued, "I am only frightened, not hurt. If you send for the police we shall have to give evidence."

She spoke wisely. To-morrow they were to start for sunnier lands. Was it worth while delaying their departure for the sake of giving this drunken wretch a taste of the treadmill?

"I will here his account of himself," said Percival sternly. "Wake up!" he continued shaking the tramp's shoulder. All the waking up he seemed capable of was limited to an uneasy grunt.

"Carry him up to the house—it is not far," suggested Philippa. "Leave him in one of the outhouses until he recovers."

The rector could discover no better plan. He threw his fallen foe, who proved to be a slight attenuated creature, over his shoulder and bore him to the Hollies. By Philippa's direction he placed him on the floor of the tool-house. There was no lock to the door, but as the man gave no evidence of an immediate return to consciousness that matter-of-fact little said:

"We must try and revive him," said Percival rather nervously.

"Come indoors, I will get something."

He followed her through the French casement of the drawing room. He was beginning to wonder what had taken her abroad that night, and intended to lecture her on her rashness; but as soon as they entered the room she left him, to fetch the remedies, he concluded.

More than ten minutes passed before she returned. The rector grew uneasy and fidgety. He did not like to think of that man's less tramp outside. He blamed himself for the vengeful force he had put into his arms. A terrible thing, indeed, if he, a clergyman, had caused a man's death! Where was Philippa? He would wait for her no longer. At that moment the door opened, and his bride entered.

Was she mad? Why at this particular moment did she come to him like this? Brief as her absence had been she had found time to make what can only be called a grand toilet. She wore the richest of the many rich dresses which had just been sent from London. There were diamonds in her ears; diamonds on her white uncovered neck. Her beautiful long round arms were bare, or but partially veiled by thin, delicate lace, and a blood red flower burned in her black hair. A queen! No queen with charms to compare with Philippa's has yet graced a throne! So, with her maddening beauty brightened by all that art can do, she entered the room, and after laying on the table what seemed to be a small bundle of some kind, with a firm quick step she came toward her lover.

A cry of astonishment, of delight, sprung from him. She placed her soft white fingers on his lips, drew him to a low chair, and motioned him to be seated.

He obeyed. She knelt beside him, her face on a level with his own. A strange sweet perfume emanated from her garments. She wreathed her warm white arms around his neck. She kissed him on his brow, his eyes, his mouth. She drew her face a little away from his, and her dark lustrous eyes gazed into his with wild rapture. He forgot everything save the glorious being who knelt beside him—all save his love for her, her love for him.

He returned her caresses with passion. Her magnificent bosom rose and fell with her quick breathing. His cheek brushed her satiny shoulder. He was in a dream of intoxicating bliss—and yet faintly through it he seemed to hear his mother's words, "blind, unholy passion!"

"Percival, Percival!" murmured the woman. "You love me!" His answer was not given in words.

"I am worth loving," she whispered. "Such love is worth a sacrifice. Percival, it is worth more. It is worth a crime!"

Even then he returned her embrace.

"Percival, listen. Love, kiss me and listen. That man outside—he is my false husband."

A sharp fierce cry broke from him. His very lips turned ashen. Yet still he held her to him.

"They told me he was dead—yet he lives. No matter. Shall our love be wrecked by him?"

A cold sweat broke out all over the man. Yet he turned not from her kiss.

"I dare not," she went on in her flute-like voice. "How shall it be. Shall we fly like cowards to another land? I am rich, you know."

He shivered from head to foot. Some strange instinct made him turn his eyes to the little bundle she had placed on the table. The woman followed his gaze.

"No," she said, with a low, wild laugh. "No need to fly. Percival, I would have done it alone, but I knew we should love better if we sinned together. Come."

Still holding his hand, she rose. Percival Blake staggered to his feet. He swayed to and fro like a drunken man, and grasped the table for support. The woman smiled in his face.

"I am worth it," she whispered, as she unwound a large handkerchief and disclosed a stoppered bottle.

"It will be painless," she murmured. "It will be like going to sleep. Come, dearest."

She placed the handkerchief and the bottle in one of his nerveless hands; the other she took in her own. She led him, as one leads a blind man, to the casement. She opened it and the keen fresh wintry air cut into the perfumed atmosphere of the room like a knife.

On the threshold she paused and clung to him in an almost frenzied embrace. The man quivered beneath it. Then, hand in hand, they walked down the garden path. They went swiftly, although the man moved as one in a trance.

She led him to the door of the outhouse. It was open. She looked into his set drawn face. Her burning fingers tightened round his icy-cold hand.

"Your hand trembles, sweet love," she said, and therewith took the handkerchief and the bottle from him.

She paused in, and whilst he stood as one spell bound, leaning for support against the doorpost, she began feeling about for the recumbent figure of her husband.

In a minute she was at her lover's side again. She shook his arm fiercely.

"Gone! He has gone!" she cried. "Seek him! He cannot be far off!"

Her words, her touch, seemed to break the spell. With a low cry Percival Blake fell upon his knees, and lifting up his hands, thanked God, whose mercy had willed that he should not be a murderer in very deed as well as in thought. Then the humbled man bowed his head, and sob after sob broke forth.

The woman stood like a statue. A dreary look of hopeless despair settled on her pallid face. Not a muscle moved—not even when Percival Blake rose to his feet and confronted her with eyes full of horror and aversion.

"Temptress! Fiend!" he whispered. "I have another prayer to make—that we may never meet again."

He turned away and went swiftly down the path to the gate by which he had entered. It was but a few steps away. Before he passed through it he cast one look back. Philippa stood as he had left her, tall and erect, her white face, neck and arms gleaming in the wintry moonlight. Then, even then, the old fascination struggled for mastery—all but mastered him. He took a backward step. Had she made but one sign he must have rushed to her side. But she moved neither hand nor foot. By a supreme effort he wrenched himself away, passed through the gate, closed it behind him, and rushed out into the night—anywhere! anywhere!

For two or three hours he wandered about aimlessly; then, scarcely knowing how, found himself in Chelston churchyard. He carried a key which opened the little door of the church. He entered the building and groped his way to the altar steps. He threw himself on the cold stone and lay there in contrition and abasement until five o'clock in the morning. Then, a humbled man, he crept to the rectory and from sheer exhaustion slept.

Terrified tearful faces met him when he arose. As gently as they could, people told him that an hour ago Mrs. Russell's old servant had found her mistress in her own room, lying on her own bed, dressed as one going to a ball, but quite cold and dead. In a horrified whisper they added it was feared she had committed suicide.

This is the story of that year in a man's life which must be swept away from his memory before he can call himself happy.

THE END.

## The Czar of Russia's Winter Palace.

The Winter Palace is described as the largest palace in the world, being one-third larger than that of the Emperor of Austria's, and unsurpassed in point of splendor. It is the residence of the Czar and his Court during winter, and stands on the left bank of the Neva. The palace is four stories high, or about 80 feet; the frontage is 455 feet in length, in breadth 350 feet. The principal entrance or "perron des Ambassadeurs," is from the Neva and leads by a magnificent flight of marble steps to the state apartments of the palace. A gateway in the centre of the building, facing Alexander's Column, opens into a large court. The most magnificent apartments are the Throne Room of Peter I., where the diplomatic corps annually present their congratulations on New Year's Day; the White Hall, the Hall of St. George, a parallelogram of 140 feet by 60 feet; the gallery of the Field-Marshals and the Alexander gallery, a suite of splendid halls, filled with marbles, malachites, vases, and pictures. When the Imperial family is in residence, about 6,000 persons are lodged in the building.

It is enough to take away your breath to hear of a California onion weighing nearly two pounds.

An exchange has a poem "On the Birth of Twins" and didn't know enough to make the rhyme a couplet.

## NEWSPAPER FABLES.

A $ Mark and a * were once [illegible] close together on the Imposing Stone, and the $ Mark coughed to a Compositor way and observed:

"I am constantly used to designate the Wealth of the World."

"And I," replied the *, as he frizzled up in the Proof-press Manner, "am symbolic of Liberty."

"By means of me," continued the $ Mark "the Printer can change 1,000,000 Grains of Sand into $1,000,000."

"Yes, but Heaven's vaults are studded with Stars, and I am frequently used in Print to represent Unknown Quantities."

They were still Boasting when the Apprentice came up and Inquired the Cause of the Excitement. Having received an Explanation, he said:

"Both are of so little use that I'll chuck you into the pi case."

MORAL.

Any man may set his own value, but the Truth is to make other men Believe in his Figures.

## THE CIRCUS AGENT AND THE EDITOR.

A Genial Circus Agent who Struck the Town of Bencombe called at the Bugle Office for the Purpose of Inserting a Four Column Ad. of his Great Show on Earth, and the following Dialogue Took Place:

"Has your Paper a Pretty Good Circulation?"

"Oh, yes."

"About 1,000, I suppose?"

"One thousand! Why, Sir, the Bugle is the Party Organ in this Congressional District."

"Say, 1,500?"

"Sir!"

"Oh, well I'll pay you on the basis of 2,000 circulation, but it's 1,400 too many."

"Sir! Do you mean to Insult me?"

"Will you swear to 3,000 Circulation?"

"Of course I will."

The Editor was asked out and sworn, and the Ad. which the Agent hoped to get in for $15 cost him $45—with Complimentary Tickets for the Editor's Family of Sixteen.

MORAL.

The real circulation was 750 copies, but as Sure as you are Right and then go ahead and Swear to it.

## THE TOWEL AND THE STOVE.

A Printing Office Towel suddenly Bolted Over one day and called out to the Stove:

"Lands alive! but when were you Blacked Last?"

"And when were you Washed Last? let me Humbly inquire?" sneered the Stove.

"The Editor uses you for a Spittoon!"

"And the Apprentices use you for a Mop!"

"You are Cracked in a Dozen places!"

"And I can Count Twenty Holes in you!"

At this moment the Sheriff came in to Levy on the Entire Outfit, and the Standing Galley heaved a Deep Sigh and Observed:

MORAL.

"Recrimination Never Helps a Bad Matter."

## OH, DEAR!

When you hear squalls about the house its cold weather you can expect.

The "hire" education of woman, says a close observer, consists in teaching her how to labor for the wages of independence.

Although some new fall bonnets are trimmed with game, no one will be permitted to "shoot the hat," says the New York Journal.

What a woman makes up her mind to do crewel work she always gets wrorsted. The key to this will be sold for a quarter.

Onida says: "A girl's love must never be begged but conquered." Paradoxical as it may seem, the girl cannot be conquered unless she concurs.

It is about time the papers let up on publishing that threadbare item about not stirring stewed mushrooms with a silver spoon. In the first place, this a close season for mushrooms, and, secondly, the stockbrokers haven't left us any silver spoons.

Lord Norbury, when once charging a jury in a breach of promise case, noticed that the letters of the faithless defendant had been so long in the plaintiff's pocket or so often shown to her sympathizing friends that they were greatly frayed at the folds and almost illegible. "Gentlemen," said Lord Norbury, carefully holding up one of the epistles to the gaze of the jury, "it's easy to see that these are love letters, because they are so exceedingly tender."

## Alaska Glaciers.

It was nearly sunset when we began to near the Muir glacier, and the day was near ended when the cliff was reached, and we had anchored near the frowning precipice. The shades of evening had gathered about the islands passed during the day and half hid from sight the lower ranges and the trackless forests; but the Fairweather peaks were visible still and glowed with a ghastly light in the isolated height like banks of phosphorous hung above the trees. Around us floated icy fragments, grinding against each other, or floating, solitary, and majestic down the watery way. The scene was grand past all conception, wild and beautiful, and silencing all with admiration. No other wonder of nature equals this glacier of untold age, as it moves silently yet irresistibly down from its birthplace to the sea, crying as it comes the very embodiment of strength, the destroyer of all life. All the glaciers of Switzerland might be combined and together they would not equal this of Glacier Bay. Set it crawling over the valleys guarded by Mont Blanc, and it would crush the country beneath its weight and leave a wilderness behind. And yet in Alaska, long and broad and wild, it is a mere fissure—a single stream among the many.—[San Francisco Chronicle.

## Pride.

Pride is base from the necessary foolishness of it, because it cannot but imply that our eyes look downward only; for there is not the man so lofty in his standing or capacity, but he must be humble in thinking of the cloud habitation and far sight of the angelic intelligences above him; and in perceiving what infinity there is of things he cannot know nor even reach unto.

# FOREIGN ECHOES.

## Horrible Religious Exercises—Jews and Cholera—Liquor in Paris—A Courageous Act—Murder and Robbery, &c., &c.

In an article on the religious exaltations of the Orient, Dr. Zambaco describes the sect of Rafais, who in their religious ceremonies jump, dance, oscillate, and shriek for two hours at a time, or until they fall into convulsions. When the excitement is at its height their power of feeling physical pain appears to be lost, for they pierce their limbs and bodies with sharp knives, and often swallow broken glass, living scorpions, and cactus leaves armed with thorns.

Nantes, France, has had a Charley Ross case. A sweep decoyed away a boy of 9, and put him to climbing chimneys. One day this man and a comrade, when half drunk, stripped the child and whipped him with nettles. The boy managed to escape, and told his story to someone who communicated with his friends, and after a month's hue and cry, he is at home again, and his abductor in custody.

A very clever scamp, in prison at Poissy, France, has lately succeeded to large property in Switzerland, a fact which has been formerly announced to the jail authorities by the legal authorities at Zurich. The former are amused at the intense sense of property rights which the news has developed in the rogue, who is full of apprehensions, founded on his own experiences, lest thieves impair his possessions.

*The Ravel Gazette* gives an account of a preliminary investigation in which a girl, aged 8 years, was charged with having murdered a companion only 5 years old, by stabbing her with a knife, which penetrated the heart. The circumstances seemed to point to premeditation. The day before the elder girl wanted to obtain a piece of gay-colored cloth which the other refused to give up. The elder threatened to kill unless she surrendered it the next day. Next day accordingly she repeated her demand, and upon being again refused she instantly stabbed the girl.

The European Jewish papers comment on the remarkable exemption Jews have enjoyed from cholera. At Naples the number of victims has been very small, at Toulon none. Of seven at Marseilles five, writes Rabbi Weyle, did not live conformably with Hebrew precepts in the matter of food or hygiene, while of the other two, a father and son, the first, a victim to duty, died in the hospital, and the other fell a sacrifice to filial love by insisting on nursing his father. The percentage to population of Jews' deaths was 0 07 per 100; for other inhabitants, 0 33. The grand rabbi of Marseilles ascribes the exemption to Jewish hygeine and mode of life.

An interesting article in the *Deutsche Grundeigenthum* shows how extraordinarily railroads have increased the growth of inland capitals. In 1740 Berlin was already the capital of a powerful kingdom, but its situation was such that the farmer in bringing his goods to market over the bad roads consumed on their journey more than half their market value, and great difficulty was felt in provisioning a large population. When, in 1843, the influence of railroads first began to be felt, Berlin had 930 230 people; in 1861 547,000; in 1871, 890,000; in 1881, 1,122,300—an increase of nearly 800,000 in thirty-seven years. Madrid's growth is largely due to like causes.

The importance of the liquor traffic in Paris may be judged from the fact that more than $12 500,000 is annually raised there by octroi duties on alcoholic drinks alone, and the consumption per head of population is as much as forty-five gallons of wine, a gallon and a half of spirits, and three gallons of beer. That the consumer, in Paris at least, has much to put up with in bad wine appears from the municipal laboratory report. Taking the month of June last, 552 specimens of wine were officially tested; only 113 were good, 39 were bitter or acid, 53 had an unpleasant taste, 129 were plastered, 182 had water added, and lastly, 86 had various mixtures added to them.

Leo XIII. will create eight new cardinals at the secret consistory to be held on the 10th of November—one Austrian, Mgr. Ganglbauer, archbishop of Vienna; one Spaniard, Mgr Gonzalez y Diaz Tunon, archbishop of Seville; and six Italians—namely: Mgr. Massaia, the venerable African missionary; Mgr. Mercel Gori, secretary of the consistorial congregation; Mgr. Laurenzi, assessor of the holy office; Mgr. Masotti, secretary of the congregation of bishops and regulars, and Mgr. Nerga, secretary of the congregation of the council. There will remain seven vacancies in the sacred college, exclusive of one creation reserved in petto since the 13th of December 1880.

Vice Admiral Close, of the British navy, has offered a singular explanation about the loss of the gunboat Wasp recently, off the Irish coast. There exists, it seems, a form of defective sight known as "moon blindness," persons afflicted with which are unable to preceive a light shining in darkness. It is easy to see the consequences of this infirmity in the navigating officer of a ship. Admiral Close says he nearly lost the man-of-war Trident once from this cause, only discovering in the nick of time that his navigating officer was unable to see the light of a lighthouse half a mile distance. If "moon blindness" is an established fact in medical science, the sooner provision for detecting it is made the better.

The Ethnological museum at Berlin has been lately enriched by a fine collection of South American antiquities, which have been gathered during many years by Herr Mehring, a German resident in Brazil. The collection is almost wholy composed of objects which have been disinterred from burial-mounds and similar places, and includes axes, arrow-heads, lance-heads, all of stone, and generally of most perfect workmanship; monumental stones, earthenware, utensils, and some painted pottery. There are two pipes, evidently used for smoking, made of baked clay, the bowls representing caricature faces. Besides these ancient objects, Herr Mehring has also presented to the museum a very numerous collection of modern utensils, weapons and ornaments obtained from South American Indians.

Naples has just lost her oldest painter in Tommaso de Niva, who has died at the age of 94 From early youth to advanced age he was active in his profession, and only two weeks before his death he gave the finishing touches to his last picture, the "Virgine Immaculate." The public buildings of Naples contain many of his works, and specimens of his art are to be seen in various parts of Italy and other European countries, as well as our own. He was a professor in the Institute of Fine Arts, inspector general of all the royal galleries, and member of the academies of the Pantheon and of St Luca. He had received eleven gold medals from public exhibitions, and had been decorated with nine knightly honors. Yet despite has labors and fame he died poor. The syndic was requested by the government to assign a distinguished place in the cemetery for his remains among the "bene mariti" of the country.

A Boulogne correspondent reports a courageous act in life-saving at Bazo-sur l'Isle, a village in the Dordogue department, France. Four little boys, two sets of brothers, of ages ranging from 11 down to 6 years, were crossing a bridge over the mill-sluice when one of the lads fell into the water which was at that part over ten feet deep. The eldest of the boys, without divesting himself of any clothing, jumped in to the rescue of his friend, and succeeded in bringing him to the bank. Their companions rushed to the spot to pull them out, but the matter was not easy, as the bank was about two feet high, and they ran the risk of being dragged in also. They were eventually landed safely by the boys on the bank lying down, so making a counterbalance to those in the water, who were considerably out of their depth.

Every now and then facts come to light, says The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which seems to conflict strangely with the theories of the doctors. For instance, at Howdon, a dirty, desolate village on Tyneside, a boy was born who, at the time of his birth, had four grandparents and five great-grandparents alive, each of whom was in active work, earning his or her own livlihood. Yet the village where these hale and hearty grandsires and granddames live and flourish is one of the most unsanitary in England. Open sewers run down the centre of some of the streets. Until a few years ago the water supply was from one shallow well. Only one solitary scavenger is employed on half time for cleansing, repairing, and mantaining all the streets. Houses have been condemned wholesale as unfit for human habitation, to the intense disgust of the people. Yet, notwithstanding all these adverse conditions, these families live and thrive vigourously.

A most determined murder and robbery was committed recently by five Italians at Nogent-sur-Marne, near Paris. The murderers broke into a wine shop in the high street, and overpowered the garçon, who vainly endeavored to defend himself. He fell to the ground, bleeding profusely from numerous wounds in his chest, inflicted by the knives of the Italians. The proprietress of the establishment, an old woman named Gunisset, was aroused by the cries of the garçon, and came down from her room, when the murderers immediately attacked her, rifled her pockets, and left her half strangled on the floor. The Italians then broke open the cash box of the shop, and succeeded in making their escape with 15,000 francs. Some passers-by, seeing the door open, went in, and finding Mme. Gunisset and the garçon almost lifeless, immediately informed the gendarmes. The garçon died in a few hours from the effects of his wounds, but the woman had sufficiently recovered to be able to make a statement to the police. The perpetrators of the murder and robbery have not been discovered.

## A Dance of Death.

In spite of the occasional slaughter of 500,000 Chinese before breakfast by the French troops in Tonquin, according to the dispatches to the War Office, in Paris, it must be pretty dull for the reporters there. Even a reporter for a French paper gets tired merely of setting down every day a new figure with several rows of ciphers to represent the total of Chinese corpses.

According to a Parisian paper tells a very thrilling story of a reporter attached to an "esteemed contemporary," who, with his comrades, signed a promise not to send any information by telegraph or mail, without submitting his manuscript to the commanding officer, on penalty of subjecting himself to martial law. After signing it he told the general commanding that in spite of his pledge he should tell the truth about everything which came under his observation. Thus warned, the General set spies on him, and in a few days the correspondent was detected posting a letter at a small town on the frontier. The letter was fished out and brought to the General, who sent for the correspondent. He admitted that the letter was his, but protested that the General would be violating the privacy of correspondence if he opened it. The General replied that it would have been public in Paris in less than twenty-four hours, and went on with his reading

He became enraged as he found that it was a severe stricture upon the conduct of the campaign. On finishing it, he informed the correspondent, that inasmuch as he considered himself a competent military authority he should have a taste of martial law to add to his military knowledge.

A court-martial was convened. The trial was short. The sentence read: "Condemned to be shot at 6 next morning at the capital city." He was put upon a special train, which arrived there half an hour before the execution was to take place. A ball at the palace of the Governor-General was not yet ended, and he asked permission to have a waltz before he died." He was allowed to waltz even with the Governor-General's daughter, and when the time had expired he bade adieu, went out before the file of soldiers, gave the word and expired, also "May all journalists do as I have done; it is their duty," was his last words.

Thus it will be seen that it is easier to stay in Paris and write thrilling narratives of exciting scenes it Tonquin than it is to go there and stand like the entry-clerk of a Chicago pork house and count the number of victims slaughtered every day.

## The Old Hundredth.

The music harmonized in four parts of this venerable church tune was composed by Claude Goudimel, about the year 1544 The composer, who was chapel master at Lyons, France, died in 1572, a victim to religious opinion. The harmony of this hymn has since been altered, as may be seen by comparing the same as arranged in the present collections of church music with the original. It is a popular musico-historical error that Luther was the composer of this choral.

## Oddities of Wills.

Among the curious wills and bequests that deserve mention is that of a French merchant who in 1610 left a large legacy to the lady who had jilted him, in order to express his gratitude to her for her forbearance and his admiration for her sagacity in leaving him to a happy bachelor life. Jasper Mayne, who died in 1620, left to a bibulous servant an old portmanteau which, he wrote, the legatee would value when he found that it contained something "which would enable him to drink." The "something" proved to be a red herring. A Scotch gentlemen having two young daughters bequeathed to each her weight, not in gold, but in £1 bank notes. The elder seems to have been slimmer than her sister, for she only got $256 000, while the younger received $287 720. An annuity of $250 was bequeathed to the bellringers of Bath Abbey by Lieu Col. Nash, "provided they should muffle the clappers of the bells of the said abbey, and ring them with doleful accentuation from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. on each anniversary of his wedding day, and during the same number of hours, only with a merry peal, on the anniversary of the day which released him from domestic tyranny and wretchedness." Bequests of bodies for anatomical purposes, or of skulls as curiosities or relices have been sufficiently numerous; but unquestionably the most curious will of this sort was that made by Mr. S Sanborn in 1871, when the testator left his remains for dissection and provided that the flesh stripped from his bones should be used to fertilize an American elm, and his skin be converted into two drumheads, inscribed with the Declaration of Independence and Pope's Universal Prayer, on which "Yankee Doodle" should be played at Bunker Hill annually on the 17th of June.

A testator cannot indeed scarcely be said be too careful in drawing up a will. "My black and white horses" do not bear the same meaning as "my black and my white horses." A near friend of Victor Cousin, the philosopher, lost a large legacy through a trifling accident and delay. Cousin intended to include his name in his will, but there was no stamped paper in the house, and he told his servant to obtain some. The servant said he would—tomorrow—and on the morrow Cousin died at dinner, just as a West of England millionaire was choked at breakfast with a fish bone with the unsigned will which would have altered the disposition of his vast estate lying on the table. People should imitate the example of Lord Eldon, who, when a very rich piece of patronage came in to his gift, having received the news while riding with the relative upon whom he intended to bestow it, wrote out the appointment while sitting in his saddle, lest he should be thrown from his horse before he got home. An officer in the Indian army, who had not much to leave, but was on friendly terms with two of his brother officers, made a will, leaving his property, consisting merely of personal belongings, to be divided between them. The testator came unexpectedly into a very large fortune, but he forgot all about his will and never made another. When he died the will made under such different circumstances held good, and his aged mother, sisters and near relations were left out in the cold.

Of bequests to animals a few may be mentioned. In 1781 a peasant of Toulouse made his horse his universal heir. Doctor Cristiano, of Venice, left 6,000 florins for the maintenance of his three dogs, with a condition that at their death the sum should be added to the University of Venice. A Mrs. Elizabeth Hunter, in 1813, left $1,000 a year for her parrot, and the Count of Mirandola bequeathed a considerable legacy to a pet carp Lord Chesterfield left a sum for the support of his favorite cat, as also did one Frederick Harper, who settled $500 a year on his "young black cat," the interest to be paid to his house keeper, Mrs. Hodges, as long as the cat should remain alive. The most singular of these wills, however, was that of a Mr. Berkeley, of Knightsbridge, who died in 1805. He left $125 to four of his dogs. During a journey through France and Italy this gentleman, being attacked by brigands, had been protected and saved by his dog; the four animals he pensioned by his will were the descendants of this faithful friend. Feeling his end near Mr. Berkeley desired that two arm chairs might be brought to his bedside and his four dogs seated on them, received their last caresses, which he returned with the best of his failing strength, and died in their paws. By an article in his will he ordered that the busts of his four dogs should be carved in stone and placed at the four corners of his tomb.—[Philadelphia Record.

## Was It Fate or Fortune?

The following circumstance is as true as it is singular: A few years ago, two gentlemen, who had been left executors to the will of a friend, on examining the property, found a scrap of paper, on which was written, "Ten thousand dollars in Till." This they took in the literal sense, and examined all his apartments carefully, but in vain. They sold his collection of books to a bookseller, and paid the legacies in proportion. The singularity of the circumstance occasioned them frequently to talk about it, and they recollected among the books sold (which had taken place upwards of seven weeks before) there was a folio edition of Tillotson's Sermons. The probability of this being what was alluded to by the word "Till" on the piece of paper, made one of them immediately wait upon the bookseller who had purchased the books, and ask him if he had the edition of Tillotson, which had been among the books sold to him On his replying in the affirmative, and the volumes being handed down, the gentleman immediately purchased them, and on carefully examining the leaves, found bank bills singly dispersed in various parts of the volumes, to the amount of ten thousand dollars! But what is perhaps no less remarkable than the preceding, the bookseller informed him that a gentleman at Cambridge, Mass., reading in his catalogue of this edition to be sold, had written to him, and desired it might be sent to Cambridge, which was accordingly done; but the books not answering the gentleman's expectations, they had been returned, and had been in the bookseller's store till the period of this very singular discovery.

In Morocco when a thief is caught in the most trivial offence they politely request him to hold up both hands. Then they ask him what hand he would prefer to have in his possession, and when he has made his choice they cut off the other. When a thief has thus lost both hands, and also his feet, he loses his head and quits stealing.

## Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted; while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada. and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*.

A close student—The tailor's apprentice.

## Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the City.

A.P. 203


ONE HUNDRED ACRES—TOWNSHIP ELDON, lot 4, Concession 1st; choice land, good buildings' orchard, and fencing. G. S. KING, Cannington.

**FREE** By return mail. Full description. Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. PROF. MOODY, Toronto, Ont.

**YOUNG MARRIED** persons, or those about to marry, will be greatly benefitted by sending 3c. for sealed particulars of this advertisement. J. W. SOUTHWICK, Toronto, Canada

**MEN WANTED.**
Active pushing men wanted to wholesale my famous teas to consumers. Salary from $600 to $2000 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto

**E E KNOTT'S** Speculator's Mart. Adelaide St. East, Toronto. All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rates of interest. Application for money from farmers a specialty. Rents collected and estates managed in town or country. N. B.—Best of references on application

**HAND STAMPS** METAL & RUBBER Stamps of every description, Seals, etc. Bronze Medals the last four years at Toronto Exhibition. Agents wanted
KENYON, TINGLEY, & STEWART MFG. CO., 72 King St., West, Toronto.

**TEN ACRES.**
BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED adjoining the corporation of the Town of Clifton. The land slopes gently toward the South, and is one of the best situations in Canada for fruit raising. Land at opposite side of the road is held at $1,000 per acre. I will sell this whole lot for $2,500. $500 cash, balance at six-and-a-half per cent, secured by mortgage.
Address "TRUTH"
Box 10, Toronto, Canada.

**W. & F. P. Currie & Co.**
100 Grey Nun St., Montreal.
Importers of
Drain Pipes, Portland Cement,
Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Linings,
Water Lime, Flue Covers, Whiting,
Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay,
Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay
Manufacturers of
Bessemer Steel Sofa, Chair Bed & Springs

**GUNS** RAWBONE & CO. PRACTICAL GUN MAKERS
have again resumed business, and want to hear from all their old customers. We have the "inside track" in the gun business, and will furnish you Firearms and Sporting goods at & in some cases less than, trade prices Winchester Rifles 1873 model for $19.90, other goods just as cheap. We have removed from Yonge St., and have no connection with the old stand. Note change of address. Send 6c for new Ill. Catalogue.
RAWBONE & Co., Shaftesbury Hall, Toronto
N. B.—All kinds of Gun repairs done.

**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF**
It is the only preparation of the kind which contains all the nutritious, together with the stimulating, properties of beef, and the only one which has the power to supply nourishment for brain, and muscle.

**F. E. DIXON & CO**
Manufacturers of Star Rivet
**Leather Belting!**
70 King street, East, Toronto.
Large double Driving Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Discounts

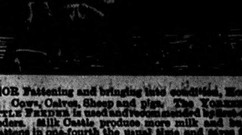
**SMOKED SAUSAGES.**
The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK P. O Box 342 Montreal.

**Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships.**
Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow lines sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week.
For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co. Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal

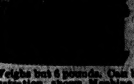
**Dominion Line of Steamships.**
Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday, during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| *Oregon, | Oct. 18 | *Sarnia, | Nov. 8 |
| Montreal, | Oct. 25 | Brooklyn, | Nov. 15 |
| *Vancouver | Nov. 1 | Toronto, | Nov. 22 |

Rates of passage: Cabin, Quebec to Liverpool $50, $60, $65, $80. Return, $90, $108, $117, $144, according to steamer and berth. Intermediate $35, Steerage, at lowest rates. The saloons and staterooms in steamers marked thus: * are amidships, where but little motion is felt, and no cattle or sheep are carried on them. For further particulars apply to any Grand Trunk Railway Agent or local agents of the Company, or to
DAVID TORRANCE & CO.,
General Agents, Montreal.

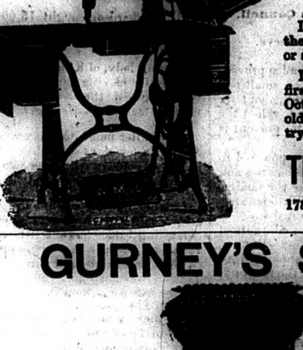



FOR Fattening and bringing into condition, Horses Cows, Calves, Sheep and pigs. The YORKSHIRE CATTLE FEEDER is used and recommended by first-class breeders. Milk Cattle produce more milk and butter. It fattens in one-fourth the usual time and saves food.
Price 25 cents and $1 per box. A dollar box contains 200 Feeds.
HUGH MILLER and Co.,
AGRICULTURAL CHEMIST,
167 King St East, Toronto.
For sale by Druggists everywhere.



**THE MODEL Washer AND BLEACHER.**
Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Machine in boiler. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days.
$1000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR.
Washing made light and easy. The clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person.
To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED to $2 50, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Presbyterian," says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. C. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec Charges paid $3.00. Send for circulars.
AGENTS WANTED.
**C. W. DENNIS,**
TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE,
213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

**THE NEW WILLIAMS**



High Arm Machine is now recognized as the
Sewing Machine of the Period.
It is Light and Easy to run,
Silent and Rapid in movement,
Plain and Simple to learn.
It is strong, durable, and well built, the very best material that money can buy or skill produce.
It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it.
**THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO.**
1733 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and King St., West, Toronto

**GURNEY'S STOVES!**

THE BEST

NORTH-WEST, WOOD COOK,
ÆTNA, COAL AND WOOD COOK,
GRAND DUCHESS, COAL AND WOOD RANGE,
COUNTESS BASE BURNER, WITH OR WITHOUT OVEN.
FOR SALE BY STOVE DEALERS HERE.

# North Hastings Review

MADOC, NOVEMBER 27, 1884.


—THE statue of the late Hon. George Brown was unveiled on Tuesday by Hon. Alex. Mackenzie, in the Queen's Park, Toronto. An appropriate address was delivered by Hon. O. Mowat, Premier of Ontario.

—THE Toronto World is authority for the statement that Sir John Macdonald will offer the LieutenantGovernorship of Ontario to Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. It would be a graceful act, as the ex-Reform leader's health is not strong enough to fit him for the active duties of further political warfare.

—THE Philadelphia *Times* says;—"Every now and then some leading Englishman revives the subject of a great confederation between England and all her colonies. But hitherto no man has so pointedly emphasized the strongest conceivable motive for such a movement as did Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, in his speech at the Lord Mayor's banquet in London on Monday night. Such a confederation once made, he argued that any power coming into contact with England would be obliged to count on the resistance not of England alone, but of all these auxiliary kingdoms as well."

—THE disgusting extreme to which the Salvation Army has carried its mode of worship is exemplified in the following copy of a "bill" published by the Bowmanville *Statesman* lately—headed "A Salvation Circus.":—

"Hallelujah Circus! Come along to the Circus in the Town Hall, on Saturday night, and see the grand transformation scene! Those announced to take part are: The Hallelujah Preacher, Tambourine Fred, Smiling Minnie, The Jumping Hare, The Saved Ploughman, Black Tommy, Yorkshire Relish, Happy Jack, The Saved Fisherman (will sing a Solo); Persevering Will, The Converted Sheep, Smiling Hare and Ruben the Fighter (will sing a Quartett), Old Brownie, Happy George, Irish Jim, Jumbo, Happy Annie, Quiet Emma Bouncing Lydia, The Sweet Singers of the Happy Band and a host of redeemed Slaves will be there. Come and see them. To begin at 7:45 sharp. Captain Hind, Cadet Yerex."

—THE scheme for forming an International Park on both sides of Niagara Falls, first proposed by Lord Dufferin, is in a fair way of being carried out, both the Canadian and American authorities having expressed their willingness to sanction the project. Sir Alexander Campbell, representing the Dominion, held a conference with Hon. Mr. Mowat, Premier of Ontario, as to the best steps to be taken for appropiating all the territory on the Canadian side of the river between Suspension Bridge and Stroni's Island, proposed to be set apart as the Canadian portion of the International Park that is to include Niagara Falls. It is said a favorable understanding was arrived at, and that it will not be long before the scheme inaugurated by Lord Dufferin will be an accomplished and international fact.

### Rawdon and Grimsthorpe Council.

Council met at the call of the Reeve.

All members present.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

The Reeve stated that a case of small-pox having occurred in the township, about six miles north of the village, he had called the Council together to take action to prevent it spreading.

On motion the Reeve was empowered to employ the sick family with necessaries and medical attendance, and to isolate the family, and to arrange with Dr. Law, of Bridgewater, and Dr. Vandervoort, of Queensboro', (if practicable) to vaccinate the inhabitants of the township free.

On motion Mr. Breeze was appointed to look after repairing culvert near the factories, opposite Fuller's, also the bridge by Thomas Greatrex's.

Council adjourned.

Town Hall, Bridgewater, Nov. 18th, 1884.

The report of the Bureau of Industries shows that the Ontario harvest has been even more bountiful than expected.

Mr. W. T. Crandall, of Picton, has shipped this season 29 cargoes of grain to the U. S. market. 35,000 or 40,000 bushels is yet to move.

Mr. Wm. Hambly, hardware merchant, Campbellford, has made an assignment. The *Herald* says Mr. Hambly was an excellent business man and attributes his failure to the long credit system.

Mr. T. W. Casey has in his possession an arm chair used by his grandmother when she was a young woman before the battle of Bunker Hill and brought to Canada shortly after that event among the family effects. It is a comfortable chair to sit in and apparently good for another hundred years' service. Very naturally T. W. thinks a good deal of it.—Napanee *Standard*.

### Scott Act Notes.

A public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Madoc, on Saturday, 22nd inst., for the purpose of organizing a township association, all parts of the municipality being represented. The following officers were appointed:—

President—William J. Allen.
Vice-President—John R. Ketcheson.
Secretary—Robert Phillips.
Treasurer—Allen Ketcheson.

The following committee was also appointed, to act in their respective School Sections:—Messrs. James O'Hara, jr., Wm. Devolin, J. Moorcraft, McCoy Jones, J. W. Huffman, Arch. Thompson, A. Glover, R. Doughty, John A. McCoy, John Irwin, R. S. Allen, H. M. Blair, J. Best, Wm. Tuller, O. Johnson, John Moore, H. Robinson, Jas. English, L. Empey, John C. Moore, P. Hazard, E. Johnson, D. Nicholson, John Gordon, Jos. Mullett, George Sexsmith, J. Gillen, William Dingman, Wareham Tuller, Joseph Christie, — Thompson, and R. Pine.

Short but encouraging addresses were then delivered by Revs. Stratton and Beer, and Messrs. Wood, Mackintosh, and Rollins, and the meeting adjourned.

The Executive Committee for this County meets at Stirling to-day.

Thirty-nine Counties and two Cities have already adopted the Act.

Nova Scotia has eighteen counties and one city, of which twelve counties have adopted the Act.

New Brunswick has fourteen counties and three cities, of which nine counties and one city have adopted the Act.

Manitoba has five counties and one city, of which two counties have adopted the Act.

Prince Edward Island has three counties and one city; all have adopted the Act.

Ontario has forty-eight counties and ten cities, of which eleven counties have adopted the Act; campaigns are going on in many counties and several cities, and proposed in nearly all the rest.

Quebec has fifty-six counties and seven cities; two counties have adopted the Act, and agitation has begun in others. Two counties have the Dunkin Act.

British Columbia has five parliamentary constituencies, none of which have adopted the Act.

### "LOCK WHISKEY UP."

On the 18th of February, 1883, the writer and a brother Good Templar were,—by invitation of the Chaplain, I. H. DeBruin—present at the Ohio Penitentiary Sunday School.

The title of the lesson for the day was "Christian Courage." One of the convicts asked Brother George D. Earl what was meant by "Christian Courage"—was there any difference between that and any other kind of courage?—George promptly responded "Yes! 'Christian Courage' means to have courage to say NO to everything that is wrong, and YES to what is right, no matter what your inclination may be. For instance:—When you get out of this, probably your old comrades will say, 'Come let's take a drink.' Now you exert 'Christian Courage' and say 'No!'"

The man looked up quickly and said: "You're a temperance man aren't you!" "Yes."

"I thought so! You see these men here," pointing to the hundreds of convicts gathered in that large chapel, "YOU LOCK THESE MEN UP AND LET WHISKEY GO FREE—BUT YOU DON'T LOCK WHISKEY UP AND LET US GO FREE BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T CHRISTIAN COURAGE."

He told the truth, and while we do not propose to offer any apology for men undergoing sentence there, we assert that hundreds of them, there to day, would be in their homes useful members of society, if we professing Christian and temperance people would exert "Christian Courage" and lock up the whiskey.
—*Ohio Good Templar*


BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. 25c per box. For sale by all Druggists.


A Barrytown Methodist minister has been rotten-egged by a woman who accuses him of slander.

Ben Richardson caught 15,000 herrings at one haul on Monday off the lighthouse above Deseronto.

A young lady, of Kingston, who had no time to spare for making garments for the poor has been engaged three weeks embroidering a blanket for her poodle dog.

A swindler named McKay was captured at Stirling a few days ago while attempting to leave the country with over $500 of a publishing company's money.

Chief of Police McKinnon of Belleville has returned from a three week's pursuit of the defaulting bank clerks, Scott and Yarwood. He traced them from place to place and found that Scott is in Mexico, whilst Yarwood is in Texas. It is not likely that any further steps will be taken in the matter by the bank.

Wednesday morning, about 11 o'clock, the house of Peter Fox, first concession of Rawdon, caught fire from a defective pipe or chimney, and was entirely consumed. Fortunately Mr. Fox was threshing that day, so there was plenty of help at hand, and nearly everything was removed from the house. A few clothes were burned, and 75 bushels of apples and 100 bushels of potatoes in the cellar were lost, with other provisions, etc.


MERIT PROVEN.

Dollar upon dollar is frequently spent on the faith of recommendations for articles entirely worthless. Not so with McGregor's Speedy Cure you are not asked to purchase it until its merits are proven. Call at Wilson's drug store and get a free trial bottle, and if not convinced it will cure you of the worst forms of Dyspepsia Liver Complaint, etc., no matter how long standing, it costs you nothing. Sold in 50c. and $1.00 bottles. See testimonials from persons in your own town.


Mr. Allison the Reform member for Lennox has been unseated for bribery by agents

A new Orange hall was dedicated at Hungerford on November 5th, by R. W. Bro. Wm. Johnson, Grand Master of Ontario East. It is a Methodist church and Orange hall combined, the upper part to be the church, the lower part the Orange hall.

Mr. W. S. Williams, U. S. Consular agent, Napanee, will next week ship a quantity of hematite iron ore from the Wagar mine, Tamworth; phosphates from Camden, and barley contributed by Messrs. Downey & Co., to the New Orleans exhibition. These will be the only exhibits from this country.

Edward Bourke sr., who has held the position of county treasurer for the county of Renfrew for the last six years, suicided at Pembroke on Saturday morning by hanging. The deceased was well known and universally respected. No cause can be assigned for the rash act. His books and accounts are perfectly straight. Mr. Bourke was one of the old pioneers of this county and was 73 years of age.


FLUID LIGHTING.

There are but few that have never suffered alm at intolerable pain from Toothache, Neuralgia or like acute pains. To them such an instant relief as Fluid Lighting is an untold blessing in the time of trouble. No disgusting offensive medicine to be taken for days. One application of Fluid Lighting Cures. Sold by C. G. Wilson, Druggist.

*NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.*

**Miss B. BROWN.**

*Mantle and Dress Making, Hair dressing, Braids & Switches.*

RESIDENCE—Second drab house on St. Lawrence street west, Madoc.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

THE annual meeting of the Alexandria Cheese Manufacturing Company will be held in the Factory on Monday, December 8th; at 2 a. m. for the election of officers and transaction of general business.

JOHN CASKEY,
President.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

THE annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Bay State Cheese Factory will be held in Hazard's Lodge Room, on Wednesday, Dec. 10th, at 10 o'clock, p. m., for paying dividends and transaction of general business, also to take into consideration the dividing of Insurance money.

WM. THOMPSON,
Madoc, Nov. 24th, 1884. President.

**BOOKS! BOOKS!**

JUST OPENED OUT AT

WILSON'S DRUG and BOOK STORE

the largest assortment of

**BOOKS**

ever brought into Madoc, all of which will be sold at prices to suit the times.

An immense assortment of

**'Xmas & New Years Cards**

in price from 2 cents to $4.

**C. C. WILSON,**
Chemist and Druggist.

**NOTICE.**

ALL Notes and Accounts due to the late firm of Joseph Caverly & Son must be settled by the 15th of December next, or otherwise will be placed in court for collection.

JOSEPH CAVERLY,
Madoc, November 18th, 1884. 394-4

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

THE annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Golding Cheese Factory, of Madoc, will be held in the factory, at 10 o'clock, a.m., on Wednesday, December 3rd, 1884, for election of officers and transaction of general business. Milk routes will be offered for sale at this meeting.

JAMES ENGLISH,
Madoc, Nov. 18th, 1884. President.

**ANNUAL MEETING.**

THE annual meeting of the Shareholders of the Allen Settlement Cheese Factory will be held in the Factory on Saturday, November 29th inst., at 12 o'clock, noon, for paying dividends, election of officers, and selling milk routes.

W. J. ALLEN,
Madoc, Nov. 18th, 1884. President.

**FOR SALE OR TO LET.**

THE undersigned offers for Sale or to Let, in the village of Madoc, Lots Nos. 2 and 3, south side of Gladstone street, on which is a good house, barn and other conveniences. For particulars apply to James C. Dale, Esq., Madoc village, or to

WM. WOOLLEY,
945 Queen Street West,
Madoc, Nov. 17th, 1884. Toronto.

**E. L. WEISS,**

**Watchmaker & Jeweler,**

**MADOC.**

**A NEW STOCK OF GOODS JUST ARRIVED.**

**WATCHES,**

in gold and silver, Waltham, Elgin, Hampden, and Swiss Movements.

Screw, Bezel, dust and moisture proof cases,—the best case in the market.

**CLOCKS.**

A splendid line of fancy Clocks, from $2.00 to $100, suitable for Holiday Gifts.

**Large Assortm't of Spectacles & Eye Glasses.**

**BRACELETS,**

Necklets, Crosses, Seals, Broaches, Ear Rings, Bar Pins, Cuff Buttons, Shirt Studs, Collar Buttons, of the latest designs in Gold, Silver, and Rolled Plate.

**GOLD CHAINS AND GUARDS**

in English and American patterns, Gents chains two and three strand in Silver, also in Rolled Plate.

**Black Jewelry in great Variety.**

A fine line in Napkin Rings, Spoons, Forks, Knives, etc., the finest silver plate.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry repairs done well and promptly.

A fine line in Gold Rings, 9, 12, 14, and 18 karats fine, Plain, Chased, and Gems, also a fine selection of Rings set with real diamonds.

WE ARE

**"HEADQUARTERS"**

FOR

CROSS CUT SAWS, BUCK SAWS, HAND SAWS.

CHOPPING AXES, BROAD AXES, HAND AXES.

COOKING STOVES, COAL STOVES, BOX STOVES.

Stove Pipes and Elbows, hand-made second-growth Hickory AXE HANDLES.

**R. R. CASEMENT & CO.**

**REMOVED! REMOVED!**

**John Robertson,**

Has removed his Dry Goods Store to

*G. A. ROLLINS' OLD STAND,*

West side of Durham Street, one door north of REVIEW building, where he has opened out a complete stock of new and fresh goods in all departments, which he will sell at

**BOTTOM PRICES, FOR CASH.**

Hoping to meet all my old customers, and new ones who will find it to their interest to inspect my stock, in my new premises, and thanking all for their patronage in the past.

JOHN ROBERTSON,

## DR. R. TRACY,

HAVING returned from Europe, is prepared to meet his patients as usual, at his residence, Pinnacle Street, Belleville. Consulting hours [illegible] a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and after 6 p.m.

## FOR SALE.

THE East halves of No. 25 and 26 in the 8th concession of Madoc.

H. HOLDEN, Belleville.

## WHEAT WANTED.

AT the North Hastings Warehouse. Highest prices paid.

A. F. WOOD.

Madoc, 27th May, '84. 370

## MONEY TO LOAN.

THE undersigned have private funds, $10,000, to invest on real estate security, to suit borrowers.

GREAM & McDONALD,
Solicitors, Madoc.

## MONEY.

I HAVE a large amount of Money to Loan at the lowest rate of interest upon Mortgage.

GEO. A. SKINNER,
Barrister.

Ashley Block, Belleville, October, 1884. 387-4mos.

## TAXES. TAXES.

THE undersigned Collector of taxes for Madoc village, will be in the village for the accommodation of those who wish to pay their taxes, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays of each week, at John Robertson's store. All taxes must be paid in without delay.

J. H. DUNN,
Collector.

## NOTICE.

## TOWNSHIP OF MADOC.

NOTICE is hereby given that the Township Council of the Township of Madoc will at its next meeting pass a by-law to open the allowance of road between lots 17 and 17 in the 10th and 11th concessions.

J. R KETCHESON,
Township Clerk.

Madoc, September 1st, 1884.

## AN OLD HAND AT THE BELLOWS.

HAVING rented Stephen Reed's blacksmith shop, in Madoc village, I am now ready and willing to wait on all customers who may favor me with their patronage.

Horse Shoeing a specialty. All kinds of Locks repaired.

JOHN BROWN,
Blacksmith.

Madoc, October 18th, 1884.

## New Harness Shop

BUY YOUR

**Harness and Horse Furnishings**

FROM

**D. A. CALDWELL,**

DURHAM STREET, MADOC

Repairing of all kinds done on short notice.

BUY YOUR

## Boots and Shoes

FROM

**T. ROBERTS,**

Weiss Block, Madoc

## RUSSEL PROPERTY.

**MADOC.**

**Village Building Lots,**

FOR SALE.

## MR. W. H. HASTINGS,

SOLICITOR, MADOC,

will give all the necessary information as to prices, terms, etc.,

(Signed),

**H. & J. RUSSEL,**
Attorneys for Mrs. Sarah Russel, Montreal.

Feb. 16th, 1884. 361


## Our Clubbing List.

We are now making up our clubbing list for 1885, and will be able to supply any of the leading publications of the country, in connection with the REVIEW, at greatly reduced prices. We can now supply the REVIEW and any of the following papers at the prices named. Others will be added as arrangements are made.

| | Regular price | Both for |
|---|---|---|
| The Century Magazine | $4.00 | $4.75 |
| St. Nicholas " | 3.00 | 3.75 |
| Grip " | 2.00 | 2.50 |
| Godey's Lady's Book " | 2.00 | 2.75 |
| Daily Witness " | 3.00 | 3.50 |
| Weekly Witness | 1.00 | 1.95 |
| Toronto Daily World | 3.00 | 3.25 |
| " Daily News | 4.00 | 4.00 |
| " Evening News | 3.00 | 3.25 |
| " Weekly News | 1.00 | 1.00 |

## Latest Local News.

**Postponed.**

We have been requested to announce that the annual meeting of L.O.L., No. 253, Allen Settlement, has been postponed to the 22nd of December.

**Hazard's Church.**

Our readers are reminded of the opening services at Hazard's Methodist Church on Sunday next, 30th inst., and the tea on Monday evening following.

**County Council.**

The last meeting of the County Council for this year, is being held this week at Belleville. We will publish a synopsis of the proceedings in our next.

**School Board.**

The regular monthly meeting of the village School Board will be held on Monday evening next. A selection of two teachers from twenty-four applications received by the Secretary, Mr. Robertson, will be made.

**Closed Down.**

Last week work at the Hematite iron mine was stopped for good, and the pumps, hoists, and other machinery removed. Mr. W. S. Volumn informs us that not another ton of ore could be scraped out. This will be a severe loss.

**Change of Time.**

A new time table took effect on the Madoc Branch of the Midland R. R., on Monday. We have not received a copy yet, and are therefore not in a position to say exactly what changes have been made. The two trains are continued.

**Skating Rink.**

Mr. Chas. Wellington is preparing a skating rink on the vacant lot between Bristol's and Orr's blacksmith shops, and expects to have it ready for lovers of this exhilirating sport, in a few days. If properly conducted it ought to be a good paying investment.

**A Nice Gift.**

The Perth *Courier* of the 13th says:—The Rev. Father Nix, of Madoc, was made the recipient of a purse containing a hundred dollars, by a large number of the members of St. John's Church here. Accompanying it was an address, signed on behalf of the donors by Messers. J. W. Tims and P. J. Sheridan.

**A Serious Case.**

Mr. John McCaw, a young man who has resided in this village and neighborhood for some years past, is at present confined to his bed at the residence of his brother-in-law, Mr. Neal Todd, from a sore on his ankle which apparently baffles the skill of our village doctors. It is feared the leg may have to be amputated.

Waterproof Blacking at T. Roberts.

**Church of St. John the Baptist.**

On Sunday next there will be no morning service in this church, owing to Archdeacon Daykin's absence at Queensboro'. At three o'clock in the afternoon there will be a celebration of the Sacrament of Baptism, and public Catechising, commencing with Litany 473. During the season of Advent there will be service every Wednesday evening, at 7.30, p. m. Preachers—Dec. 3rd, Rev. J. M. Harris, Marmora; Dec. 10th, Rev. T. Bogert, of Belleville, Dec. 17th, Rev. J. M. Burke, of Belleville; Dec. 24th, Ven. Arch. Daykin.

**There's Many Like Him.**

The following is going the rounds:—A great newspaper reader was out hunting recently, and a storm coming up he crept into a hollow log for shelter. After the storm abated he endeavored to crawl out, but found that the log had swelled so it was impossible to make his exit. He endeavored to compress himself as much as possible, but with indifferent success. He thought of all the mean things he had done until finally his mind reverted to the fact that instead of subscribing for his local paper he was in the habit of borrowing it from his neighbor, and thus defrauding the printer. On this he felt so small that he slipped out of the log without an effort.

Hand-made Boots at T. Roberts.

**To Subscribers for "Picturesque Canada."**

We take pleasure in informing subscribers to PICTURESQUE CANADA, that we are prepared to bind the work in various styles, at the lowest possible prices. We make the binding of PICTURESQUE CANADA a specialty, having secured artistic covers and having an experienced binder and gilder, who is prepared to produce the work as it should be. Parties at a distance desiring the work bound can send them to us and we will return to them when bound, paying express charges both ways.

The REVIEW Printing and Publishing Company, (Limited.) Peterborough.

In connection with the above, orders for the binding of "Picturesque Canada" or any other kind of binding, may be left at the REVIEW office, Madoc, and we will forward the same to Peterborough. The prices for the different styles of binding can be obtained at this office.

Buy Corrugated Bottom Overshoes at T. Roberts.

Mr. John Diamond has purchased the O'Conner farm, on the gravel road, on the gore of Seymour, from Mr. Lonergan. He paid upwards of $100 per acre for the property.

## Local Chit-Chat.

—Wintery weather.

—Sleighs were out yesterday.

—Twenty-eight days to Christmas.

—Business is improving in this village.

—Isn't it about time we had some sleighing?

—Village Council meets next Monday evening.

—The Xmas geese and turkeys are arriving in the village.

—Township Council meets a week from Saturday next, December 6th.

—About the heaviest rain storm of the season occurred on Sunday last.

—See the advertisement of Miss Brown, dress and mantle maker, etc., in this issue.

—Our village doctors have been kept busy vaccinating since the out-break of small-pox in Hungerford.

—Mr. Stephen Reed is the only person who has yet announced himself as a candidate for municipal honors.

—The mail clerk, Abercrombie, charged with abstracting letters from the mail, has been released on bail.

—We beg to thank Mr. B. Scott, of Minneapolis, Minn., for late copies of the *Canadian-American* of that city.

—Rev. R. M. Pope, of Stirling, will occupy the pulpit of the Methodist Church in this village next Sunday night.

—Mr. Dan. McKinnon has removed to this village from Millbridge. He is making several improvements on the American Hotel property, of which he is now owner.

—Don't make arrangements with your friends for eating too many turkeys and geese on Christmas Day as there is being provided a magnificient tea for that evening in the Methodist church here.

—The Madoc Brass Band is not dead yet. Since the leader, Mr. Chas. Wellington, returned to the village they have played in public on two or three occasions, and apparently as good as ever.

—Mr. J. E. Fremau is now at work on a couple of clocks which he will soon have on exhibition in Mr. E. L. Weiss's window, and which he claims will be the greatest curiosities in that line ever seen in Madoc.

—A genuine "solid man" was in the village last Saturday. He was at once captured by Jacob Huff and led to the scales in Whytock's tipping the beam at 379½ pounds. He is a resident of Tyendinaga, and a blacksmith.

—Mr. C. G. Wilson advertises in this issue a capital stock of Books, Christmas and New Years' Cards, just received for the holidays. Cards any price from 2 cents to $4.00. There should be no trouble in making a selection, on the score of cost.

—The date of the annual meeting of the Golding Cheese factory, advertised last week, should be 3rd of December, instead of 10th. The notice from the President, Mr. English, was received too late to make the correction before going to press last week.

—A couple of enraged Rawdonites called at the REVIEW office last week to "find out who put that piece in the paper about them," and also to thrash the editor if need be. The editor happened to be out at the time, however, and the gore seekers forgot to return, so the REVIEW is saved to the community for a while longer.

—The New Orleans Coloured Jubilee Co., gave two entertainments in the Masonic Hall, on Friday and Saturday evenings. They had poor houses, but deserved much worse. They paid up their bills honestly, however, but had not money enough left to pay their bus fare to the station Monday morning, and when last seen they were explaining to Conductor Kerr that they would also have to owe him for their ride to the Junction.

**Married.**

HOLMES.—BULPIT.—At the residence of the bride's father, on November 24th, by Rev. F. B. Stratton, Frederick Holmes, of Belleville, to Dorcas Bulpit, Madoc.

See my Felt Boots before you buy.—T. Roberts.

The Grand Junction Railway bridge spanning the Trent River, at Campbellford has been condemned. It has been said that instead of repairs the structure will be removed and an iron bridge built instead.

Prof. Crowe, the Indian medicine man and singer, of Rice Lake, does not anticipate either an early or severe winter. The Crowe is a good indicator of spring, but of its merits as a prophet of winter very little has been said.

Particulars of the accident at Yarker show that four men on the Napanee, Tamworth, and Quebec railway engaged in blasting post holes were sitting around a camp fire thawing out 15 pounds of dauline. The explosive was in one pound cartridges. A piece of burning wood fell on one of the cartridges, and it ignited. The men were warned to run and they did, but only some ten feet. Two of them, however, returned and attempted to save the dauline from destruction. As they took up the cartridges in their hands an explosion followed. One of the men was blown twelve feet distant, and only lived five minutes. His hands, legs, and part of his face were blown away. The other man shared the same fate losing a hand and a leg, and having the side of his head badly disfigured. The other two men ran and escaped without injury. The name of the deceased is V. Iron, aged 42 years, married, and from St. Annes, Quebec. He leaves a wife and nine or ten children in poor circumstances. The wounded man is A. Perrin, aged 35 years, married, also from St. Annes, Quebec. He has a large family and they are wholly dependant on him for support.

WHAT TO DO.

If troubled with an unhealthy, slow-healing sore use McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. You will find it invaluable for healing, cleansing and completely removing your trouble. If the Blood is out of order take with it a few doses of McGregor's Speedy Cure, from Wilson's Drug Store.

## The Small-Pox Scare.

**Vigorous Preventative Measures Taken.**

Fourteen deaths have already occurred.

There are no cases as yet in Tweed.

It is now estimated that there are upwards of forty cases in that district

We are informed that Dr. Dafoe vaccinated ninety individuals in Tweed one day last week.

The disease has spread to the adjoining township of Sheffield, several cases being reported.

Several more Sisters of Mercy are preparing to leave Kingston for Stoco, if their services are required to nurse the sick.

The Township Clerk of Elziver has issued a circular to the inhabitants of the township that all parties who apply at the office of Dr. Vandervoort, Queensboro, or Dr. Law, Bridgewater, between the hours of 10 and 2 on Wednesdays and Saturdays, will be vaccinated free of charge. This is commendable.

A case of smallpox has occured in the township of Elziver, six miles from Bridgewater, in a family who visited friends in the infected district in Hungerford. The township council have isolated the premises and, have arranged to have all the residents of the municipality vaccinated free of charge.

In the village of Stoco business is entirely suspended, and the village is cut off from the outside world. Mrs. Murphy, wife of the reeve, and a clerk in Mr. Murphy,s employment, are down with the disease, from which two children in the county adjoining have died.

PREVENTATIVE MEASURES.

Dr. Pomeroy, of Tweed, has been appointed medical health officer for the district. Five stations on the Canada Pacific Railway have been ordered to sell no tickets except to persons having certificates from the health officer.

Dr. Bryce, secretary of the Provincial Board of Health, was in Tweed last week and appointed Boards of Health in the villages of Tweed, Stoco, Thomasburg, Bogart, and Marlbank.

DR. BRYCE'S REPORT.

Dr. Bryce, Secretary Provincial Board of Health, on his return to Toronto, stated that, while the outbreak is severe enough to cause people everywhere to take vaccination precautions against the disease, the local organization has been made so complete as to prevent needless alarm, and he hopes that the disease may be kept within its present limits. The local board has been formed, with its chairman, the reeve of the township, and four other members, and besides these three sanitary inspectors have been appointed to act, under the board, in each of the five principal villages of the township. Besides these officers some fifteen special constables have been appointed to support the authority of the board. Public notices are everywhere posted warning the people of their duties under the Act, and of the penalties for violation of the law.

PROTECTION FOR TRAVELLERS

The public have to thank the railways of the neighborhood for their prompt action in seconding the provincial and local health authorities by issuing orders to prevent any persons who have come from the infected district from boarding trains without the written permission of the medical health officers or physicians of the township. The travelling public are thus assured against any possible danger from this source. The council of Hungerford have generously supplied ample funds for the efficient work of the local Board of Health and its officers.

Father Fleming who since the first outbreak has been unwearied in his exertions to minister to the wants of the sick and dying, is now reported down with a slight attack.

Warden Faulkner is to bring the outbreak out of smallpox before the County Council today, and advise, if necessary, the stoppage of stages between Belleville and the infested district.

The business places of Tweed were closed on Saturday last, and no communication is allowed between that village and Stoco.

Felt Stockings and Gum Rubbers at T. Roberts.

**MADOC MARKETS.**

| | |
|---|---|
| Flour, $4 00 | to $ 50 |
| Fall Wheat, $0 80 | to 0 85 |
| Spring Wheat, $0 70 | to 0 90 |
| Oats, 34 cents | to 00 cents |
| Rye, 50 " | to 50 " |
| Barley, 48 cents | to 60 cents |
| Peas, 80 cents | to 85 cents |
| Potatoes per bag, 35 cents | to 40 cents |
| Butter per pound, 12 cents | |
| Eggs per dozen, to 14 cents. | |
| Tallow, 5 cents | |
| Lard, 11 " | |
| Calfskins, 35 cents | to 45 cents |
| Sheepskins, 45 cents | to 50 cents |
| Wool, 15 to 16 cents | |
| Hay, per ton, 9 00 | to $12 00 |
| Hides, per cwt., $5 00 | to $6 00 |
| Cheese, 13c | to 00c |


## NEW GROCERY!

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS OPENED in Hudgin's old stand, a fresh and choice stock of

**Tea, Tobacco, Fish, Bread, Biscuits Confectionery,**

etc., which will be sold at low prices.

Please give me a call.

JOHN BALLARD.

## The "Star" Grocery

*Mrs. Wright's Block.*

**BARGAINS, BARGAINS.**

For the next few days we will sell the balance of Mrs. Wright's stock of Groceries, &c.

**AT COST,**

To make room for our new goods which are now arriving daily.

**BARGAINS For EVERYBODY.**

Call and See for Yourselves.

*CHURCH & TODD.*

## GROCERIES,

**WINES,**

## AND LIQUORS

**D. W. WRIGHT.**

## *Millinery, Fancy Goods, Dry Goods.*

## Miss ELLIOTT,

Has removed to Wilson's Block, and now shows a choice stock in the above department.

Call and Inspect the Stock.

**Miss L. ELLIOTT.**

## New Dress Goods and Mantle Cloths.

Our stock in this department is now complete, and we offer what we consider the

**HANDSOMEST, MOST STYLISH, AND CHEAPEST GOODS,**

Ever ofiered to the people of Madoc and vicinity.

A look through will convince you we are selling these Goods at prices which cannot fail to give satisfaction.

**Call Early and get a Good Choice, as they are going off rapidly.**

O'FLYNN & O'HARA,
POST OFFICE BLOCK.

# NELLO.

## THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

### CHAPTER XII.

An hour passed, and still the conversation was kept up with unflagging interest. All Lady Jesmond's power of fascination were brought into play. Once or twice his lordship turned to me with some commonplace remark, and at one bright smile from her he instantly forgot me. We were still out on the balcony, Lord Saxon seated by her side, whilst I stood gazing at the roses with a faint sad heart. What had happened that the light had seemed to have left the sun and the fragrance to have fled from the flowers?

Lord Saxon was "a lover of beauty and a dreamer of dreams"—I knew it—and, now that he had met with a woman of surpassing loveliness, he would worship at her shrine. Why need I mind? With a smile on my face I stood there whilst my heart was slowly breaking; for I knew, just as well as if they had disclosed their thoughts, that a passionate mutual love was burning in their hearts. He could never have loved me; it had been but a passing fancy. That woman had stirred his heart with her beauty, and he had surrendered.

When the feeling of pain had somewhat moderated, I heard what they were saying.

"Not ride!" cried Lord Saxon. "I thought all ladies rode in India!"

"I was an exception," she said. "It is the one accomplishment above all others that I raise."

"Let me teach you," he begged eagerly.

"You would not like the trouble," she said coquettishly.

"Trouble!" he repeated. "Why, it would give me the greatest pleasure and delight."

"We will speak of it later," she said.

Then came an interruption, in the shape of a message from the nursery, saying that Mrs. Rivers would be glad if Lady Jesmond would go there at once, as Sir Guy did not seem well.

Nello and I were left on the balcony alone. He had come to talk to me of the silvery moon and the nightingale's song. Alas, alas his eyes followed Lady Jesmond, and, when she had vanished from his sight, he stood with a dreamy, musing smile on his lips.

"He is a dreamer of dreams," I said to myself, whilst a bitter pain seized my heart; "and now they are of her not of me."

"Felicia!" he said, turning to me, "I cannot tell you how grieved and distressed I am at your sudden reversal of fortune. I could hardly believe my eyes when I read my mother's letter, and found that Jesmond Dene was no longer yours. Do you feel the loss greatly?"

His words were kind enough, but the very kindness was as a dagger thrust into my heart; it showed me how completely his love was dead.

The loss of Jesmond Dene was so trifling to me in comparison with this other and greater loss that I could have laughed at the question; but I answered it soberly enough.

"I felt it most deeply; but I do not resent it. I loved my cousin Paul, and I am glad that his son will have the estate."

"You are very noble and very good," he said, "I have thought a great deal about it, and I cannot express to you how glad I am to see you carry such a brave heart, Felicia. Have you decided yet what you will do?"

I could have cried out in my anguish that I had hoped, had thought that he was coming to settle my future for me; but I shrouded myself in a mantle of pride. If his love for me was so weak that it had died at sight of a fairer face.. what had it been worth?

I told him I had decided on nothing—that for the present I should remain with Lady Jesmond, as she had asked me; also that my aunt was too ill to be removed.

"I should like to see your cousin Paul's little son," he said. "Certainly his widow is the most beautiful woman I have ever seen."

"And you worship beauty," I remarked, bitterly.

How deaf he was to the anguish that rang in my voice! He laughed frankly, apparently unaware of the pain he had caused me.

"So my mother said, Felicia; and I am afraid it is true. But I want to talk to you of yourself."

When Lady Jesmond returned to the room, laughing at the nurse's anxiety and unnecessary alarm, he immediately left me, and the next moment I heard him beseeching Lady Jesmond to drive over to Dunroon.

"I should like to show you the place," he said. Felicia will drive over with you."

"I will think about it," answered Lady Jesmond. "I never make hurried promises."

"Felicia," cried Lord Saxon, "you will bring Lady Jesmond over to Dunroon?"

"When she likes to go," I answered.

And then Lord Saxon rose to depart. He really must go, he said; he had stayed much longer than he ought. But even after that declaration he lingered, talking to her, and watching her every movement with admiring eyes.

So this was the prosaic end of my love-story! Had he cared for me? I could not tell; but I believed he had, or he would not have kissed me. He had loved me with a feeble apology for love which had died when he saw the fair face of Lady Jesmond. I had tasted happiness but to lose it; I had dreamed my love-dream but to wake and find it vanished. I had been unspeakably happy for a few days, and now, without any warning, the cup of happiness had been dashed from my lips, the blissful delusion had been dispelled.

When Lord Saxon had gone, Lady Jesmond turned to me.

"Felicia," she cried, "you are a greater mystery to me than ever. Imagine knowing such a man as that and never speaking of him! You must be as unimpressionable as marble."

"You never liked Lady Saxon," I made excuse.

"It did not follow that I should not like her son," she said, and then added, "I have a presentiment that I shall become his wife."

"You must wait until he asks you," I ventured to suggest.

"Yes; and I can make him ask when ever I liked," she said laughingly. "Why, Felicia, do you not see?"

"See what?" I asked impatiently.

"Why, that he is in love with me from the first moment that we met! I felt it; I am sure of it. And, Felicia, Felicia, I am afraid my own case is like his! He is the first man I have seen whom I should care to love or marry."

"You forget Paul," I said, shocked at her words.

"I do not forget him. But, Felicia why did you never speak to me of Lord Saxon?"

"How could I tell the topic would interest you?" I asked.

"You might have been sure, knowing what a superior man he is. Now I shall cultivate his mother's friendship, and, Felicia, you will take me to Dunroon?"

### CHAPTER XIII.

A year passed, and to me it was of slow torturing agony. My strength deserted me, the colour faded from my cheeks, the light from my eyes; but I kept my secret. No one, except perhaps Lady Saxon, had the faintest idea that I had ever cared for the handsome Lord of Dunroon.

It was impossible for me not to watch Nello and Lady Jesmond as they sauntered amid the trees and flowers, her bright lovely face and golden hair contrasting with dark, proud, manly beauty. Never was lover more devoted than Lord Saxon. He came every day, sometimes twice; and I could hear his voice calling "Gabrielle, Gabrielle!" as he sought her in the grounds. He was proud of her love, and he gloried in her brilliant beauty. If by any chance he came when she was engaged or absent, she would pour out all his passionate loving thoughts to me. Lashing from a fiery whip could not have stung me more; but I listened with a smile on my lips, though every word lacerated my heart. As for Lady Jesmond, she gave herself up completely to her love-dream.

"I talked of ambition once," she said to me; "I never could have had any. I would marry Lord Saxon if he were a peasant instead of a prince, as he is."

"Do you love him so much," I asked.

"Love him," she exclaimed, with a warm glow on her face—"I love him? That is a weak expression, Felicia. It is something deeper and stronger than simple love, I always knew, she continued, "that if I ever loved at all, it would be in terrible earnest. I wish I had more moderation and greater self-control."

They were acknowledged lovers when she spoke in that enthusiastic fashion; but no time had been settled for the marriage. My aunt Annette was still lying ill, and Lady Saxon was miserable.

"I do not like Lady Jesmond," she said to me one day when we were alone; "I never liked her, and I never shall. I do not trust her. There is something strange and mysterious in her manner which repels even more than her glittering loveliness. I am anxious that my son should be happy; but I wish he had chosen differently;" she concluded, with a sigh.

I could not help noting that there were times when Lady Jesmond seemed unhappy, when she was restless and uneasy, and started at the least sound, grew pale when she heard an unusual noise. I found her at intervals, with her face clouded in thought and her bright blue eyes shadowed. It struck me that she spent much more time with Mrs. Rivers than she had hitherto done. They were in constant and close companionship, always talking eagerly, earnestly, and in whispers. Two other things struck me as extremely singular—how little thought Lady Jesmond bestowed upon her dead husband and how little love she showed for her child. All her interest centered in Lord Saxon.

The month of June came round again, and still I was an inmate of Jesmond Dene. I could not leave, first, because I had solemnly promised to remain for a time, and secondly because my aunt Annette, who was lying ill with a spinal complaint could hardly endure my being out of her presence. All nature smiled in the summer sun, and the nightingales once again awoke the echoes of the night with their melodious song.

At the close of a sultry day when the moon was shining over the trees, I went quietly to hear the nightingales, as I had once gone with Nello. Bitter were my thoughts, hot and bitter were my tears. She had taken him from me, this beautiful woman whose little son had robbed me of my inheritance.

It was a luxury to be alone, to pour forth unrestrainedly the agony of my heart, to crouch down on the long soft grass and sob out my grief. They were singing so exquisitely, the nightingales, and yet the sweet music seemed to tear my very heart. He would have loved and married me but for her! Heaven forgive me—in that moment I hated her! Ah, if she had but remained in India—if my cousin Paul had but lived! and the plaint of Bianca among the nightingales came home to me.

She had not reached him at my heart,
With her fine tongue, as snakes indeed
Kill flies; nor had I, for my part,
Yearned after, in my desperate need,
And followed him, as he did her,
To coasts left bitter by the tide,
Whose very nightingale, elsewhere
Delighting, torture and deride.
For still they sing, the nightingales

"I would not for her white and pink,
Though such he likes, her grace of limb,
Though such he has praised, nor yet I think,
For life itself, though spent with him,
Commit such sacrilege, affront
God's nature, which is love, intrude
'Twixt two affianced souls, and hunt
Like spiders in the aloe wood
I cannot bear those nightingales!

"If she chose sin, some gentler guise
She might have sinned in, so it seems.
She might have pricked out both my eyes,
And I still see him in my dreams,
Or drugged me in my soup or wine,
Nor left me angry afterward.
To die here with his hard in mine,
His breath upon me, were not hard.
Our Lady, hush those nightingales!

".....Sing they so,
And you be silent? Do I speak,
And you not hear? An arm you throw
Round some one, and I feel so weak.
Oh owl-like birds! They sing for spite,
They sing for hate, they sing for doom;
They'll sing through death, who sing through night
They'll sing and stun me in the tomb—
The nightingales, the nightingales!"

In the madness of my despair I realized how much I had loved him. He would be standing now on the balcony with her; he would be worshipping the beauty of her fair face, his arm encircling her waist, and he would kiss her lovely lips. And I was lying there, lonely desolate, and broken-hearted! Was it just? I cried to the silent shining heavens. She had everything. She had had the trusting love of my bright young cousin; she was the mother of his heir; she was mistress of the house that had been mine; she had money, lands; and now she had taken him! Was it fair, because she had the brightness of the stars in her eyes and the sheen of the sun in her hair, that she should take him from me? Was it fair that she should stand in the circle of his arm, and I lie forsaken there? Was it fair that she should take his caresses and his kisses while I stretched out my arms to the empty air?

### CHAPTER XIV.

There was a surprise in store for me when I returned from my dismal ramble. I found that Lord Saxon had remained rather later than usual, and that Lady Jesmond had discarded her widow's weeds. Never shall I forget the vision of loveliness that met my dazed eyes. She wore a dress of pale violet velvet, which contrasted well with her golden tresses and exquisite complexion. I had seen, not many days before, Lord Saxon take the little crape cap from her head, and all her shining hair fall in a golden mass of ripples and waves about her shapely shoulders.

"It is more than a sin to cover such hair," he said.

She looked up at him with sudden gravity.

"I hope," she answered calmly, "that I shall never commit a greater."

"I do not think you could commit a sin if you tried," he said, his eyes looking into hers with deep yearning love; and, to my surprise, instead of smiling, her gravity deepened.

The remembrance of her dazzling beauty of that evening will never leave me. I remember, too, how she sang to him, and how he leaned admiringly over her chair and drank in the music of her sweet voice; and then they went out on to the balcony, where he bade her good night, bending down and kissing her lips, and breathing passionate words into her ears which seemed to stir her into new life.

Then he was gone; and she stood gazing after him with a smile sweet and tender, such as I had seldom seen on her face before.

We stood together once more; her face was full of emotion, her eyes were full of tears of joy.

"I will be a good woman my whole life long," she said suddenly, "I will be as good a woman can be; for, oh, Felicia, I am so happy—I am so unutterably happy! Do you know what has happened?"

"No," I answered faintly; but my heart told me what was coming.

Two warm soft arms were placed round my neck, a golden head nestled on my bosom, a fair bewitching face was turned to mine, tears shone in the blue eyes.

"Listen to me, Felicia," she said. "I am the happiest woman in the whole wide world. Oh, I will be good—I will indeed be good!"

"But you are good now, Gabrielle," I said, anxious only to avert the coming announcement.

"I will be better!" she cried. "Oh, Felicia, I do not deserve to be so happy!"

The white arms tightened their clasp and the beautiful head nestled more closely to me.

"I shall remember to-day above all other days," she said; "it is the happiest of my life. Felicia, I am shy at telling you my good news. Lord Saxon has asked me to be his wife, and wishes me to marry him this summer."

There was a dead silence as her voice died away; the smile on her face was full of unutterable content.

The blow which I had so long expected had at last fallen. I must go away, far away, where I could never hear of her see either of them again!

"This summer," she repeated; "and, now that my happiness is so near, I—I am afraid of it—afraid!" she repeated, raising her face and kissing me. "Can you say anything that will give me courage?"

"You have nothing to fear," I said, with difficulty.

"Is it cooler than usual to night?" she asked. "The air is sweet with roses, but it seems to me chill;" and I felt a shudder pass over the graceful figure. "I wish," she added, with sudden melancholy, "that I had my life to begin over again. All people make grave mistakes at one time or another in their lives, do they not?"

"Very many do," I replied—who had made a greater one than I?! "But surely you are not among the number, Gabrielle—you can have made no mistake in your life?"

She looked at me with wistful longing eyes

"I did not know," she said, "that pure love brought so much with it. I find the first thing is a craving to be worthy of it."

"I hope you are worthy of it," I answered gravely. Her curious words and manner began to make me feel anxious

"I will try to be," she said. "Felicia," she continued, drawing my face down to hers and kissing it again, "you have known Nello longer than I have; do you think, if he loved any one very much, and found out that she he loved had done a great wrong, he would forgive readily?"

"It would depend altogether on the nature of the wrong committed," I replied. "I should imagine that he would be ready to overlook ordinary faults and weaknesses; but there are some things that he would never pardon."

"What are they?" she asked breathlessly.

"He hates trickery and deceit," I answered. "He would, I believe, almost forgive murder sooner than anything of that nature."

She was looking at me with wide opened frightened eyes.

"He would sooner forgive murder than deceit!" she echoed.

The words had a strange sound as she uttered them, and made a lasting impression upon me.

"I am sure it is cold," she remarked, after a pause; and once again she shuddered.

She began to pace up and down the long drawing-room.

"You will think that I am behaving strangely to night," she said. "I am uneasy; I cannot rest."

I attempted to go, but she cried out, "Felicia, do not leave me!"

"It is strange," she said presently, with rare humility, "that out of all the world of women Nello should have chosen me."

"I do not think so," I replied quickly. "He loves you because you are one of the most beautiful."

She looked and and disappointed.

"Do you think it is only for my beauty that he loves me?" she asked.

"Would not that content you?" I inquired.

"Not now," she answered slowly. "It would once; it will not satisfy me now. Love has opened my eyes to a hundred things I did not know before."

"You really do not seem to have loved my cousin," I was startled into saying.

"No," she replied—and her eyes filled with tears,"—"I did not love Paul—not in this fashion, at least."

Then I advised her to go to rest. Her face was burning her eyes were shining with a strange light, her golden hair had fallen over her shoulders in careless profusion. Never was vision of womanhood so fair!

"I am so loath to see the happiest day of my life come to an end," she said, "that I feel compelled to linger here. Felicia, have you ever had what people call a presentiment?"

"Yes, often," I answered.

"Have they been realized?" she asked.

"More often than not," I replied.

"I have a presentiment to-night—a feeling that tells me to morrow will not be like to-day."

"You will be happier than ever to-morrow," I said. "Lord Saxon will come over to Jesmond Dene quite early, and will want to drive you or ride with you to one of your favourite haunts. Then you will run on the staircase with little Guy; you will go off in excellent spirits; and you will have quite forgotten your presentiment when you return."

"Good night, Felicia," she said; "you have comforted me."

I kissed her, and said "Good night."

When I awoke the next morning, my first thought was that I must go from Jesmond Dene. I could not bear to remain in the place that had seen my hopes crushed and my love ruthlessly blasted.

Just as I had prophesied, Lord Saxon came over quite early, as he wanted to drive Lady Jesmond to St. Michael's Priory, a fine ruin about ten miles distant.

"A whole day my darling, out in the sunshine together!" I heard him say.

They went to the nursery, whence I heard issue peals of sweet childish laughter. I went after them with a message for Lady Jesmond. Lord Saxon was tossing the child in his arms, delighting and frightening him at the same time. Lady Jesmond was speaking to the nurse at the other end of the room and again I caught the words, "Be careful, Gabrielle;" and once more I wondered why the nurse should presume so to address her mistress.

Nello and Lady Jesmond rode away together, and there was no shadow on her lovely laughing face as she wished me a pleasant "Good morning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

### Two Popular Singers.

Mrs. Agnes Corlett-Thomson, who will be remembered by many of our readers as Miss Corlett, is rapidly coming to the front as a singer of much more than average merit. Her voice is a pure, sweet "stoccato" soprano, particularly strong, and marked with a fullness of tone and purity of production but seldom met with. She is also a good type of an ideal Canadian, rich in good health, with that bright and clear complexion characteristic of her countrywomen. Last May she married Mr. J. F. Thomson, a baritone of whom Canada may well be proud. As yet a young man, he has has already filled engagements with a number of high class opera and concert Companies. It was with the Strakosch and Litta Companies that his greatest successes were made. While with them he appeared with such great artists as Marie Roze, Torriani, Annandale, Litta, Brignoli, Taglispietra, Kellogg, Carey, Perugini, Conly, etc. The Boston *Herald* in speaking of his debut there said: "Another debutant, Mr. J. F. Thomson, scored the success of the evening by his artistic singing. He possesses a magnificent baritone voice of over two octaves in compass, particularly strong and pure, even in all its registers and highly cultivated, which he uses with great taste and expression. His numbers were "The Torreador Song" (*Carmen*) and "Si tu Savais" (*Balfe.*) He was enthusiastically encored after each, and his number given in response, "Good Company" *Adame*), and "Awake" by the same composer, but increased the good impression his first selections excited."

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, remain in Toronto until the spring, when they expect to go to New York, and finish their musical studies.

### One of Froude's Stories of Carlyle.

It is no exaggeration to say that if one of the stories in Froude's "Thomas Carlyle" had been published during the historian's life no woman, unless possibly one of his kinsfolk as hard as himself, would ever have spoken to him again. His wife, suffering from the combined effects of chronic neuralgia and a terrible fall, with the nerves and muscles of one side entirely disabled by on her bed, unable to close her mouth. He came into her room, looked at her, while he leaned against the mantelpiece—an act intensely irritating to a woman not vain, indeed, but proudly desirous not to look ill—and said: "Jane, ye had better shut your mouth. Jane, ye'll find yourself in a more comfort and pious frame of mind if ye shut your mouth." That Mrs. Carlyle endured this gibe and afterwards remained near the man who inflicted it upon her, says much for her constancy; but no woman who reads its crude brutality can afterwards be open to conviction that there was anything good about Carlyle.

### The Dunce's Cap in the East

A party of scientific travellers who had gone out to Egypt to examine the Pyramids spent a portion of their time in visiting the public elementary schools in Cairo. What was their surprise to see a European "stove-pipe" hat hanging on the wall in almost every school-room. In reply to the interpreter's inquiry, one of the teachers said that the most efficacious punishment for refractory boys was to be compelled to wear the hat.—[Deutsche Hatmacher Zeitung.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A gate singer—Tin tea kettle.

"Frailty, thy Name is Woman."
—*Hamlet.*

That she is frail, often in body,
"'Tis true, 'tis true 'tis a pity.
And pity 'tis, 'tis true."

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# FOR THE FARMER.

## Fall Work With Poultry.

On farms, colonies are soon as they are big enough to have their chickenhood colds, take to trees, sheds, or anywhere rather than to the poultry house. In most cases it is best that they make such selection for their health and comfort; but as soon as the leaves fall, or the driving cold storms of Autumn sweep through the open sheds, it is time to get them into their warm winter houses. The first step towards preparing to winter the stock, is to see that the poultry-houses are all perfectly clean. All impurities that may have accumulated during the summer, in corners or nests, when the houses are not so much used, must be removed. The houses should be fumigated with sulphur and tobacco stems, burned indoors, and will fill up joints and crevices are tightly stopped. Then a coat of whitewash, with a little carbolic acid in it, should be applied to walls and to all boxes, nests, and everything in the house, and the perches should be treated to a coat of benzine and carbolic acid. All this is the work of time; but it will pay well, for by these means the fowls will come into healthful quarters free from vermin. Without such precaution, hen mites are sure to afflict the stock. Some people call these pests lice, but they are of the mite family; are nocturnal, like bed bugs, leaving the birds and taking to the perches or woodwork of any kind in day-time.

The next thing is to see that the fowls have a dust bath to keep their bodies free from lice, as these breed and keep on the fowls. The only way to keep or get rid of them, is to keep a good bath of sand and ashes—wood ashes when they can be procured—and the birds are only too glad to do their part to cleanse themselves. There are many kinds of lice on fowls, some living entirely on the feathers; others on the bodies; some keep about the heads; others only appear when dirt accumulates about the bodies. When a fowl gets sick, these parasites accumulate rapidly, principally because the bird relaxes that activity which is necessary to keep itself clean. The dust-bath should be close to a low window, so that the sun will shine directly upon it. A box sunk till its edges are level with the floor, will tempt the fowls better than one on the floor, as some fowls will not use it in that position.

Early pullets will lay about this time, and it is well to observe which lays the earliest and keep it up, so as to be able to select these as hens for breeding purposes. A very important thing to attend to is to see that no half-grown or stunted, sickly chickens are admitted into the houses with the flock, or they may communicate disease to the whole lot; better kill off all such birds, even if you have to bury them. All broken windows or holes that will let in cold, should be promptly repaired, so that ventilation can be controlled by the proper arrangements. It is well also to see that the birds from different roosting places agree when put together for the first time. Those who have gone through the anxiety of driving in a large flock of chickens to their houses in the fall, can appreciate the trouble. It is best for a number of persons to surround them, drawing closer and closer to the house. The chickens should see their way, and learn to go in; if taken off the roosts and carried in, they do not learn their way, and the operation has to be repeated a number of times before the birds will learn to go in of their own accord.

## The Dairyman's Best Way for Enhancing Profits.

Of the various ways through which it is possible for the average dairyman to enhance his profits, the most effectual is to reduce the cost of producing his milk. This he can do in a variety of ways. One means of doing so lies in the improvement of his milking stock. This is a certain but slow way, and must be the work of years. A more rapid way, and one that can be at once made available, consists in reducing the cost of keeping his cows. This he may do in different ways; first, by securing greater warmth and more comfort for his herd in winter. The heaviest item of expense which he incurs consists in the cost of wintering his cows, and the more they are exposed to the cold, the heavier that item becomes. Animals eat more in winter than in summer, simply because more heat is absorbed from their bodies by the colder air, just as a hot iron will cool faster on a cold day than on a warm one. As the animal heat must be kept up to a uniform standard, the extra loss of warmth must be refunded by taking in more feed in the form of food, and this increases the cost of keeping and the cost of producing the season's milk. Keep the cows warm, and they will eat no more in winter than in summer; and they will require less and less extra food in winter, just in proportion as they are made warm and comfortable, and by just so much they will turn out milk at a reduced expense.

There is profit in keeping cows warm in winter. It costs much less to tone down the cold of our severe climate by providing warm buildings for the herd once in a lifetime, than to furnish extra food year after year to restore heat needlessly lost by exposure to cold air. I do not know of a dairyman who could not do something in this direction toward reducing the cost of his milk, and I believe it is possible for most dairymen to reduce the cost of winter keeping one-third. I have seen this done by several men who thought they were treating their stock pretty well before they began making a special effort in this direction.

There is but one other source of needless expense in the production of milk, which approximates in magnitude the waste of fodder from exposure to cold; and that is, the lack of a full and steady supply of good milk-producing food through the whole of the milking season, less than ten per cent. of the very intelligent dairy public of New York having foresight enough to provide against even a short midsummer drought. Between a lack of food in summer and insufficient protection in winter, the cost of milk is made something like twice as great as it need be. Let the cows be so well fed in summer that there shall be no shrinkage in their milk, except from the natural decrease due to the time of coming in; and reduce their keep to a minimum by comfort in winter, and there is money in dairying. It is a better as well as a more effectual way of enhancing profits, than by endeavoring to raise the price of dairy products, as this diminishes consumption by increasing the burden of consumers; and a very much better way than by waging a war of doubtful justice with cheap substitutes for dairy products, which could not exist if the bottom cost of genuine products were reached. It is a good time now to think of this matter before it is time to prepare for the coming winter.—[Rural New Yorker.

## Shelters for Sheep.

A writer in *La Semaines des Constructeurs*, referred to by the *American Architect* as "the clever 'architect of the beasts,'" discusses the proper way of building shelters for sheep. The following brief summary of his suggestions is given by the *Architect*:

"The first criticism that he makes upon the ordinary close sheds used for the purpose, is that they are not sufficiently ventilated for the health of the sheep. In Norway, it is said, as well as in Holland, which has a much colder climate than France or England, sheep live out of doors the year round without inconvenience; but where merino or other sheep of delicate constitution are kept, they should be provided with a cover to protect them from the heat of the sun in summer, and in winter from rain and wet snow, which soak their fleeces, and often chill them fatally.

"The sheds for this purpose may with advantage be closed with a wall on the north side, but left either entirely open, or otherwise covered with louvre boards, on the south. If built thus, they can be kept dry and wholesome throughout the year. The doors of such buildings, especially, should be very wide, and ought to open by sliding.

"Sheep, in going in or coming out of their houses, crowd upon each other, all trying to get out at once; and in the crush the lambs are sometimes killed, while the sheep nearest the sides of the doorway are pushed against the timbers or stones, and often leave tufts of their wool on the sharp edges, or suffer bruises. To prevent this in part, the 'architect of the beasts' recommends that the jambs should be provided with vertical rollers to prevent friction and facilitate the movements of the sheep nearest the side.

"With the same idea of preventing the crushing of the animals against the jambs, a platform, of the same width as the door, may be placed in on each side of it, slightly ascending to the threshold, which is raised. With these, the crowding in the opening cannot take place, as the sheep at the edges of the platform are pushed off before they reach the door.

"In allotting space for housing a flock, it may be useful to remember that the shorter diameter of a sheep, or the space he occupies when eating, side by side with others, is about twenty inches, while the average length is about five feet. The rack generally used for feeding measures about nineteen inches in width, so that twenty inches by six feet seven inches, will be the space required for each animal while standing and eating."

## Wintering Plants in Cellars.

Many plants, such as agaves (century plants) oleanders, large cactuses, etc., that have grown too large to be accomodated in the sitting room or conservatory, can be successfully wintered in any moderately dry, frost-proof cellar. After placing these large plants in the cellar, it will not be necessary to give them any water, the object being to keep them dormant all winter, which can be done by keeping the soil as dry as possible, but not so dry as to allow the plants to shrivel, or become withered. Large plants of this kind mentioned, often form desirable ornaments during the summer time. It is impracticable, in most cases, to bring them into the house, in winter, but they can be kept for years by cellaring through the winter as stated. Large geraniums, salvia, and heliotrope roots, and even tea-roses, and carnations, can be kept moderately well in the cellar by trenching them in dry, or moderately moist sand. Thus many choice specimens of these plants that we are loth to pull up and throw away when winter approaches can be successfully kept over till next season. It is a needless expense to purchase a stock of new plants for the garden every year, when we can winter many of the old ones in this simple and inexpensive manner. The leaves of all deciduous plants should be removed before they are put away in this manner. The foliage should remain on the oleanders and carnations through the winter.—[American Agriculturist for October.

## Tranquility.

Probably nothing tires one so much as feeling hurried. When, in the early morning the day's affairs press on one's attention beforehand, and there comes the wonder how in the world everything is to be accomplished—when every interruption is received impatiently and the clock is watched in distress as its moments flit past—then the mind tires the body. We are wrong to drive ourselves with whip and spur in this way. Each of us is promised strength for the day, and we must not wear ourselves out. If only we can keep cool and calm we shall be less wearied when we have reached the eventide. The children may be fractious, the servants trying, the friend we love may fail to visit us, the letter we expect may not arrive; but if we can preserve our tranquility of soul and demeanor we shall get through everything creditably.

## Life's Discipline.

It is not the best thing—that is, the things we call best—that make men. It is not pleasant things; it is not the calm experience of life. It is life's rugged experiences, its tempests, its trials. The discipline of life is here good and there evil, here trouble and there joy, here roughness and there smoothness, one working with the other; and the alterations of the one and the other which necessitate adaptions constitute a part of that education which makes man a man in distinction from an animal, which has no education. The successful man invariably bears in his brow the marks of the struggle which he has had to undergo.

The cholera epidemic in Paris is emptying the hotels. Only eighteen families remain at the Grand, and American *habitues* are preparing to leave at once. The ambulance service is inefficient and is being enlarged, and fumigating corps are being organized. The weather is mild and foggy. It is admitted that the water supply is generally defective, and that it is charged with organic matter. The epidemic is increasing.

## A Western Drover's Story.

My name is Anthony Hunt. I am a drover and live miles and miles away upon the Western prairies. There wasn't a house in sight when I first moved there, my wife and I, and now we have not many neighbors, though those we have are good ones.

One day, about ten years ago, I went away from home to sell some fifty head of cattle—fine creatures as I ever saw. I was to buy some groceries and dry goods before I came back; and above all a doll for our youngest, Dolly. She had never had a store doll of her own—only rag babies her mother had made her.

Dolly could talk nothing else, and went down to the very gate to call after me to get a big one. Nobody but a parent can understand how full my mind was of that toy, and how, when the cattle were sold, the first thing I hurried off to buy was Dolly's doll. I found a large one with eyes that would open and shut when you pulled a wire, and had it wrapped up in a paper and tucked it under my arm while I had the parcels of calico and delaine and tea and sugar put up. Then, late as it was, I started for home. It might have been prudent to stay until morning, but I felt anxious to get back and eager to hear Dolly's praises about her doll.

I was mounted on a steady going old horse and pretty well loaded. Night set in before I was a mile from town, and settled down as dark as pitch while I was in the middle of the darkest bit of road I knew of. I could have felt my way through. I remembered it so well; and when the storm that had been brewing broke, and pelted the rain in torrents, I was five miles or maybe six miles from home.

I rode as fast as I could, but all of a sudden I heard a little cry like a child's voice. I stopped short and listened. I heard it again. I called and it answered me. I couldn't see a thing; all was as dark as pitch. I got down and felt around in the grass—called again, and again was answered. Then I began to wonder. I'm not timid, but I was known to be a drover and to have money about me. It might be a trap to catch me unaware and rob and murder me. I am not superstitious, not very, but how could a real child be out on the prairie in such a night, at such an hour? It might be more than human. The bit of a coward that hides itself in most men showed itself to me then, but once more I heard the cry, and said I:

"If any man's child is hereabouts, Anthony Hunt is not the man to let it die."

I searched again. At last I bethought me of a hollow under the hill and groped that way. Sure enough, I found a little crippling thing that moaned and sobbed as I took it in my arms. I called my horse and the beast came to me and I mounted and stroked the little soaked thing under my coat as well as I could, promising to take it home to mamma. It seemed so tired, and pretty soon cried itself to sleep on my bosom.

It had slept there over an hour when I saw my own windows. There were lights in them, and I supposed my wife had lit them for my sake; but when I got into the doorway I saw something was the matter, and stood still with a dread fear of heart five minutes before I could lift the latch. At last I did it, and saw the room full of neighbors, and my wife amid them weeping. When she saw me she hid her face.

"Oh, don't tell him," she said, "It will kill him."

"What is it, neighbors?" I cried.

"Nothing, now, I hope. What's that you have in your arms?"

"A poor, lost child," said I; "I found it on the road. Take it, will you? I've turned faint." And I lifted the sleeping thing and saw the face of my own child, my Dolly.

It was my own darling, and none other, that I picked up on the drenched road. My little child had wandered out to meet papa and the doll, while the mother was at work, and they were lamenting her as one dead. I thanked Heaven on my knees before them.

It is not much of a story, neighbors, but I think of it often in the nights and wonder how I could bear to live now if I had not stopped when I heard the cry of help upon the road, hardly louder than a squirrel's chirp.

That's Dolly yonder with her mother in the meadow—a girl worth saving—I think (but, then, I'm her father and partial, maybe), the prettiest and sweetest thing this side of the Mississippi.—Philadelphia News.

## Amusing Printers' Errors.

The unlucky poet who wrote:

See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire!

must have been completely crushed when the line appeared as:

See the pale martyr in his shirt of fire.

We can sympathize also with the poet who, writing of his love, asserted that he had "kissed her under the silent stars," and found the compositor made him state that he "kicked her under the cellar stairs." True, it has been doubted if these two poets ever existed; but others, of less mythologic fame, have suffered as badly at the hands of the printer. Burns, in a cheap edition of his works, is made to say:

Oh, gin my love were yon red *nose*,

A well-known temperance lecturer was indignant at finding the sentiment ascribed to him that "drunkenness was jolly," whereas he had declared that it was "folly."

Much surprise was occasioned by Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," including among the persons present at the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the name of "Sir Peregrine Pickle." There can be little doubt that the author had made an unconscious slip, intending to name Sir Peregrine Acton. Sir Thomas Brassey having referred in a speech to the "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics," the compositor transformed the title into the 'Golden Treasury of Soups and Cynics." A report in a Manchester paper of a recent dramatic performance mentioned the well known farce of "No. 1 Round the Corner" under the amusing and suggestive title of "*No one* Round the Corner."

In the following instance it was no doubt a bachelor compositor who, in setting up the toast, "Woman, without her, man would be a savage!" got the comma in the wrong place, and made the sentence read, "Woman, without her man, would be a savage!"

The deplorable state of the press in Field's time may be realized from the fact that Bishop Usher, on his way to preach a Paul's Cross, asked at a stationer's for a copy of the Bible, and on examining it found to his astonishment that the text from which he was about to preach was not in the book. The well-known "Vinegar Bible" was printed in 1717, and obtains its name from the Parable of the Vineyard being printed as the Parable of the *Vinegar*. One of the most wilful alterations of the text, and one which cost its perpetrator her life, was committed by the widow of a Garmanp inter. One night while an edition of the Bible was being printed in her house she took the opportunity of altering the word *Herr* into "Narr," making the verse read, "he shall be thy *fool*," instead of "he shall be thy *lord*."

A Glasgow divine, and one of her Majesty's chaplains in Scotland, was lately reported as saying that "personally he violated the Lord's Day as much as any member of the Court." "Venerated" was probably the word actually employed by the reverend gentleman.—[Chamber's Journal.

## Boiling Mud-Pools in New Zealand.

The Maoris, with a faith born of long experience, bring their sorely tried rheumatic friends from far and near; and well are their pains rewarded, for many who have been crippled for years are here restored to comparative comfort and health. We saw one poor lad who literally lived in a mud-pool just like one of the African mudfishes. He was suffering from an agonizing hip disease, and his friends had carried him from afar to try this blessed remedy. He certainly obtained great relief from lying in the muddy water for hours, but, in his weakly state, he very naturally fainted on being removed, so his kindred thought the best thing they could do was to build a hut over the pool, and keep him in it permanently. So there he has been for months, and would probably remain there until he died.

Some of the boiling mud-pools are horribly repulsive. They lie in great natural pits or craters, and as you stand on the brink watching the surface of black boiling mud slowly upheave, with a dull gurgle, and then burst in the form of a monstrous bubble, you can scarcely repress a shudder at the thought of how one slip of the foot on that greasy soil might plunge you headlong into that horrible pool, therein to be hopelessly engulfed. The very silence with which it works is an element of horror, contrasting with the noise and energy of the clear boiling lakes, and the roar of the steam clouds as they escape from a thousand fissures in the rocks and from chasms all over the mountain-sides.

There is, however, one mud-lake in which interest predominates over horror. It is an expanse of half-liquid gray mud, from the surface of which rise a multitude of small mud volcanoes—usually minute ones, not more than three or four feet in height, but each a perfect model of an ideal conical crater, like Vesuvius or any other volcano of graceful outline. From each little summit come puffs of white steam, and then a small eruption of boiling clay, which, trickling down the surface, gradually builds up the tiny mountain.

The Maoris not only absorb this chemical mud *externally*, but they take large quantities *internally*. There are several places where a thick dark mud exudes from fissures in the rock, and this they have discovered to be edible, and eat large handfuls with the greatest appreciation. One boiling mud-hole is known as the porridge pot in consequence of this peculiarity, and the natives who visit it swallow enough to satisfy an ordinary appetite.

What with mud-pools and mud volcanoes, and one large volcano of pure sulphur, and columns of steam rising on every side from the well-baked hills, and from the surface of the lake—what with many colored boiling pools, and the silvery whiteness of snowy terraces, Roto Mahana is, in truth, such a centre of marvels as seem to belong to some creation other than the steady-going world on whose solid surface we live our commonplace lives.

The sulphur volcano rises from the brink of the lake, very near the so-called "Pink Terraces," which, in point of fact, are distinguished from the "White Terraces" by a most delicate tinge of pale salmon color, like reflected sunlight on snow. The sulphur volcano produces a most startling effect of color in contrast with the vivid blue of sky and lake. It is entirely yellow—just the color of a bright primrose—and the great columns of steam ascending from it is primrose-hued, and all the water near it is thus tinted, while the peaks far and near are coated with a deposit of pure sulphur.—[Cornhill Magazine.

## Silent Suffering.

Silent suffering is a thing often unknown to the world; for there is much pain that is quite noiseless and vibrations that make human agonies are often mere whispers in the roar of hurrying existence. There are glances of hatred that stab and raise no cry of murder; robberies that leave man and woman forever beggared of peace and joy, but that are kept secret by the sufferer—committed to no sounds, except of low moans in the night—seen in no writing except that made on the face by the slow months of suppressed anguish and early morning tears. Many an inherited sorrow that has marred a life has been breathed into no human ear.

## Three of Them Fresh.

Gilhooly, and Gus D. Smith entered an Austin restaurant, and sat down at a table.

"What will you have, gentlemen?" asked the obsequious waiter.

"I'll take three boiled eggs," said Gus.

"And you, sar?"

"I'll take the same, but be sure and have mine fresh," said Gilhooly.

The waiter goes to the speaking tube and calls out:

"Six boiled eggs, three of them have got to be fresh."

## Our Infirmities.

It is often easier to bear with the infirmities of strangers than those of friends and kindred. Too often the sharp st words which we utter—those which sting the most keenly and cause the most bitter repentance—are addressed to those whom we love best. The sad fact ought to be appreciated, however, for that every one of us may be on his guard. In nothing is the spirit of Christ seen more plainly than in the little acts and unstudied words of home life, and no other victory over self is greater than when we bring ourselves; to neither speak nor make secret to the unkind words which so often spring to the lip in the domestic circle.

## NIAGARA FALLS.

### A New Theory Regarding Their Origin—Pre-Glacial Times.

Dr. Julius Pohlman, a local geologist of Niagara Falls, gives a correspondent of the Buffalo *Courier* the following theory of how the present cataract came into existence: "In tracing the origin of this river," he said, "we must go away back into the pre-glacial times, when the bed of the great lakes was occupied by a great river, and Tonawanda valley contained a lake 50 miles in length and 16 to 12 miles in width, with a possible maximum depth of 60 feet. The northern barrier of the lake was of limestone formation. Being about 50 feet lower than the southern one, the overflow of water was towards the Ontario valley. The outlet found its way into the present channel of the Niagara river somewhere near the upper rapids of the river above the falls. From here the waters met no obstacle, and in their flow predetermined the river gorge between the falls and the whirlpool, and continued in a straight course north through the side of the whirlpool, and thence through the valley of St. David's in Canada, and onward through the Ontario valley.

"I have made careful searches and find this track of the river from the whirlpool through Canada. By and by the Tonawanda lake began to subside, and finally was reduced to a river, with a wide, low valley on each side. The course of the river in making its way out of the valley of the ancient lake changed. It flowed into the channel of the present Niagara where the present Tonawanda river enters now. It curved around the southern margin of Grand Island—which formed a shallow part of the northern margin of the lake and had risen as a peninsula in the course of time—and then flowed north into the original channel of the outlet, thus determining the two branches of the present river. That branch of the Niagara river which separates the island from the mainland is of quite modern origin, as testified to by soundings. Well, the erosion across the thin bed of Niagara limestone naturally cut one or the other parts of the outlet deeper than the rest, and confining the smaller channels gave birth to a number of larger and smaller islands, known at present as Goat, Bath, Luna, the Sisters, and so forth.

"The branches of the river joined again into one stream as they approached the heavy Niagara limestone at about the site of the new suspension or foot bridge, and rushed north for about three-quarters of a mile, where they fell over a precipice of about 100 feet. Goat island extended northerly in a triangular prolongation, with its apex somewhere abreast of the northern end of the present American fall. Below this fall of 100 feet, that I have just spoken of, the river descended in rapids over shale until it encountered the Clinton limestone near the railway suspension bridge, where it took another leap. From here a short rapid carried it to the entrance of the whirlpool, where another fall was caused by quartzose sandstone of the Medina group. Thence there was a rapid current to Ontario basin. The volume of water then was exceedingly small as compared with the estimated 20,000,000 cubic feet a minute of the present. Now, at the time of the glacial period the movement of the ice sheet was in a north-easterly direction.

"The channel of the great river which I remarked about in the beginning was excavated deeply, and the valley of the great lakes was formed. When the Arctic climate again changed into a temperate one, the ice sheet retreated northward, and in its melting spread over the land all the ground up material as well as the rocks which had been caught up and carried under, and the valleys of St. David's, Tonawanda, and others more or less completely filled up with drift. The channel of the old Tonawanda river from the whirlpool was also included in the filling process. After long ages the ice disappeared, and the bed it had occupied became the seat of a chain of great lakes. At this time Lakes Erie and Ontario formed two large bodies of water, and were at the same, level, that is, their surfaces were even with Lewiston heights. The waters in the lakes began to subside, and a mud flat appeared between them, extending from Buffalo to Lewiston. An outlet from Lake Erie was formed through this flat, and we have the present Niagara river."

## A Pacific Coast Curiosity

George W. Fox was over on the coast a few days ago, and has brought back with him quite a curiosity in the shape of a fragment of an abalone shell with an infant's foot, shoe and all, incased in abalone in the interior of the shell. The shape is perfect, and indicates a very young child. The sole of the shoe is seen; the toe is worn, and particles of the stockings may be picked out with a pin or needle. The buttons are covered with abalone, and the button hole where one of the buttons is pulled off is seen; also the little tassel at the ankle. The body of a drowned infant must have been carried along by the tide and the foot passed into the open shell of the shell fish, which was closed down and the imprisoned foot held until it was severed from the body by decay; in the meantime the fish covered the shoe by its secretions. The ankle shows the decay and the rotting off of the member, and was not covered over with the shell. It is reported that a woman and her child were drowned off the coast about seven years ago, and it is supposed that the foot is that of the child.—[Redwood City (Cal.) Gazette.

A Springfield oysterman has a featherless chicken. It is 3 months old. It is said that the chicker, although so young, can't be crowed.

"All I want is my home," as the barber remarked when he grabbed it from his mate.

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## SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

I take this opportunity of thanking you for your very liberal patronage during the past, and hope for a continuation of the same for the two remaining months of my stay in Belleville. I have arranged for the sale of my business in January next, and during the remainder of this year will give much greater bargains than I have ever given before. This is a rare chance to get fine pictures and frames at cost. My stock is much larger than I can sell in bulk and I have to reduce it at a great sacrifice. I also have several thousand feet of fine Mouldings that I must sell or re-ship back to Toronto, where I am going, this if I sell here at cost I can replace again at the same price there, and save shipping.

Do not lose a chance which you may never have again in this city. Special arrangements can be made for photos. You now can have the advantage of getaing a first-class photo at adout half-price. I am also making a specialty of enlarging photographs. Any orders now sent in can be done before we remove, thereby saving freight and agents expenses.

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G. D. RAWE.

Madoc, May 13, 1884.

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